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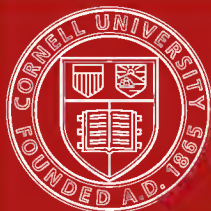
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YEARS THAT ARE PAST



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CANON NEWBOLT.

Frontispiece.

YEARS THAT ARE PAST

BEING
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

BY
W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A.
CANON AND CHANCELLOR OF ST. PAUL'S

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INTRODUCTION

I SHOULD wish it to be clearly understood by anyone who chances to read this book that it is in no sense of the word an autobiography.

The reading public is at the present moment deluged by a perfect flood of reminiscences, biographies, autobiographies, and, as some wit has remarked, ought-not-to-be biographies.

Too often we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's definition of pedantry, as "an awkward display of unnecessary knowledge."

It is humiliating, however, to find how much the letter "I" will obtrude itself, in the face of the most virtuous resolutions, and I am afraid that these pages cannot pretend altogether to have escaped the personal element, which should be avoided.

We are always being reminded by those set over us that we are living in a new age. I am one of those whose incorrigible belief it is that the old is better. Amidst the wreckage of great ideals, I have tried to state what I have seen and known, as to the splendid power and vitality of a great movement in the midst of which I have been brought up, and some of whose leaders I have known and venerated. And I have

tried to set forth in these pages, not what the writer has been,^R but what he believes he has learned about such great things as parochial work, elementary education, training for the ministry, preaching, Catholicism, and cathedral life. In the firm conviction that when the new age has seen the wood, hay and stubble which is being built upon the old foundation pass away in the general failure of eclecticism, there will be a return to those old principles, so hardly fought for, so nobly won, when here, too, the personal element of what "I like," "I choose," "I admire," will be lost in the glad acceptance of Catholic authority.

W. C. E. NEWBOLT.

3, AMEN COURT.

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I
CHILDHOOD

YEARS THAT ARE PAST

I

CHILDHOOD

“ I am a part of all that I have met,”

A BORE has been described as “ a man who will talk to you about himself, when you want to talk to him about yourself.”

This is the particular vice of the popular form of literature known as “ Reminiscences,” that they entail so frequent a use of the personal pronoun, which also symbolises the personal element, and implies also the idea that what is of interest to the writer is of necessity calculated to interest other people as well.

“ You see I did not know your aunt ” is the well-known answer to a request for misapplied sympathy, on the part of one who thought his private troubles to be a subject of wide and general interest.

That brilliant and dearly-loved writer, Dr. H. Scott-Holland, has said in the preface to his delightful “ Bundle of Memories,” that its publication would make it finally impossible for him to write a volume of reminiscences, which he evidently regarded as one of “ the last infirmities of noble minds ”—“ in those last dotty years which do all the mischief,” when “ old

age affords a fatal leisure," when "the devil gets busy with one's idle hours."¹

It may, however, be forgiven, perhaps, to one who, like a stagnant pool himself, has found reflected on the surface of his life many strange and interesting things during the course of years, which have been somewhat eventful both to the Church and to the world, just to try and fix those impressions, which have come and gone and have been succeeded by others. For after all, it sometimes happens that the lookers-on see most of the game and of the meaning of the scene—and that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

It will be my endeavour to keep out of these pages as far as possible all details of merely family and personal interest, and to bear in mind the tragedy which once happened to a famous publishing firm, where general printing had to be suppressed for a time—so the legend runs—because the capital letters "I" were all in use, while a certain distinguished man was engaged in passing his memoirs through the press. As biographies always begin with a chapter on grandfathers and ancestors, which the knowing reader does well to skip, so it might be thought that I should at least make some concession to the proprieties of such a pious custom. But, as it seems to me, it would hardly be of general interest if I were to narrate how a direct ancestor of mine was Mayor of Winchester at the time of the Armada; or the fact that my great-grandfather held seven lucrative benefices at the same time, as to which I have been unable on my part to find any traces of

¹ "Bundle of Memories." Preface.

hereditary taint, possibly from lack of temptation. Neither will it interest anyone to know that a distant ancestor was one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, and was hanged outside St. Paul's. Or that another ancestor was hanged for opposition to the claim of William and Mary to his allegiance.

Even if I come to more modern times, I fear that my readers would not feel any generous sympathy, if I told them that my grandfather's portrait is hanging up in the Hall of All Souls at Oxford. Forgetting the limits of family importance, my father once, with an air of studied indifference, asked the porter of the college who acted as guide who might be the original of the said portrait, to which he received answer, "Oh, he was only a Hindy Judge." He evidently was not on the list of public celebrities, and, in the mind of the porter, "attained not to the first three."

Neither would it signify to the reading public if I were to trace our Welsh descent, of which we are very proud, through my mother—a fact which if known to the Prime Minister would doubtless gain for our family the highest recognition.

But although in this I am not moved by a sense of literary propriety, I still feel that some description of my childish years may be necessary, while I seek to recount certain experiences which left a mark upon my childish mind, and which have a certain bearing on the condition of ecclesiastical life, at all events, at the present day.

There have been some splendid and thoughtful utterances about the early years of childhood, in their

relation to subsequent life; and many will be found who, out of their own experience, can bear testimony to their truth. The poet Wordsworth stands at the head of those who have tried to penetrate the mysteries of the child's first impressions, in his glorious "Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood," where he speaks of the first scenes and surroundings on which the childish eye opens as tinged with the heavenly light which strikes upon them from the home in Heaven from which they have come.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Cardinal Newman also recalls to our mind the same idea, when he speaks of the angelic influences, which cast a bright glow over our early years, as coming back again at the end where he says:

And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Although one cannot agree with the French writer where he gives as a reason for loving the scenes which put one in mind of childhood, but never the scenes which put one in mind of youth, "*parce qu'on regrette la jeunesse, on ne regrette jamais l'enfance.*"

* * * * *

Somerton, the reputed capital in old days, of Somerset, is a place well calculated to arouse the affections and romantic feelings of a child. Here the writer of these reminiscences first saw the light in the year 1844, and he still looks back to and revisits these scenes with fond remembrance, now that he is old. In those early days it was cut off from all connection by railway with the outer world, the nearest station being Bridgwater, eighteen miles distant, and afterwards Langport, five miles. The town stands on high ground looking over a green valley through which the little River Carey runs, now spanned by the viaduct of the Great Western Railway express line to the West. In front are wooded hills and an old alabaster quarry. At the end, seeming to block the valley, is the wooded Dundon Beacon, at the foot of which lies the tiny little village of Compton Dundon, remote, it would seem, from all life and movement. It was here that an old man, who had spent his days in these quiet and lovely surroundings, found himself called upon to quit them in the supreme moment of death. The parish priest tried to comfort him and prepare him for his departure by recounting to him the joys of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the glorious city with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. The old man only looked up and said, "All that be vury good fur you Zur, but give oi Compton Dundon."

This is not a guide-book, but still a word or two must be said about the town of Somerton in counting in the influence of environment on life. And especially about the church. In old days the most prominent object in

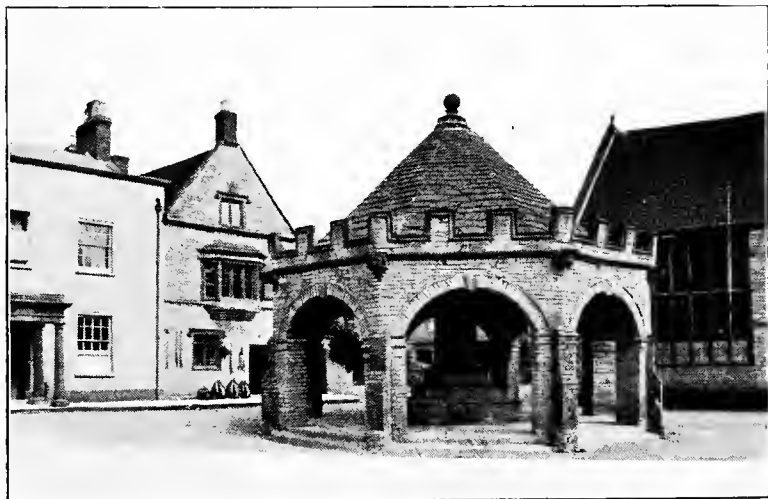
the street was a large wooden pillar, standing in front of the principal inn, carrying a huge and ferocious red lion, apparently emulating the lion of St. Mark at Venice. An iconoclastic age has destroyed all vestige of this curiosity. Much more remarkable was the old Market Cross, dated 1673. It was a good example of those structures, in which "the market" was more prominent than "the Cross," which indeed was hard to find, if it existed at all. Close to it were the town hall and two old houses.

The church, round which gather so many of the writer's early ecclesiastical and religious associations, is in every way a remarkable building. Here, we used to be assured, was to be seen the old sanctuary ring on the door. It is possible that it had a more utilitarian origin. But no one who had seen it, were he child or man, could forget the splendid roof, said to have been brought from Muchelney Abbey, with its wealth of carved panels, beams and sculptured figures. The writer well remembers being shown as a child a tennis ball, found in the beams, which consisted merely of a shell, all the core having perished, which the learned in archæological traditions assigned to the period when Monmouth's soldiers were imprisoned in the church after the battle of Sedgemoor, and like good Protestants amused themselves by playing ball to relieve the monotony of their confinement.

In addition to this, there is a very remarkable table, with a cover, which is closed down with lock and key, which for some years has been used as an altar. It is beautifully carved and painted, with Biblical scenes



THE HOLY TABLE, SOMERTON CHURCH.



THE MARKET CROSS, SOMERTON.

round the projecting bosses of its four legs, and is dated 1626. Above it is a makeshift reredos of panelled Jacobean oak, which is thought by some to have formed part of the original chancel screen. It is out of place where it is, and at one time, within the writer's memory, was filled with the ten commandments in its ten panels, which are now said to be turned with their faces to the wall, typical of the modern treatment of the Old Testament, although it must be confessed that they were very much out of place in their former position. The pulpit also is dated 1615, and is carved and painted, and most probably had once a canopy.

A church like this cannot fail to influence the mind of a child who is susceptible to any influence of that kind at all. And those were the days when the dry bones of the Church of England were beginning to shake. Echoes of the Tractarian movement, which had its origin at Oxford (as Cardinal Newman has told us) in Mr. Keble's sermon, "National Apostacy," in 1833, were beginning to be heard as practical incitements to a more pronounced Church-life, even in the smallest villages and in the most remote districts.

A brother coming home from Oxford for his vacations would bring new ideas and conceptions of divine worship. Dr. Newman had left us in 1845, the Rome-ward movement on the part of some had led to a vigorous anti-Roman movement on the part of others. Dr. Pusey's name had suggested a convenient nickname for his followers. And I remember, when going out with my sister and the nurse, being followed by the taunt, "There go the little Puseyites." One result

of this stir in the air was the inevitable church restoration, an excellent and necessary movement, but one which in its subsequent developments did almost as much damage to architecture and archæology as did the iconoclasm of the two Cromwells.

Somerton, in its two restorations, has suffered but little comparatively. The organ which once stood in a Western gallery now makes a Northern transept utterly useless, and in the revived cult of Western galleries will some day be restored to its original place. The old black benches, with their fine ends, for which Somerset is famous, were retained, and the new seats put in the place of pews were well designed, and not of the aggressive pitch-pine order. One private gentleman, emulating the Squire, who occupied a chapel in the Southern transept, seems to have enclosed a kind of pew as it were out of the waste. The chancel and Altar were raised, and on the Altar were placed two brass candlesticks and a wooden cross. Hereby hangs a tale. If Mr. Robert Lowe could describe his tax on matches as "*ex luce lucellum*," the adoption of these candlesticks might be described as "*ex luce duellum*." The writer has often heard how the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, moved thereto it may be supposed by local tumult, drove over in a post chaise from Wells, some eighteen miles distant, and removed with his own hands the offending candles, which were disseminating darkness rather than light in the minds of offended Protestants. The candlesticks were removed to the vestry, and at the same time, the wooden cross which stood on the Altar, to the Vicarage, and

to this day they represent a sort of ecclesiastical weather glass. When the atmosphere is fair they come back to the Altar. When, on the other hand, it is stormy, they are removed again to the vestry. One other incident in connection with the attempted revival deserves record. These were the days when the long-suffering Bird, or Fowl, or Eagle, from which to read the lessons, began to make its reappearance, and copies from the old Gospel lecterns were looked upon as almost indispensable accessories of correctness.

The Eagle appeared in Somerton Church, and is there still. But it was thus welcomed by an irate Protestant, who described it as "the Roman eagle, the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." A delightful confusion of Imperial and Papal symbolism.

Of Ritual in the service, there was none, not even a surpliced choir. The choir sat in the gallery, and the Clerk gave out the hymn, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the —— hymn."

Although in a neighbouring village the choir used to change the colour of their ties, in accordance with the ritual colour of the season, with us there were not even coloured altar cloths, not even a change of book-markers.

Matins and Evensong, with a monthly late Celebration on Sunday, together with some week-day services, probably on Wednesday and Friday and Saints' days, were our ordinary use. The length of the Litany to the childish mind still remains as a vivid impression, and makes one wonder how the Prayer Book Revision

Committee can contemplate with calmness the proposed addition of all sorts of special suffrages, owing apparently to the belief that it is impossible to pray for classes of men generically unless every sort and condition is particularised. Another impression is very vivid—namely, that of an extraordinary mystery, attached to the great white linen cloth which covered the sacred elements on the Altar, at such times as there was to be a late Celebration of the Holy Communion. There was one peculiarity of the service in those days, which deserves a passing mention, as it has now quite died out, and that is, that it was the custom to commence both Matins and Evensong, not with “one or more sentences of the Scriptures read with a loud voice,” but with one of them sung as a sort of anthem, preferably, “I will arise and go to my Father.”

The High Church Hymnal of the day was “Tate and Brady’s Metrical Version of the Psalms,” probably as a reaction against the revival and so-called “familiar” hymns of the Methodists. But at Somerton a hymn-book of some sort was in use. In those days also a curious reaction against sermons was setting in. The pulpits were small and undignified, as if to punish them for having so long obscured the Altar. Sermons must be quiet, didactic, not to say dry. The writer remembers a great preacher of those times using a sermon-case, as if he were preaching a written sermon, with no taint of ranting extempore effusion, when the said sermon-case contained perhaps only a note or a suggestion of subject. At the same time, the writer remembers the text of a sermon, which he heard

perhaps at the age of ten, by Dr. Moberley, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, so that the pulpit was not without its appeal, even in those days.

* * * *

In looking back over the general influence of Divine Service on the mind of a child at that time, several things seem to stand out clearly. In the first place, it is possible to make too much of "the dark days" of the Church, as they are considered to be, both in the middle, but still more at the beginning, of the nineteenth century. The helps to religion were few and far between, and yet this period is not wanting in examples of devout and most earnest Christianity. Those who rose above the deadness of the religious atmosphere of the times were conspicuous for goodness and devotion of no ordinary kind. And the reason perhaps may be found in this, that the appeal made by religion in those days was the appeal of duty, not the appeal of inclination. Children were not asked, as Sunday came round, whether or not they would like to go to church; to church they went because it was their duty. Now, if the weather conditions are favourable, if the services are above all things short, and also bright and attractive, if there is good music and acceptable ritual, or, as the case may be, an absence of it, if there is a popular preacher, then perhaps it will be possible to go once on the Sunday to worship God. The change is not all to the good from the dark ages to the days of Catholic privileges; and the sense of duty, as well as the sense of obedience to authority,

must be won back if healthy Church life is to be established.

Still, after all said and done, attractiveness was certainly not the predominant note of our services. And yet we used to like going to church, or perhaps we never considered "liking" as coming into the question at all. Certainly a common and popular game in the nursery was what we called "playing at church," when, without any sort of profanity, with the help of chairs formed into an extempore pulpit, an attempt was made to reproduce a familiar scene, ending not infrequently in a violent dispute as to who should preach the sermon. The lot which generally fell to the writer of these reminiscences was the humbler one of forming the congregation.

In the church service, of course, there was little or nothing of what we should now call music; on great occasions there may have been an anthem. The people, or, at least, many of them, during the singing, probably turned to the western gallery, where the singers sat. The only sort of recollection that I have of any particular music is "I will arise and go to my Father," mentioned above, and perhaps the hymn, "Oft as the bell with solemn toll, speaks the departure of a soul," etc. And this was not from any defect of musical appreciation. I can recollect to this day how, nearly seventy years ago, I heard, on a visit with my mother, the service of Evensong in Wells Cathedral; the impression made by the psalms heard for the first time musically rendered is still strong upon me. The day of the month, which happened to be the 20th Evening, is still fixed in my

memory. And the solemn and plaintive melody of the versicles and responses was most moving and lasting in its appeal. And well do I remember the caution given me by my mother that these things were good enough for once in a way, but hinting, as it seemed to me, that one must not be discontented with the quieter ways of Somerton, and the parson and clerk recitation of perhaps the most exquisite poetry of which the world has cognisance.

It is a good thing to have buried away in the recesses of the heart a memory so beautiful, in connection with cathedral service, more especially in the case of one who was afterwards destined for so many years to worship in a cathedral. The subject of music in the service of God is one which concerns grown-up people, as much as, or more than, children. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that music, to a greater extent even than ceremonial disputes, has contributed to the depletion of congregations in our churches, which so many of us deplore.

The Tractarian movement, as it plunged wildly into Church Restoration, so in the revival of Divine Worship followed, it may be, a wrong ideal, in trying to set up in every church a model of cathedral worship, with surpliced choirs of voiceless ploughboys, with psalms made unintelligible by difficult chants, badly sung, and monotone and response, utterly withdrawn from any sympathetic communion with the congregation. So it goes on still. Such things as "Jones in F" for the Magnificat, or "Make a cheerful noise" Blow, instead of a popular hymn, seem to hinder rather than help

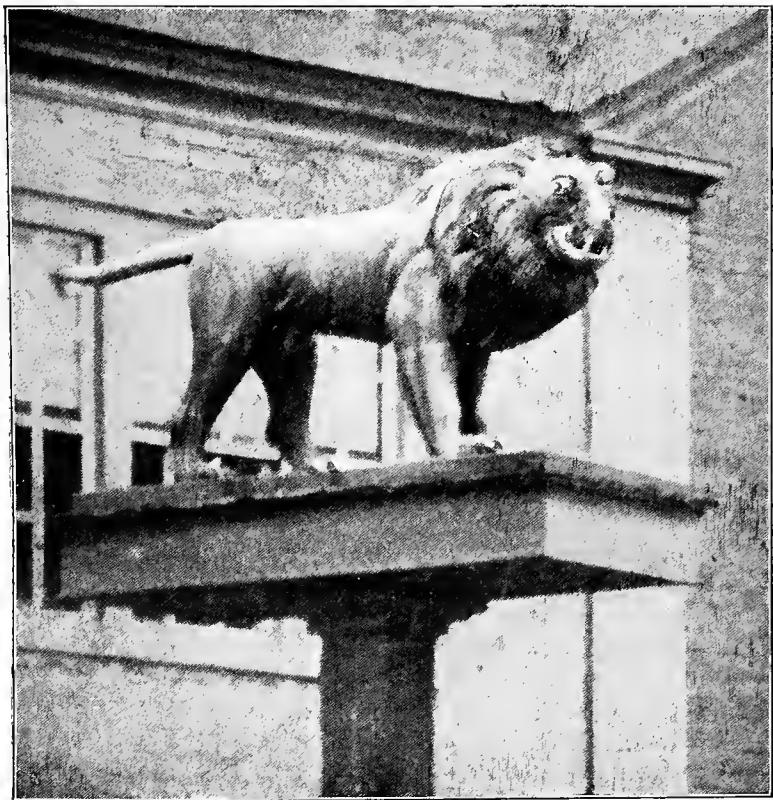
devotion. The congregations have become chilled, and finding themselves cut off from all participation in Divine Worship have stayed away. While, on the other hand, led by a spirit of reaction, cathedrals and large parish churches have been attacked by those who would cut away altogether from the service of God the offering of beautiful music in its most beautiful forms.

Wells Cathedral, and Somerton Church, in the double appeal which they made to the childish mind, would seem to be the basis on which music in our churches should perform its double object of offering to God the perfection of musical beauty, where this is possible, and of using it in simpler forms for the edification of simple people in their approach to God.

No, there was no music, properly so called, in Somerton Church, but there was devotion.

Neither was there anything which could be called Ritual, by any stretch of words. Conflicts raged, as we have seen, about candlesticks on the Altar, and about a lectern, and it may be about a general suspicion of "High Church." But there was no Ritual. Anyone who travels about England at the present day cannot fail to be struck with the extraordinary change which has come over the outward appearance of our churches. The change from neglected barn-like places of meeting to temples of devotion is most remarkable. A neglected church is a very rare sight nowadays, and thank God for it. Would that the spirit of devotion had more kept pace with this outward preparation for it.

The history of Ritual development has not been altogether a happy one, and the desire to be correct



THE OLD "RED LION," SOMERTON.

and to follow the lead of certain ecclesiastical fashions has been disastrous.

We have not realised that as regards devotion Ritual may well be a hindrance rather than a help. It is the opening of another treasure, beside that of the gold and the myrrh, which is due indeed to the honour and glory of God, where it can be done; but it is a sorry thing to have more candles than communicants. Resistance is not always obstinacy, and compliance is not always acceptance.

"Our Vicar antics a good deal, but we love him so much that we antic with him" is a well-known story, which represents once more the personal element, which is so strong a factor in the parochial life, where inclination has taken the place of duty.

But no one was called upon to "antic" at Somerton, and we children did not somehow miss it, or expect it.

And there were no children's services, no catechising, no separate appeal; this, it must be owned, was a distinct miss, and where it was not, as it was in our case, supplemented at home may well have been disastrous. Presumably there was religious teaching at the National School, but of this the writer has no distinct remembrance.

But, like music and Ritual in Divine Service, the separate children's service, when children go at their own hour to church and are surrounded with their own companions, may need watching.

The author of the "Life of Phillips Brooks" puts in a quaint appeal for the old family pew. "This family life," he says, "was also extended into the church,

where the family met in its pew as a family in the Divine Presence. It is one of the gifts of the much-derided eighteenth century, this family feeling it bequeathed, symbolised by the pewing of the churches, which to this latter age has seemed incongruous and sometimes threatens to disappear." Without wishing for a return of the pews, we sometimes desiderate for children that blessing which we enjoyed, when we brothers and sisters went to church with our mother and joined in common worship, instead of being packed off out of the way to a service of our own, suited to our capacity.

I have tried to describe Somerton Church and its services, as it affected a childish mind, and the proof that it did not deter or injure, stern and simple as it was, but rather inspired and helped us, is shown by the fact of our carrying reminiscences of it into the nursery, and also by the fact that here, in one case at all events, was implanted the sense of vocation for the priesthood, a sense which never became dim or uncertain amidst the subsequent buffetings of a life of change and difficulty.

It is needless to say that we were all brought up as strict Sabbatarians, a thing for which to be devoutly thankful, while a tradition of Sunday books and no unnecessary Sunday travelling remains firm to this day.

The river on from mill to mill
Flows past our childhood's garden still
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play.
And I can hear them call and say,

“How far is it to Babylon?”
 Ah! Far enough, my dear,
 Far, far enough from here—
 Yet you have farther gone.

* * * * *

It must not be forgotten that Somerset at this particular period was the scene of a theological controversy, whose influence extended even to our country town, and rumours of which penetrated even the childish mind. Somerset has been the place where twice over within a period of fifteen years the great battle of the Eucharistic teaching of the Church of England was fought, and a complete victory finally gained for Catholic truth. In the year 1853 George Anthony Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton, a redoubtable champion of orthodoxy, had preached three sermons on the Holy Communion in Wells Cathedral. In 1854 the Rev. J. Ditcher, who held a benefice at South Brent, on the opposite side of Brent Knoll to East Brent, where the Archdeacon was Vicar of the parish, complained at the close of the first two sermons of the course, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sumner, who referred the case to Bishop Bagot of Bath and Wells. The Bishop thereupon, in a letter to the Archdeacon, gave an informal judgment on a doctrinal statement submitted to him, which practically amounted to an acquittal. But this did not satisfy Mr. Ditcher. On the death of Bishop Bagot he approached his successor in the see, Lord Auckland, with a request for legal proceedings against the Archdeacon. This, however, was declined. But nothing

daunted, Mr. Ditcher now approached the Archbishop, who appointed a committee of five clergymen to enquire into the charge of false doctrine made against Archdeacon Denison. This charge, set out at great length, practically amounted to this: that the Archdeacon taught the real objective Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist and held unsound doctrines as to the reception of the Blessed Sacrament by the wicked. The Commission having reported against Denison, a court was formed by the Archbishop to hear the case at Bath, when the statements made were declared to be contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England. The Archdeacon was deprived of all his preferments, but on appeal the judgment was quashed, not on its merits, but ultimately on a *mandamus* from the Queen's Bench, by the Court of Arches backed up by the Privy Council. The conclusion was a relief, but of an unsatisfactory nature, as the judgment being based on some technical question of time, the main question remained where it was. This prosecution made a profound impression in the country, and was much talked about even before childish ears, as my father was a great friend of Archdeacon Denison and had attended the court at Bath.

Within a few years, however, in 1870, Mr. Bennett, the well-known Vicar of Frome, was attacked on a similar charge, and then the matter was brought before the Court of Arches, and ultimately before the Privy Council in 1872. The following statement by Mr. Bennett was pronounced to be not repugnant to nor contradictory of the language of the Articles and

formularies of the Church of England: "Who myself adore, and teach the people to adore, Christ present in the Sacrament under the form of Bread and Wine, believing that under their veil is the sacred Body and Blood of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The importance of this long controversy, which began in my childhood, and influenced not a little the spiritual environment, must be taken as an excuse for this long statement, illustrating as it does the course which the Tractarian movement was taking, and the ultimate victory which it won. As one result, the controversy produced two valuable contributions to theology—namely, "Eucharistical Adoration," by Mr. Keble, and the "Real Presence," by Dr. Pusey.

But life at Somerton was by no means wholly ecclesiastical nor concerned even mainly with controversial questions. There was an ancient Grammar School in the town, which at one time had been used as a boarding school by certain families, without ever attaining to anything like a rank among the Grammar Schools of England. Here I was sent as a day-boy, and I retain very little recollection of anything that I learned or did. A certain number of the boys of the town were admitted on the foundation as free-boys, and were much looked down upon from the superior height of trade and middle class. Having seen in a newspaper a list of candidates for commissions in the Army, with the term "gent." added to their names, I unfortunately conceived this to be a suitable affix to my childish signature appended to an appeal for a holiday, or some such thing, and well do I remember the fierce accusations levelled against

me by the Master, as one guilty of a snobbish self-assertion, in face of the free-boys—a quite unmeditated misdemeanour.

Perhaps the event which left most impression on my childish mind was the outbreak of the Crimean War, leading as it did eventually to two more brothers entering the Army, in addition to one already in the Artillery. To us, who are now fresh from the dread experience of the last terrible world-wide war, the Crimean campaign may seem but a flash in the pan. Only 27,000 English, 30,000 French, and 7,000 Turks landed on the shores of the Crimea in September, 1854,¹ and in spite of the long record of mismanagement and War Office incapacity very little general interest was taken in the events of the war, unless men's minds were stirred by the gallant deeds of our soldiers, or the heroic devotion and skill of Miss Nightingale. It was not a war, such as the last dreadful conflict, which made itself felt in the stress of scarcity and expenditure, affecting every member of society. But its progress was eagerly watched in the vicarage of Somerton. And to this contributed not a little the fact that in the early days of the expedition a regiment of cavalry, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, passed through the town and spent a Sunday there on their way to the front. Deeply impressed on my memory is their appearance at the Morning service; and an allusion in the sermon to the death of Balaam as a traitor in the armies of the enemy still lingers in my mind. The soldiers seemed overwhelmed with a deep despondency and melancholy; there seemed to the childish eye to

¹ See "A History of Our Own Times," J. McCarthy, vol. ii., p. 188.

be little of martial ardour or exultation at the call to arms. Certainly ill-luck seems to have dogged the footsteps of this regiment: their transport was burnt on the way out to the Crimea, and their Colonel was killed in the catastrophe. They were caught in a snowstorm on the Black Sea, when their horses got loose; and they were engaged against fearful odds in the heavy charge at Balaclava, familiar to readers of Kinglake's graphic history. It certainly was an event to be remembered by all of us in our quiet town, to have war so brought home to us, while we were able to follow with sympathetic interest the subsequent events of the campaign. These were the days when telegraphic messages and 'wireless' were still undeveloped or unthought of; and the writer remembers having a holiday granted at school, as for the fall of Sebastopol, when the event had only been the very incomplete victory of the Alma, when Sebastopol indeed might have fallen, but when instead, divided command and conflicting policies did their work of delay and disaster.

These memories of home, and many more, too intimate for record here, stand out as very real events, or even as roots from which much of the impressions and efforts of subsequent life have sprung.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance.
Through the gateways of the world around him.
In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.¹

¹ Longfellow, "The Golden Milestone."

II

SCHOOL

II

SCHOOL

Unde ? Quo ? Quomodo ?

THE first start away from home, the first experiences of life at school cannot fail to be of vital importance in the development of character and the subsequent shaping of life. Saint Augustine himself, as readers of his "Confessions" will remember, mentions as an instance of his childlike faith in God, and as the beginning of that which in subsequent life became a habit of prayer :

"Rogabam Te parvus, non parvo affectu, ne in scholâ vapularem"¹

—a notable instance of associating prayer with all troubles however common, while at the same time those who have seen the Gozzoli frescoes, illustrating the life of St. Augustine, at San Gimignano, will recognise that the trouble in question was no imaginary one, but perhaps a common incident in the Saint's life, which subsequent events fully justified.

The Master of the Grammar School at Somerton, under whose tuition I had been placed as a day-boy, removed to take charge of a small school at Weston-super-Mare, in the same county, and it was decided

¹ St. Augustine, "Confessions," i., chap. 14.

that I should follow him there and be placed as a boarder under his charge.

The Headmaster was a kind and good man, and I have reason to be very grateful to him, for he saved my life when I was in danger of drowning. We were all bathing at Sand Point near Weston-super-Mare, and a treacherous tide was carrying me out to sea. He swam out and rescued me, and clinging to him, I was brought into safety. It was an experience calculated to make an impression on the childish mind. And I hope that I was truly thankful to God for His mercy. Of this school and of the teaching which I received there, I have very little remembrance. Preparatory schools in those days were very different from what they are now, and either by my fault or by my misfortune, I never seem to have been properly grounded in the elements of learning; a defect which has an awkward knack of asserting itself in critical moments of life, when much depends on accurate scholarship.

My chief recollection is of Sunday, and of the church at Weston-super-Mare, where we used to go for Morning and Evening service.

At school, we used to be allowed to read as a treat on that day a magazine called "The Sunday at Home," which, no doubt without sufficient reason, I have cordially detested ever since. And at church we were locked up in a high pew, from which the visibility was very low in more senses than one. "The little Puseyite" detected at once a change of atmosphere, and the surroundings were such as to stifle all

religious joy and brightness in the mind of a child. The incumbent, afterwards Dean of a Midland cathedral, was to us a nonentity, and either from the height of the pew in which we sat, or from his own delicate health, which presumably hindered him from preaching, never once did I consciously set eyes upon him, although a constant attendant at the church.

Tradition says that a voice reciting Table Prayers, from the region of an unknown and to us invisible Altar, was most probably his.

After this, the good Vicar received his promotion to a Decanal stall, where, during the eight years which I spent later in the immediate neighbourhood as an incumbent, he was equally invisible in the cathedral.

Long sermons by an earnest and well-meaning curate, long services with no relief to the childish impatience, made the Sunday duty anything but a delight, and the sight of a little flat and black hymn-book, entitled, unless memory fails me, "Bickersteth's Hymnal," would be calculated even now to bring on a shudder.

After a short time it was decided that I should be moved to a public school, the choice of which was somewhat singular, but in the event auspicious. My father had been brought up at Westminster School, in what used to be regarded as its palmy days, and afterwards became a student of Christ Church. But Westminster in the opening years of the nineteenth century had a reputation, which it shared with other public schools, of a somewhat Spartan severity.

My father used to tell us that he was flogged when the news of the victory of Waterloo reached England. Whether on the principle of aids to memory, which used to govern "the beating of the bounds," or whether the mode of celebrating a victory, known as mafficking, may have needed repression even in those early days, is uncertain. Anyhow, he had imbibed a dread of public school life and public school discipline as it existed in his time, which had affected prejudicially the education of some of my elder brothers.

Just, however, at the time when my education had to be thought of, Mr. Edward Thring, son of a well-known clergyman in the neighbourhood of Somerton, had started his great scheme of education at the old grammar school of Uppingham, in Rutland, which was destined to become one of the leading public schools of England. My father was attracted to it, not only from his knowledge of Mr. Thring and his family, but also for the strange reason which history will hardly endorse, that there was, he understood, no flogging at Uppingham.

Many of us will remember the history of what *Punch* called "Grandmama's Flogged Pets," in allusion to the inexorable execution of two boys who were retained at home for some domestic reasons instead of coming back in time for the opening of the school "half" (as it was called in those days)—an incident which it may be said parenthetically did the school great damage for a short period, in stopping the flow of entries, one wag even suggesting that it should be called Whippingham instead of Uppingham. This,

however, is but a sombre introduction to what must be always a great period in a boy's life, and anyone who is asked whether he was flogged at school should give the answer which the schoolboy is reported to have given to Queen Elizabeth, who showed a curiosity unworthy of her queenly rank :

"Infandum, renovare Jubes, regina dolorem."¹

To Uppingham, flogging or no flogging, I went, with life with all its joys, sorrows and temptations before me, to spend there six years, at the most impressionable and important period of existence, with a character to be formed and a foundation to be laid to carry any superstructure which God in His wisdom might cause to be built upon it.

Uppingham is a little market town of quiet seclusion and great natural beauty. It is built on a hill and is more or less surrounded by hills, which, if boys ever thought of natural beauty, would appeal to them, but which it must be feared chiefly suggests the possibilities of cold and rigorous winters, which those of us who have found it necessary to break the ice in our jugs found fully realised.

Uppingham School, with that of its neighbour, Oakham, was an old foundation created by the liberality of an Archdeacon Johnson, in the days of Elizabeth, in the year 1584; under the supervision of a Board of Governors, with the "right heir male" of the founder as hereditary patron.² When the writer

¹ Virgil, "*Æneid*," ii. 3.

² See "*Life of Edward Thring*," Parkin, vol. i., p. 59.

first entered on his residence there, the old buildings of that period connected with the school were untouched. The schoolroom in the churchyard was a fine erection of the Elizabethan period, still practically intact, and is used now for some subsidiary educational purpose. The Headmaster's house, which is now thrown into a library, was a picturesque gabled building to which some modern rooms had been added. Attached to it were the school-house, dining-hall, and dormitories, while on two other sides of a quadrangle there were the quaint doors, opening upon the outer air, of the boys' private studies, which although unused by a more luxurious age still exist, defying the smallest boy (if he wished to do such a useless thing) to swing a cat within their narrow limits. But many generations of boys have found even in those cupboard spaces the proverbial castle of an Englishman's home.

At this time, in the year 1857, there were only four other houses belonging to masters of the school, which were built at a later and quite modern date. As yet the school consisted of not much more than sixty boys.

Here I came under the first great influence which under God has moulded my life. The Rev. Edward Thring, the Headmaster, was no ordinary man, and his name is cut deep into the recording monument of educational progress. Like many another great man, he was small of stature, and would be described not infrequently as "the little man." He had a firm and most resolute face, with a stern and rigorous expression,



EDWARD THRING.

which would warn people not to take any liberties; at the same time he knew how to laugh, at times even excitedly, and keenly appreciated a joke. No one, not even a boy, could have been long in his presence without realising that here was one, who as a young man would see visions, and as an old man would dream dreams.¹ He had a grand purpose in life, and a strong ideal which he was determined to realise. With great Eton traditions, he had a clear idea of what was wrong in old systems of education, and the ideal which he set before himself was to hammer out of the not too promising materials of a country grammar school the model educational machine of the future, which should not be satisfied with the best instruction, or the preparation of the fittest for great places in the body politic, but should be an atmosphere, in which, to use a favourite phrase of the Headmaster's, "true life" should be developed, and "the name of Uppingham" stand for all that was true, noble and good. He was an idealist, and a practical idealist, in the sense that he was no mere dreamer. He lavished all that he had, in energy, money, talents and health itself (for he died comparatively young), in the endeavour to make his dream come true. Perhaps he let his visionary idealism carry him too far. Sometimes he would seem to live in a castle which was still in the air, and to be building up his Paradise with very crumbling materials. Still it came to those who knew how to wait, and Uppingham certainly stood for many excellences, and realised many prophecies,

¹ Joel ii. 28.

which showed what a resolute, steadfast and earnest man could do, who feared God and believed in the ultimate triumph of truth.

There are many things which stand out from the idealism of Thring's system which were not always clear to the boy mind, but which the man is able to understand and appreciate. One of these was the deliberate determination not to grow prize gooseberries for the University. Every boy, even the dullest, who could bring no intellectual glory to the school, was to have his chance, his full opportunity of development, in the same way and to the same extent as if he were a genius. A Richard Nettleship in the VIth Form would have to receive perhaps the same consideration and training as the ordinary steady young plodder, who used his slow brain conscientiously. It was, fairly considered, a noble and faithful estimate of educational responsibility, on the part of the schoolmaster; and many an ordinary schoolboy, who was no genius, had good cause to be thankful. But the result, as far as the rough and ready judgment of this world was concerned, was to be seen in the poor scholarship and class record at the University.

Another great principle of Uppingham tradition was the constant appeal to corporate honour. If one member suffered all the other members were to suffer with it, while a House would be punished for the misdemeanour of a member of that House. The schoolboy dread of "sneaking" was to be recognised, but not in combination with the false honour which would hinder the detection and punishment of the offender.

The offender must give himself up, in deference to public honour. This principle was observed in many ways and was fundamental to the system, which made "the name of Uppingham" of more importance than any merely private reputation.

And yet another principle was the development of the private life of the boy, with a due recognition of his privileges as an individual. Every boy was to have a private study, which he could call his own, and whose sanctity was protected by rigorous restrictions. And every boy was to have his private partition, curtained off in his dormitory, which once more was regulated and hedged round by very strict rules. Viewed in the abstract, the system of privacy seems to be absolutely right; in practice, like everything else, it was not found productive automatically of good. A pig will destroy the amenities of the most scientifically constructed sty, and public opinion has its advantages. But this is a question not to be discussed here. There is no doubt, however, that both the system, and the intention at the back of the system, were good. But the best intentioned schemes have their limitations.

As to the influence of Edward Thring on the boy, of course it was tremendous. As one who received from him kindness and benefits which he can never repay, I shrink from discussing him impersonally and dispassionately as a public character. There is no doubt that he inspired a feeling of awe, and even terror in many, perhaps in most, who came under him. A schoolboy's realism might perhaps all unknowingly

find itself athwart some great principle of idealism, and find too late that his views of life were distorted and mistaken. If there were a fault in his dealing with boys, perhaps one might say that there was not so complete a recognition as one might have desired of the fact that different boys have different characters to a fundamental extent; and that some are chilled by a display of rigour, who would yield and be guided at once by the appeal of pity and persuasion. No one, however, could be kinder, more tender, more sympathetic in trouble. No one could be more anxious for the friendship and affection of his boys than Edward Thring. And it would be a mistake of the worst kind to think that he had taken as the motto of his life, "*oderint dum metuant*."¹

How then did the ordinary boy in a big school come under the Headmaster's influence? In the first place, once a week everyone of the lower divisions would come up to be put through his paces by him in easy Cicero or some such Latin construing. It was a moment of unmingled terror to the Junior boy, and not of pure enjoyment to the VIth Form boys, who had to be present, and were liable to be called upon in any difficulty to supply a solution. Then again in the early times the Headmaster used to preach a short sermon on Sunday evenings in the Hall of the School House, at nine o'clock. In those days there was no school chapel, and we had not as yet started our own school service in the parish church. The Hall at last became too small, and the congregation outgrew its

¹ Cic., "Off." i. 28, 97.

limits. By a strange coincidence, the Headmaster's text, taken probably from the proper lesson, on the last evening when the service was held there was, "And the house of Baal was full, from one end to another."¹

There were other occasions of awful solemnity, when the whole school was addressed in the Hall, before the ten o'clock call-over, when some school misdemeanour called for stern reprobation. The guilty trembled, and a general sense of insecurity crept over the best-behaved schoolboy, when the most scathing denunciation and the most unbounded reprobation were poured forth in terms of invective and scorn, which brought home to the offenders that they were traitors to the school tradition and altogether below the level even of respectability.

It fell, however, to the writer to be quartered at the School House, and eventually to be Captain of the House, and further to receive many kind acts of hospitality and friendship from the Headmaster's family, so that he is able to speak from personal knowledge of one who was a kind friend, as well as from the standpoint of one brought in contact with the Master of a House and the head of the big school.

There are two especial times in the writer's life, in which he can best recall the powerful influence of this great man. The one is when the writer was Captain of the VIth Form, which was then entirely under the Headmaster's direction, and the other, when much earlier in his school career, he was prepared by him for Confirmation.

¹ 2 Kings x. 21.

To take them in this order. It was the custom at Uppingham, in every form, to begin the day with religious instruction and this of a serious kind, as in a subject calculated to rank in importance with the other subjects necessary for University life, or other professional courses. The Headmaster's methods were of a strange and unconventional kind, but to this day the writer looks back with gratitude to a type of Scriptural investigation, which made him think, and helped him to discover the great and unexpected depths of meaning in Holy Scripture, showing him that all, even the most unlikely passages, were auriferous. That all Scripture was inspired, and that "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope."¹ Nothing could stand out in greater contrast to the attitude, for instance, of the Convocations of to-day, towards the Old Testament, when a dry literalism is supposed to supply the only meaning; being too often an interpretation, which provokes rejection by its absurdity and impossibility. The questions which were asked us, and the concentration required were doubtless startling and bewildering. And the ordinary boy who found himself confronted by a question, demanding immediate answer, which consisted only of "And Moses?" or some such point in an argument which he had not followed, and to which he had no clue, must be pardoned if he felt somewhat perplexed, or resented the imputation of stupidity and ignorance, which rendered

¹ Rom. xv. 4.

him unworthy of further instruction that morning, while teacher and taught relapsed into a sullen silence. To those who wished for divinity tips in subsequent examinations elsewhere, these lessons were absolutely useless; to those who were contented to be made to think for themselves on the greatest of all subjects, they were invaluable.

The writer passes over the Headmaster's teaching in scholarship, composition, the study of Greek and Latin, not because they were unimportant, or unmarked by originality—the reverse is the truth—but because they must make room for other things which need recounting in a personal sketch.

The other great occasion when the writer came directly under the personal influence of Edward Thring was at the time of his Confirmation. A preparation by a lay-master, or in the ordinary way of a class, such as is now reported to be common at public schools, must indeed be a great falling-off from the careful and spiritual instruction which we received.

I was Confirmed when as yet only thirteen years old, which in those days was considered to be very young. My mother objected on the score of age, but happily her objection was overruled, on the ground that position in the school, rather than number of years, was to be considered; or as Dean Butler used to say in after days: "You may as well Confirm by weight as by age; some are ready at twelve and some not at forty."

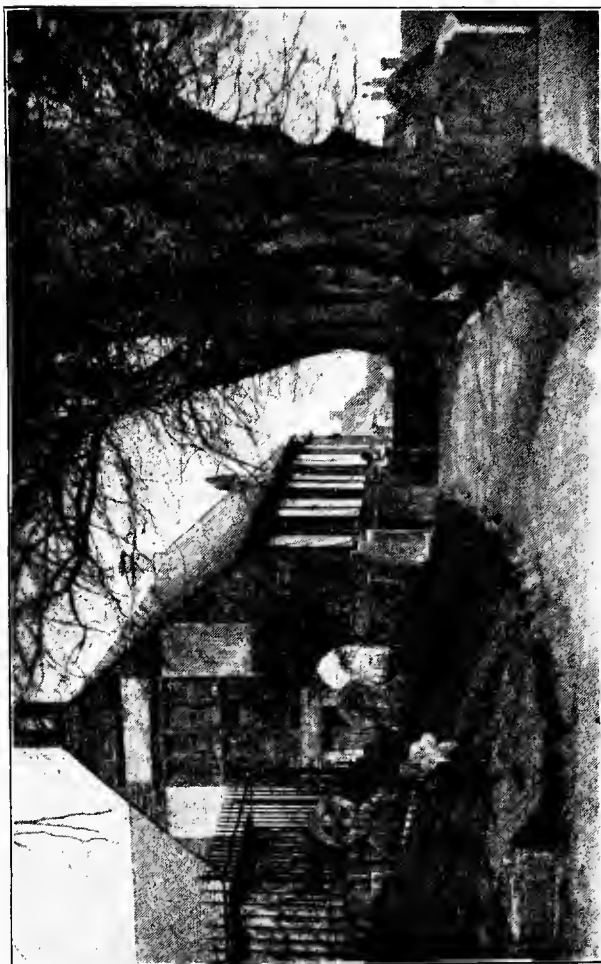
It was in the course of this preparation, in explain-

ing the words of the Prayer Book, "Therefore if there be any of you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned Minister of God's Word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's Holy Word, he may receive the benefit of Absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness"¹—that he invited us to come to him privately if we were in any trouble or perplexity, saying that he would not treat us as a schoolmaster, but as a friend in helping us in preparing for our Confirmation.

But alarm in dealing with a schoolmaster far outweighed the possible comfort of dealing with a priest and a friend, and it is a subject for never-ceasing regret to the writer, that he thus deprived himself of the help which would have been of the greatest consequence to him, in the difficulties of school-life and in the opening responsibilities which were beginning to dawn upon him.

In some schools this matter has been met by the appointment of Chaplains to deal spiritually with boys, in their sins and difficulties, but it is the writer's profound conviction that Confession and Absolution are spiritual opportunities of which no boy ought to be deprived, and the access to which should be made as easy as possible, without any sort of compulsion or undue pressure, or the sense of its being a peculiar

¹ Prayer Book Service of Holy Communion.



from a photograph by Stocks, Uppingham

THE OLD SCHOOLROOM, UPPINGHAM.

and somewhat unusual requirement, while it is always remembered that the spiritual power of Absolution counts for more than advice.

Nothing can illustrate the inherent grace of Confirmation more than my own experience of it. I look back upon it with gratitude, as one of the turning-points in my life, and yet the actual rite was entirely devoid of everything which could appeal to a boy's mind or even the mind of any thinking individual. Confirmation was administered in a parish church at Peterborough, to which city we had to journey by train; the church was high-pewed and galleried. The bishop was an old man. I could neither see him nor hear him, and I have no remembrance, even of the laying-on of hands, which I suppose took place. (Although there are traditions of places in the earlier days of the nineteenth century, where whole congregations were Confirmed by one solemn pronouncement). The only recollection which survives is of a woman spectator in the galleries, with a basket on her head, looking down upon our pew. And yet, in spite of it all, I can only thank God for the strength and mercy which I then received.

There were other influences at Uppingham, which I would fain recognise with gratitude, connected with some of the assistant masters with whom I was thrown in contact. There was also quite a contingent of foreigners, German and French, with whom I had scholastic and friendly dealings. Puzzled many of them must have been with the ways and customs of the English boy, as their countrymen generally have

been puzzled in the late war, by the peculiar mentality of the irrepressible English soldier.

As an example I remember a French master, troubled with the over-expressed vitality of his class, telling the ringleader to write out fifty lines for "making donkey;" and then, in answer to his indignant assertion of absolute innocence of indulging in this form of insubordination to "write out fifty lines for 'not making donkey.'" It was always difficult to eliminate from the mind of the British boy the conviction that foreign masters belonged to a different race of human beings from themselves.

Then there were the boys, my companions; some are living, some are dead, and space would not allow me, even were it possible, to describe their influence on my life.

There remain just a few things which stand out in the general life of Uppingham during these years.

It was a time when materially, as well as intellectually and spiritually, the school was being built up, and house after house was being erected or converted to accommodate the increasing numbers of the school, although it was part of Mr. Thring's scheme of education, as he understood it, that the actual size of the school should be limited to something between 200 and 300 boys, which he conceived to be the limit of safety line to insure proper individual supervision and training.

This was also the period when the great Church movement was beginning to express itself more and more in restored or newly erected churches. The

parish church of the town was destined to fall an early victim to the restorer's hand. And even to our boyish eyes, it became apparent that a Cornish marble font straight from the London Exhibition of 1862 was no proper substitute for the venerable old font which enshrined the traditions of the past, or the pseudo-Gothic evolved from the office of a modern architect for the old lines and dignified reserve of the North Midland churches. The restoration so-called of the old church was not without its effect upon us, during its progress. The school Sunday service which used to be held in the church, at hours when it was not being used for the ordinary parochial needs, was of necessity transferred temporarily to the old schoolroom in the churchyard; while the reopening of the parish church, in which the school choir joined, became to some of us quite an ecclesiastical function, chiefly connected in the writer's mind, with the singing of "Jerusalem the Golden," which had then lately appeared in the translation of Dr. Neale, and was regarded as being very "High Church."

But about this time, Mr. George Edmund Street, the great church architect, appeared upon the scene. A new schoolroom and new classrooms were to be built, and in the background there was the rumour of a school Chapel, the want of which was now beginning seriously to make itself felt. The new school was designed in the most approved Gothic style, and the classrooms and VIth Form room put a perpetual strain on the imagination of the occupants. How should they reconcile tiled floors, lattice windows and

intersecting pillars with comfort, or even with efficiency? The future architect of the Strand Law Courts was fast bound in the prevailing craze for domestic Gothic. However this might be, it was a great delight to some of us boys to study the plans under the sympathetic guidance of a Clerk of the works, who had lately been superintending the erection of Street's Memorial Church at Scutari. We sur-named him at once Balbus, as the ideal representative of the man in the First Latin Book, who "was building a wall." And while he gave us a delightful insight into the mysteries of architecture, we learned then the practical value of a Clerk of the works, as revealed to us in a large patch of roof still uncovered with slates, which represented the intention of the builders, in a defective carrying out of their contract. Not long after, the design for the new Chapel was approved, and the building begun in close proximity to the new school. Now that it is finished it may be regarded as perhaps one of Street's most satisfactory works, and it well carried out in its simple solidity the instruction received from the Headmaster, that he wished for "a wall." Some of us eagerly watched the building in its progress, and criticised it with the profundity which boy critics alone can give, while we raised by subscription among our friends enough money to buy a very satisfactory lectern, with an ultimate hope of Altar candlesticks, concerning which I have no certain memory.

It was a great satisfaction to come down to the opening of the finished Chapel, during my second or

third term at Oxford. And well do I remember the damper which I received from the Bishop of Peterborough, Doctor Jeune, the late Master of my college at Oxford, when he said that if he had still been Master of Pembroke, he should not have allowed me to come for such an occasion as that, reminding me of one who obtained a similar permission from the head of his college, to go and bury his sister, with the added reservation, "I wish, sir, that it had been a nearer relation."

It is time to close this chapter, but first of all, there are some general observations to be made on school-life and on life at Uppingham in particular. The present writer would deprecate the lurid tints and descriptions of some modern novels which deal with school life. They very often represent just one section of school misdemeanour, which may have come under the author's immediate observation, or have sprung up in his imagination. When hundreds of boys are crowded together at a difficult period of their life, it is perhaps Utopian to hope that the most careful regulations and restrictions will exclude all that is undesirable. The miniature world, on which the schoolboy enters, is not a bad representative of that against which he is bidden to arm himself in the battle of life.

I remember once being told in a bad case of pneumonia, with which a young girl was afflicted, that the patient was like a ship at sea, encountering a storm, and that the only thing to be done was to build her up and strengthen her, so that she might weather it.

The schoolboy must learn to "endure hardness," and by the strength of God to hold his own, what time the storm falls upon him. Hence the prospect of education in which the teaching of morality is substituted for religion is a dismal one.

As to life at Uppingham, in those years, and increasingly since, great stress was laid, and rightly laid, on cricket, football, and other games, for which Uppingham has become famous. The two great cricketers, C. E. Green and A. P. Lucas, belong to the period of Uppingham now being described. It is not a little remarkable that in appreciating the difference between the honour of the average British soldier and the unspeakable degradation of the Prussian, the phrase which seems to express more than any other the difference between true and false dealing is that the Englishman has "learned to play the game." There are qualities learned in the school life from games, which reappear without effort and as by a moral instinct in the after life of realities. And a consistent line of conduct is not unworthily described as "good cricket."

As to the ordinary day of work at Uppingham, we began early, with school before breakfast, and boys in the Upper Classes were not supposed to go to bed before ten. We had a good many holidays, as for instance, on every Saint's Day, as well as one or two half-holidays a week. In the Upper Classes and generally we were trusted to work a good deal privately in our studies and to produce results, which must necessarily make great demands upon our time and energy; whether this was a good plan, or a bad plan, I am not

in a position to say, and moreover education is now a science, on which a layman must hardly dare to speak. We had a good deal of leisure, which certainly in the VIth Form we much enjoyed in each other's company, in the VIth Form room, which was then the Library, with a comfortable fire in the winter. I have visions of a head thrust in at the door, sometimes of an evening, and of a reproving and stern voice, which said, "This is not work." The writer well remembers reading in this room the first number of the *Church Times*, which had then made its appearance as a dangerous and revolutionary paper, and of efforts which were made to capture it, in the interest of sound Protestantism.

One word must be added about Sunday. Sunday was always a very happy day at Uppingham. I am afraid that we emphasised rather unduly in the morning the idea of "the day of rest." But then it was a joy to escape the considerable labour of first school before breakfast. The services were only two, morning and afternoon, with, at one time, as mentioned above, a sermon in the evening in the Hall. There was no work of any kind. There was a choir practice in the morning, which any member of the school might join who had a voice, the alternative being to learn a few verses of "The Christian Year." The music, or rather the method of part singing then learned, became a very valuable asset in after life, especially to anyone who became connected with the training of a choir.

On whole holidays, we were able to obtain extra leave off call-overs, and to walk out far into the country,

to such places as Oakham, or to the old Tudor House at Kirby, now falling, alas ! into decay, or to Dean, Lord Cardigan's Park in Northamptonshire. He was a local hero who sometimes passed through Uppingham on his way to meets of the hounds. The memory of the Balaclava Charge was still fresh, and it used to be stated that some wag, in visiting Dean, saw a large picture of the charge with Lord Cardigan well in front of the troops, and innocently asked whether it was going out from or coming in to the attack.

The migration to Borth, which stands out as an epoch in the history of Uppingham, almost as momentous as the sojourn in Babylon to the Israelites, happened, of course, some time after the period covered by these reminiscences. There was nothing of outstanding importance to differentiate these years from others, although in them we managed to start the Uppingham School Magazine, of which I, in company with Walter Cornish, who is now dead, was the first editor. This is surely one of the oldest of school magazines, for it has appeared continuously now for upwards of sixty years, and has had among its contributors at least one or two famous authors. In the impression of the writer, it was first started in the way of *propaganda*, that in the depth of our boyish wisdom we might instruct the masters and generally "the powers that be," as to how to manage the choir, and conduct the church services, and other things in which we thought them deficient. It was our hope that "the correspondence" column would produce mighty results. Wonderful to relate, we were not even thought worthy of being censored.

Our relations to the town were, except in certain cases, rather those of an armed neutrality. Well do I remember having to pay one shilling and threepence for some trifling repair to a watch, because the watch-maker stammered, and being unable to say, "I shall charge you one sh . . . ing," was forced to say, "I shall charge you fifteen pence," which represented a threepenny addition for stammering.

School is a mysterious and wonderful time, a rough and stormy or else a sunlit strait, by which we pass into the sea of life. He has expressed it well who said of the Chapel at Clifton College:—

This is the Chapel: here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far
You too may speak with noble ghosts
Of Manhood, and the vows of love
You made before the Lord of Hosts—
To set the cause above renown;
To love the game beyond the prize;
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.¹

¹ Sir H. Newbolt, "The Island Race," pp. 75, 76.

III

OXFORD

III

OXFORD

“ A man’s whole future depends on those one or two years in which he is master of himself.”

“ Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.”

IT was in the year 1863 that the writer entered on the University life of Oxford, at Pembroke, to which college indeed he was Founders’ Kin, although since the day when all such privileges were abolished, there would be no private advantage accruing to him, and it was not for this reason that he chose the college.

Pembroke in those days was under the administration of Dr. Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. It stands, as all visitors to Oxford will remember, almost side by side with St. Aldate’s Church, the great stronghold of Evangelicalism in Oxford, the advowson of which Pembroke is rumoured to have sold to the Simeon Trustees, in the time of its reconstruction.

To anybody whose mind was full of the Oxford Movement, Pembroke at that time was not suggestive of any particular movement whatever. The Chapel of a *renaissance* type of architecture, simple and unadorned, had not then come under the hands of Mr. Kempe, an old Pembroke student, and even now, adorned as it is with his exquisite taste and refinement,

it still seems cold and deficient in "consecutive art" (to use a phrase of Mr. Gambier Parry's). And I fear in the days when I first attended the compulsory worship in that Chapel, that there was not enough warmth of devotion to linger on as an atmosphere, no

Service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.¹

The service was read through, weekdays and Sundays, without a note of music, psalm or hymn, the service itself being read by one of the Fellows, and the lessons by one of the scholars before a very critical audience of companions. Only once a term was the Holy Communion celebrated at the end of the service. In my first term a remarkable movement took place among the men, in connection with this service. Punctual attendance on Sunday morning was an obligation on everyone; when the clock struck eight, the door was shut and locked, and the inmates were confined there for the period of the service. If this Sunday happened to be "a Sacrament Sunday," a man might find himself all unexpectedly, an unwilling participator in that Holy Service. Added to this there was an evil custom (which still prevails elsewhere at Oxford, but under proper safeguards) of bringing the Blessed Sacrament to every communicant as he knelt or sat in his own seat. There was no indication of what was to follow, as the man entered Chapel—no notice, no outward appearance of houselling cloths on the seats—and so it

¹ Milton, "Il Penseroso."

happened, at least on one occasion, that some men whose character and actions were notorious were compelled to be unwilling partakers of that Blessed Sacrament, for which obviously they were unprepared.

This produced a strong feeling of revulsion among the men, and some of them—all honour to them!—sent up a memorial to the authorities, petitioning that this might be altered, and henceforth an alteration was made, whereby communicants might receive the Blessed Sacrament at the Altar; the participation became no longer compulsory, and the number of Celebrations in the term was increased.

It is not a little significant of the change which has come over the Church since those days, to be told that the undergraduate members of Pembroke, in the Lent term of 1920, petitioned the authorities that they might have a daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist during that term. And this, in the event, met with such support and appreciation that it was continued during the Summer term.

It was some little time after the incident described that an attempt was made to brighten the Sunday and Saints' Day Evensong. A choir was formed, the boys being paid and properly trained, the men being certain musical members of the college; and this was made the easier, as there was a Choral Society which used to meet in the Hall once a week.

This choir lasted on with various vicissitudes until the boys disappeared, and an organ was placed in the ante-chapel, and the college men themselves were responsible for such music as was attempted.

Concerning Church feeling in Oxford at this time, I shall speak later. In college there were the usual parties. A small band of Ritualists, a small body of High Churchmen, a devoted band of Evangelicals, who were adherents of the much respected Canon Christopher of St. Aldate's, and the usual body of neutrals, and of those who cared for none of these things. I, indeed, remember "No Popery" Riots directed against some rooms on my staircase, but I don't think that Popery had much to do with it.

The genial Dr. Evans, and afterwards Dr. Bartholomew Price, a great mathematical authority and College Bursar, became Masters of the College, from both of whom I received much kindness. And it was my privilege to meet more than once at dinner, at the Master's House, distinguished members of the University, among whom I especially remember that brilliant wit Dr. Mansell, and as I was glad to recall in after years, "Lewis Carroll," as he called himself, the famous author of "Alice in Wonderland."

But perhaps the most distinguished personality in the college at this time was Mr. Chandler, who afterwards became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University. His lectures on Aristotle were of the most original and valuable kind, not directed so much to the possible requirements of the Schools, as to the elucidation of general philosophical subjects, and more especially of Aristotle. He would seem to have had a personal devotion to and respect for "*il Maestro di color che sanno*." And it was always



DR. PUSEY.
(A sketch from life.)

understood that he had in his possession a commentary on the Ethics, the *opus magnum* of his life, which was to see the light at some future period, perhaps after the author's death. But the author is dead, and the commentary still remains unpublished.

Apparently in wretched health, and with a cynicism largely assumed, with brilliant humour, and never-failing patience and kindness, he tried to open up the intellectual powers of his listeners. And I hope that we felt that it must be no light task for a keen intellect and a peculiarly sensitive mind, such as his, to have to conduct successive generations of not too-receptive undergraduates over ground which was to him almost sacred, and full of ever fresh beauties and ever new suggestions. Without any one single point of resemblance that could be fixed, his method was once more the method of Mr. Thring's Divinity lessons, in conveying the power to think and to dig out matter for oneself, rather than supplying goods selected and ready packed to be delivered some day at the Schools. It is to be regretted that the memory of so great a man has so very much died out, for he was not only great in his own subject, but great as a thinker and teacher. And one could say, "*Cum talis es utinam noster esses.*" For I am afraid that the efforts of the Pembroke Choir at Sunday evening chapel seemed only, to judge from his appearance, to give him acute pain, which we rightly thought to be due to his extremely sensitive musical ear, but also to symbolise that his philosophy did not lead him in the direction of ecclesiasticism, as exemplified by bad singing. He was a philosopher first,

and after that, loving him as we did, we did not enquire.

There was a strong current of Church life in the University at this time, and every college must, if not collectively, at least in some of its members, have come under its influence. To the best of my belief there were prayer meetings in some undergraduates' rooms at Pembroke, and a certain number used to keep the rules of the Church, by not dining in Hall on Fridays. I remember that one champion of orthodoxy was remonstrated with on a certain occasion for not observing this rule, and his answer was that he had a Catholic mind but a Protestant stomach! These were the days of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, who seems to have kept in his mind the needs of the undergraduates, and during Lent two courses of sermons were inaugurated on certain weekday evenings, one at St. Mary's and the other at St. Giles, when famous preachers were brought up from the country, and those preachers who resided in Oxford were given an opportunity of delivering their message. On such occasions, we might listen to Dr. Pusey, Dr. Liddon, Mr. Butler of Wantage, Mr. Carter of Clewer, Dr. Magee, the Bishop himself, and many others. Preaching was a great force in Oxford in those days, and was beginning to recover from the somewhat cold treatment of the early Tractarians, with their cut-down pulpits and studied discourses. The University pulpit was then also a force for good, and an exponent of theological truth and of practical Christian life. Two magnificent courses of Bampton lectures were delivered at

this period, one the famous lectures of Dr. Liddon on "The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and the other "The Administration of the Holy Spirit," by Dr. Moberly.

Dr. Liddon's lectures are well known to all students of theology, but it was a rich treat to listen to their delivery. The undergraduates' gallery was of course full, as well as the seats assigned to other members of the University. At the same time, the floor and all available space was occupied by townspeople or strangers, who seemed eagerly to hang on every word. So much so, that the writer on one occasion being accompanied by a fidgety friend who found the sermon long, attempted to leave the church, but found some difficulty in getting past the eager listeners. This is the more remarkable, when the deep and somewhat dry nature of the lectures is remembered. A famous sermon was also delivered by Dr. Pusey, in the University pulpit, on the text, "Will ye also go away?"¹ when he spoke clearly and most helpfully about undergraduates' morality. Men were not accustomed in those days to plain speaking in the pulpit, as they are now, and some dons professed themselves scandalised at a supposed aspersion of the Oxford undergraduate. Dr. Pusey, as a trusted and experienced and much sought-out director, knew what he was talking about, where the dons had no knowledge of the state of the case. And to this day that sermon, now printed, is of great value in dealing wisely yet firmly with a very difficult subject.

¹ St. John vi. 67.

On another occasion, by a strange coincidence, the morning preacher as advertised was Church, and the afternoon preacher was King. The afternoon sermon, now abolished, was, as "special preachers" know, a cruel institution; an opportunity to the authorities, who were bound to be there, for a *siesta*, to the undergraduates, a thing much to be avoided, to which they could hardly be attracted by the most engaging orator. Our forefathers cultivated stoical endurance in the hearing of sermons of more than an hour's duration, but the modern hearer of sermons is a follower rather of epicurean methods, of whom it has been said, "the epicurean pretended to a power of mind, which acted not so much by hardening the man, as by the much more complete method of softening the event." Still, if the truth be told, a certain lecture in a famous course occupied an hour and forty minutes. The audience did not complain, but the then Vicar of St. Mary's delayed the preacher to the Vice-Chancellor, as having seriously inconvenienced his parochial congregation, who were delayed beyond their usual hour of commencing the service, which followed on the conclusion of the University sermon.

St. Mary's Church will always be a sacred spot in the memory of an Oxford man. There are great traditions of Dr. Newman, even to those who never saw him, which hang around that pulpit. Here we are told that, without any effort of oratory, while simply reading exquisite English and earnest appeals from a MS., never even lifting up his head, he kept an audience—not always in sympathy with the preacher or his aims

—spellbound. It is recorded of a well-known figure in the University, of a by no means ascetic appearance as his nickname conveyed, that he said after one of the famous "Parochial and Plain Sermons," "That fellow Newman! I was hardly able to draw my breath, until I got back to college." Here we listened on rare occasions to Dr. Pusey, round whom gathered the Tractarian tradition, at that moment with an added lustre, coming from recent ill-treatment and prejudice.

Here we sat spellbound by Dr. Liddon's eloquence, fired by his enthusiasm, and understanding in some measure, how such a thing as a crusade could be started by the appeal of preaching. Here we listened to some popular favourite like Dr. King, then the much-loved Principal of Cuddesdon; or to the exquisitely turned periods of Dr. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

St. Mary's was then under the superintendence of Mr. Burgon, as Vicar, a well-known and highly respected figure in the University. The ecclesiastical arrangements were of a somewhat peculiar kind. At the early Celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 o'clock, much valued by the undergraduates, when there was no college Celebration, "portable lights" appeared in the shape of a flat candlestick, whereby the reader of the Gospel contrived to see what he was reading. Non-Ritual was carried to a science in this church, so that everyone became quite used to it, even when an aged female slipped up into the pulpit, to be occupied in a few minutes time by some famous

preacher, to light the pulpit candles. The writer remembers, on one occasion, when Dr. Pusey, the advertised preacher, did not put in an appearance in the procession, that the Vicar announced "The preacher will be here presently," and if we did not sing the 119th Psalm from beginning to end, as was done once on a similar occasion, we spun out the time in tuneful expectation, while the poor Doctor, with a bad cold, was publicly helped by the succour of a lozenge brought up to him.

Who can forget again the psalm from Tate and Brady's collection, before the University sermon, accompanied with great power by no less a person than Dr. Stainer? The verses chosen were not always appropriate, and the writer well remembers, before some especially solemn sermon, his companions around him singing the somewhat strange jingle,

When childless families despair
There comes the blessing of an heir!

In St. Mary's, as elsewhere in Oxford, the undergraduate must accustom himself to his surroundings; there was no idea, such as we should have now, of bright services, hymns, short sermons, and all the programme with which we are familiar, to attract the unwilling mind of those who are not satisfied with doing their duty.

There was a notable service in St. Mary's, when the foundation stone of Keble College was laid, and the arrangements then as always were somewhat peculiar, Dr. Pusey, the principal figure on such an occasion, appearing in strange company in the Proctor's seat.

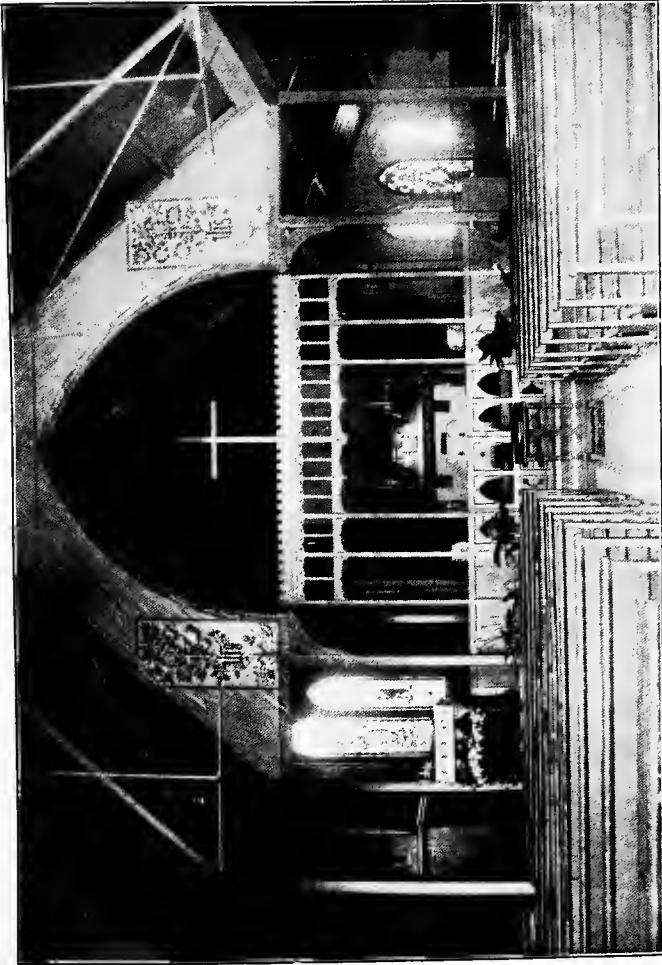
On looking back, there are several influences under which the writer was brought, for which he must ever thank God. The chief of these was Dr. Pusey.

Dr. Pusey, with his world-wide reputation, his wide study and unceasing labour, was not a man who could be expected to place his time and counsel unreservedly at the mercy of enquiring undergraduates, and yet he never refused his sympathy and spiritual aid to anyone who stood in genuine need of it. His figure was not a familiar one, except to those who knew his haunts and ways. To the ritualistic mind his appearance was a decided shock, with his tail-coat, open waistcoat and white tie. He was one of those men who always refused to sit for his portrait, and has therefore gone down to posterity inadequately represented. His face was gentle and yet stern in a profound recollection. His appeal in his sermons was not a popular one; he was deep and difficult to follow, and yet he always commanded a large and respectful audience. But it was especially in the private help and guidance which he so unselfishly vouchsafed to penitents and others that one was able to realise his power and sympathy.

There are many who must look back to that corner-house in the Tom Quad of Christ Church, with veneration and fond memory. It was a solemn moment to be ushered in to this great man's presence, seated in his study, surrounded by books, and immersed in his literary labour. The first impression was frankly of the most untidy study that could be seen anywhere;

every chair, and also the floor, was littered with books, open, many of them, at places of reference. At one side of the room there was a table fitted up in the manner of an oratory, at which the Doctor had received permission to celebrate the Holy Eucharist. Upon it stood the Veronica picture, now in the Pusey House Chapel, and here he would hear the confessions of those who sought this ministry. This is too sacred a subject to discuss in these pages, and yet it may be said that Dr. Pusey had the power which few seem to possess in the same way of making the penitent feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Direction with him was a reality, not the mere assigning of a penance. In all spiritual dealings with Dr. Pusey, in all he said or did, a man would feel that he was in touch with the sacramental life, very near its source, when it had not come down into conventional channels, or become systematised as something to be done with mechanical precision under fixed rules. There is surely some need to emphasise at the present day this subjective side of things, which passed from the earnest evangelicals into the full channel of dogmatic truth, waiting to receive it. A prayer-wheel system of Christianity is always popular and easy, the offering of the reasonable service is always difficult, and is less attractive to the ordinary man.

If Dr. Pusey was the Churchman's most venerated personality at that time in Oxford, Dr. Liddon seemed to claim his most vehement and chivalrous enthusiasm. His face and appearance are well known to everyone from the excellent portraits which have come down to



THE OLD IRON CHURCH AT COWLEY.

us. He, too, objected to be the common object of the photographer, but happily it has not been left to amateurs to preserve for us the memory of a face so much venerated in Oxford at that time. Beside the public opportunities of listening to his advice and exhortation in sermons, we were sometimes asked to meet him at breakfast, in the room of some kind friend who would seek to bring about a much valued opportunity of talking to so great a man. It used to strike me at the time, and I increasingly feel it, that a public breakfast is not an ideal time for social intercourse, or for a great man to be shown as it were to his friends. I have visions of a tired face and weary mind, desperately anxious to do his best to cheer the shy and meet the enquiring and make himself generally accessible. Public breakfasts were the fashion in those days, whether it were in an assembly such as I have alluded to; or at a caucus of sympathisers before a meeting of Convocation to form a policy. Or it might be a missionary breakfast, or a political breakfast, or a gathering together of men associated for some common purpose. The fashion now has rather died out, and we are veering round to the cynical opinion that everyone ought to breakfast in his own room.

Dr. Liddon, like Dr. Pusey, was accessible to anyone who sought spiritual help or advice. And busy and concentrated as he was, and keenly susceptible of interruption, he was always ready with spiritual help and direction.

Dr. Liddon's intimate friends will tell of his wonderful humour and brilliant wit; to the writer his name recalls

those Sunday evenings, when, at the end of the long day of services and sermons, he used to gather round him a large class of undergraduates and others, while he lectured on one of the New Testament Epistles, with scholarly and exhaustive analysis. The class very soon proved too big for the accommodation provided by St. Edmund's Hall, where he assembled us, and a great gathering used to meet in Queen's Hall, a constant attendant at which was Dr. Bright, and where on one occasion I have seen Bishop Samuel Wilberforce himself, meekly taking notes at the end of his Sunday work.

The mention of this lecture has already introduced the name of Dr. Bright, who was then Fellow of University College, and from whom the writer received great personal kindness. He, too, used to give private lectures on Church History to such of his friends who cared to come to them. But at this particular period he was living at Oxford, taking little part in preaching or in Church politics, while a few years after, as professor and theologian, he became one of the leading champions of the ecclesiastical cause.

But no recollection of this time at Oxford would be complete without mention of that wonderful and saintly man, Father Benson, who then was beginning to make the iron church at Cowley a centre of Church life, and was laying the foundation of the great society of St. John the Evangelist, which has made the name of Cowley famous throughout the Church. Here, too, the undergraduate who needed a director or a faithful guide would find a sympathetic and practical ear.

There was no dearth in those days at Oxford of those ready to help and advise all who were willing to seek them out. And whatever might be the tone of this or that college, Oxford was then a Christian place, and true to its motto, *Dominus illuminatio mea*.

These were the days when St. Barnabas had not yet been built, and the Pusey House had not been founded. The English Church Union flourished as a Church Society, under the presidency at Oxford of Mr. Montague Burrows. The organising secretary, Mr. Outram Marshall, who has but now resigned, was then as an undergraduate inviting members into it, actively assisted by Mr. Rhodes Bristow, whom death has now removed, who was as zealous a proselytiser then, at Oxford, as he afterwards became in London.

Many were the petitions to Parliament which we were asked to sign on all manner of public questions, of which speaking *a priori* the undergraduate mind would hardly be cognisant. The meetings of the E.C.U. held from time to time at the Holywell Manor Room do not linger in the mind as particularly exciting, and of one champion of orthodoxy it was said with some bitterness, "That man has the mind of a churchwarden."

The Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity was then in full vigour, as a society offering a spiritual rule of life. This, too, had occasional meetings for devotion and mutual encouragement.

On Sunday the favourite parish service, most frequented by undergraduates, was that of St. John Baptist, better known as Merton College Chapel.

Visitors to Oxford will remember that beautiful piece of fifteenth-century architecture—the fine chancel with its famous decorated windows, containing fragments of their original glass; its perpendicular tower, a somewhat squat reminiscence of Magdalen; and its long transepts. There is no nave. The place it would occupy is taken up by the buildings of Corpus. It is a beautiful church, placed in beautiful surroundings of college and meadows, where perhaps it is well to forget some modern buildings which appeared in these later times, as if to show what the nineteenth century could do.

It was in the transepts of this College Chapel, and under its tower, that the Sunday services used to be held which proved a great attraction to many University men, as a supplement to their own chapel service, and their Communion at St. Mary's. The use of the chancel, the College Chapel proper, was allowed for late Celebrations of the Holy Communion, which was chorally rendered, accompanied by a large organ in the north transept. To those who are familiar with a later Oxford, with St. Barnabas and its Ritual, with St. John's, Cowley, with its splendid plainsong services, it may seem astonishing that Merton should have had the hold it did on the affection of so many of us. The Vicar was Mr. Sargent, a devout man, but sadly delicate; the organist was Dr. Hayne, and afterwards Dr. Stainer, in the intervals of his work at the University Church and at Magdalen. Here we thought ourselves very exalted indeed, as we sang Gregorian tones and Merbecke. The hours of

service were of necessity restricted by the needs of the College Chapel, and were generally only two—11 and 7. But many a man looking back will thank God for blessings and grace there received, for a recognition of what was meant by Sacramental worship, which perhaps with greater privileges he has not received to the same extent elsewhere. On the death of Mr. Sargent, the organ was sold to the Church of SS. Philip and James, and an attempt was made to revive the service elsewhere in another church. But after a time St. John Baptist ceased to be a parish church and now remains simply as the stately ante-chapel to the lovely College Chapel at Merton.

It is difficult to fathom the secret of the undoubted influence which this service exercised on many undergraduates. There was no Ritual worthy of the name, no effort to attract by great preachers. Indeed it has always seemed that this was a great opportunity thrown away, and yet for all this, as has been said, the memory of the old Merton services is abiding and real.

All through this time there were those who were attracted to St. Thomas's, the first church in this revival where a chasuble was used. And SS. Philip and James in the Parks was now beginning to set up a true model of decorous worship, while St. John's, Cowley, and to a lesser extent Holywell Church, attracted the undergraduates in search of a parochial service. Sunday was certainly a busy day, perhaps with St. Mary's at 7, compulsory chapel service at 8 and 5, with an occasional University sermon at

10.30, or some parish service at 11, the day closing with Dr. Liddon's lecture at 9. And yet one can look back to them as "days of the Son of Man," which perhaps afterwards, in the stress of hard work, one has fondly recalled and desired to see, without being able.

A description of the religious influences at work at Oxford in those days would not be complete without a reference to the life which was going on at Cuddesdon, our near neighbour, then under the direction of the saintly Edward King. Either we were attracted to him, or we had old friends at the college, or we hoped to go there some day ourselves. Anyhow, from time to time we found ourselves at the well-known college set on a hill, and entered, as far as outsiders could enter, into its vigorous life. The little chapel at the top of the house, now used as an oratory, must be the shrine of sacred memories to many old Cuddesdon men, which they will hardly find again in the larger and more highly beautified chapel of the college. Here the mind goes back to Dr. Liddon, the Vice-Principal, the victim of Protestant suspicion, to Mr. Barff, afterwards connected with the Choir School at St. Paul's, but more emphatically to the loving presence and spiritual appeals of Edward King. Here if my memory does not fail me, he would deliver once a week at 5 o'clock one of those stirring yet simple spiritual addresses, which found their way into the very heart. And it was possible sometimes in the course of an afternoon's walk from and back to Oxford to gather at Cuddesdon, as St. Francis of Sales would

have said, the sweet bouquet of devotion, whose fragrance would linger in the heart in the rougher atmosphere of University life.

Sometimes it would be possible in the intervals of Oxford duties to get over to Cuddesdon at some of their annual festivals, or on the evening of an Ordination. Bishop Wilberforce was at his best when presiding at the festival luncheon in a large tent surrounded by a band of sympathisers, and in that wonderful atmosphere of set and earnest purpose. It happened to the writer to come over to Cuddesdon on one Sunday evening, when there had been an Ordination in the morning. Something evidently had gone wrong; the Principal seemed distressed and the men gloomy. Instead of the ordinary preacher at Evensong, the Bishop himself delivered the sermon, on this text, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."¹ It was a strong and vigorous apology for the sacerdotal doctrine, and it turned out that what had happened was that the Bishop, who thought himself able to harmonise the most warring and contradictory elements, had asked a notorious Protestant to preach the Ordination sermon, with the most unhappy results; and in the evening, in spite of the canon which prohibits public opposition between preachers, the Bishop was endeavouring to rectify the mistake and restore confidence and comfort to the members of the college, whose patience had been sorely tried. But the memory of Cuddesdon stands out as a place

¹ St. John xx. 23.

where a man might learn to gain confidence in himself, and firm attachment to the Church of England.

These recollections of Oxford in the 'sixties would not be complete without some reference to the town as distinct from the University. Oxford was a very different place then from what it is now. The great suburb of North Oxford was then only just beginning to make its encroachments on the green fields, which still were apparent in the region of the Church of SS. Philip and James, then newly built. The reign of married non-resident fellows had not set in. The old antagonism between Town and Gown was a lingering tradition, although largely taken out of the region of fisticuffs. The writer, when living in lodgings, remembers a strange incident, when the Guards from Windsor marched into the city with fixed bayonets and were quartered on the town for two days, to suppress a bread riot, which largely existed in the mind of a nervous mayor. There were also concerts and entertainments provided in the Town Hall, some of which must have sorely tried the nerve and patience of London performers accustomed to more normal conditions. The Oxford undergraduate is difficult to please, and there is vividly impressed on the writer's memory a time when the Davenport Brothers, who announced themselves as dealers in spiritual manifestations, were nearly strangled by members of the audience to whom they had entrusted the making of knots which were to be unloosed by the agency of spirits. *Solventur risu tabulæ*. And the brothers with their magical cabinet, if they were able

to harness spirits to their will, were quite unable to cope with the young life of Oxford. Professor Pepper, of the Polytechnic, a dealer in mechanical ghosts, had also a rough treatment. On the other hand, quartette concerts which were really good met always with a very appreciative reception.

But on the whole, there is little or nothing to say under this head—and if “manners,” according to Sydney Smith, “are the shadow of virtues,” our manners in dealing with our fellow townsmen, were, it is to be hoped, the outcome of solid virtues, such as hated shams and cultivated stern honesty. It is a happy and glad experience to recall a time of ideals, of firm friendships, and of helpful knowledge. I would conclude with some wise words of Lord Macaulay:—

“Like all men who know what the world is, he regarded the triumphs of a college career as of less value than its disappointments. Those are most to be envied who soonest learn to expect nothing for which they have not worked hard, and who never acquire the habit (a habit which an unbroken career of University successes too surely breeds) of pitying themselves over much, if ever in after life they happen to work in vain.”

IV
WANTAGE

IV

WANTAGE

“Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you.”

“*Tuba in quâ prædicator designatur non sonat nisi vacua.*”

HAVING taken my degree in 1867, and after a year's reading at Oxford, during which time I took occasional pupils, I found myself in 1868 arrived at the goal of my ambition, which was, to be ordained and serve God in His Church.

Here, however, was a profound mistake, and one for which I was not wholly responsible. I received no professional preparation such as a year at a Theological College could give, and even the one short term which I had been allowed to look for at Cuddesdon had to be abandoned on account of a severe illness which threatened at one time to put off my Ordination. It is a thing for which to be unfeignedly thankful that the Bishops are now awake to the fact that every candidate for Holy Orders should secure some special theological and professional training before entering on the Ministry. At the time here described the Theological Professors, including Dr. Pusey, were unfavourable to the idea of Theological Colleges. It was considered in some way to be a slur on the capabilities of those at the University whose duty

it was to inform the ordination candidate. This opinion makes a belated appearance even now. But anyone who knows the Theological Colleges from the inside will realise that they give what the University can never give—namely, an atmosphere in which the devotional life may grow, and then the specialisation which is so essential to equip the future minister of God with the professional aptitude which is necessary for him if he is to learn in the truest sense of the word his priestcraft. And what other profession is there which allows those who enter upon it to do so without any knowledge of its special requirements and duties? The medical student walks the hospitals and knows thoroughly the technical details of his profession, before he becomes a surgeon. But the young priest has to prescribe for, to minister to, the mind diseased without knowing how to set the broken limb, as it were, of a fallen sinner, or how to cure the manifold ravages of sin. He does not know how to celebrate the Holy Mysteries according to the Anglican rite, and so disturbs his people, or falls a prey to modern eccentricities. He has never been taught to preach or to teach, or how to hear a Confession. The writer speaks feelingly, as one who had to pick up these things for himself, but by God's grace was allowed to start his professional life in a place where these defects could best be rectified.

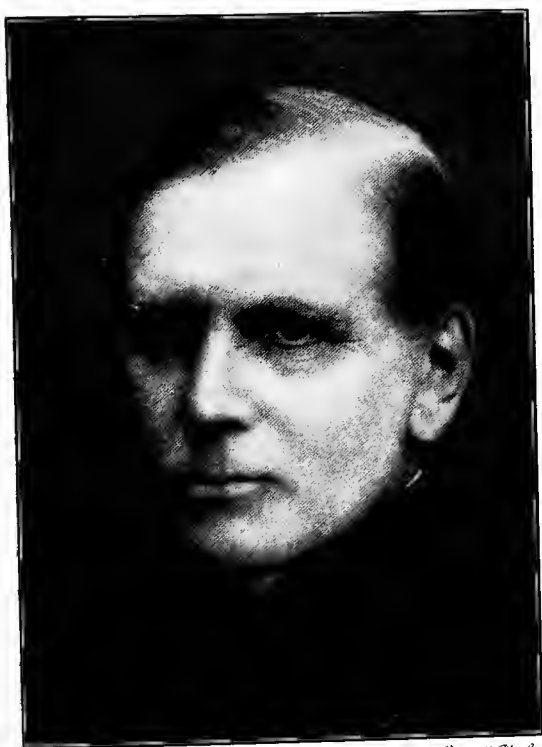
The writer owes much under God to his old and dear friend Vincent Stuckey Coles, a man who has influenced the life and profession of so many generations of men. For it was by his advice and help that

he went as curate to Wantage, at that time under the administration of Mr. Butler, afterwards Dean of Lincoln—of whom more hereafter—and which was rightly regarded as one of the best training schools for clergy in England. The writer well remembers driving over from Oxford to Wantage to see and to be seen. It was a bright first of May (the feast of St. Philip and St. James); his companion was he who afterwards became Monsignor Moore, who also was an aspirant for the post of curate at Wantage. We found a large children's service going on in the parish church conducted by the Vicar, and had a glimpse into that which formed such a marked feature in the parochial life, the great system of schools and teaching which flourished in that little country town. The fine old church looked stately and beautiful on that May morning. It had been restored as early as 1857 and bore marks of thoughtfulness and a determination to put up with nothing short of the best, which distinguishes it from many of the various restorations which have so damaged the old churches of the land. On the whole it was an inspiring, if at the same time a somewhat steadying, vision. It made one realise that the ministry of the Church was not all services and preaching, but as the Vicar himself would have told us, a great deal of spade work was necessary, of which the teaching of sometimes it might be dull and unreceptive children would form a considerable part. We came, we saw, and were conquered, and the next autumn Ordination found me taking my place as one of the assistant curates of Wantage. The Ordination

at Cuddesdon was an event long to be remembered, and although the necessary examination only took place in the days immediately preceding the Ordination, and was not separated from it, as is generally the case now, the beauty, the solemnity, and the deep spiritual atmosphere of those few days were calculated to leave a lasting impression on us all. And not least, the wonderful addresses which the Bishop gave us each day after the first lesson at Evensong in the Palace chapel.

The work at Wantage, as has been already said, was largely the shadow of a great man, William John Butler, who had entered on his duties there as early as 1847. The stormy beginnings, the indomitable courage and energy which overmastered opposition, the steady growth of the parochial life, the foundation of the Sisterhood, the large educational system there inaugurated, are all recorded in the admirable "Life and Letters of William John Butler," published by Macmillan. When the writer came there as curate the parish was running, so to speak, at its normal pressure, from which it never substantially varied. "Meddle not with them that are given to change"¹ would almost have seemed to be the motto of the administration. And Wantage in those days would have been the despair of the returned army chaplain, or of those given to the shock-system of attack. Wantage people may have been slow, but experience seemed to show that they were sure. Once more, with hardly any sympathies or methods in common,

¹ Prov. xxiv. 21.



Walter V. Boutwell, Ph. L.

William John Butler

Mr. Butler always seemed to exercise the same power of governing as did my old master, described before, Edward Thring. One felt secure, and rejoiced in the feeling in being under a strong government. Principle took the place of opinions, and certainty took the place of views, with both of them. Both were working out great ideals, and there was no room for one who was not in real earnest. He could be tenderness itself; he could be alarming. "You are very repulsive, Mr. Butler," a lady once said to him. "You mean, I suppose, repellent," was his answer. He had the wonderful power of daring to correct an error of pronunciation, or outward conduct, in one who might be supposed to resent such a correction, but whose higher good obviously required it.

One look at his strong, stern face recalled the epitaph on the tomb of a famous Bishop of Amiens: "*Mitibus agnus erat, tumidis leo, lima superbis.*"¹ It was no light privilege for an unfledged curate to enter on the work of the Ministry under such strong and loving guidance.

Just before the time when I arrived to take up my work at Wantage a kind of clergy house had been started for the assistant curates. There was an old-fashioned house called the Priory close to the church, and abutting on two of the streets, which served this purpose admirably. It had a sufficiency of good and airy rooms, with a fair-sized dining-hall and a capital garden which boasted of a fountain. Here Montague Noel, the afterwards well-known vicar of St. Barnabas',

¹ Quoted by Ruskin, in "The Bible of Amiens."

Oxford, had established himself, and there was associated with him J. C. Weaver, afterwards Vicar of Kempley, in Gloucestershire, A. F. Ebsworth, afterwards Vicar of East Retford, H. Moore, and myself, to be joined later by W. Starey, H. H. Woodward and V. S. Coles, the latter of whom, however, lived in a separate house which profane people called "the scuttle." It was a delightful party, in which we were all animated with one feeling and one enthusiasm. Alfred Payne, who was chaplain to the Sisterhood of St. Mary, lived in another house. We, as changes took place from time to time, formed a staff of five curates, assisting the Vicar, Noel and Moore being speedily called away to Oxford.

The writer looks back upon his two years spent at Wantage as two of the happiest in his life. The joy which comes on the first realisation of the power to work at a congenial task is in itself very great, and when that is shared with sympathetic companions it is all the greater.

Besides the parish church there were two districts which we had to serve, the one was a very small hamlet called Charlton, and the other the Workhouse district halfway up the Downs. The chapel of the workhouse had the privilege, almost unique in such institutions, of being a consecrated building, that it might serve also as the church of a scattered population dwelling in the neighbourhood. Our work at the parish church consisted of a daily attendance at the services, which were almost of a collegiate character, Matins and Evensong both being sung every day by a choir of boys from the

National School, with an early Celebration of the Holy Communion on three days of the week, while on the other three weekdays there was a Celebration at the chapel of the Sisterhood. A great deal of pains was taken in rendering these services, and the plainsong hymns will always remain as a beautiful memory. Under the musical direction of H. H. Woodward, afterwards Precentor of Worcester Cathedral, the services reached as high a pitch of excellence as was possible with the material in hand. On Sundays we were scattered to our separate work, which included also a Mission chapel in one of the rougher streets of the town, while the Vicar, when he was in church, always preached the sermon, both morning and evening, and also conducted the afternoon catechising, so that the curates never preached there, except when he was away. The wisdom of this arrangement is evident when it is remembered that the curates were generally young, and frequently changing, and that anything like experimenting with the congregation was to be avoided. They thus enjoyed a continuity of teaching. It seems to the writer to be a system which might be more widely followed with advantage. At the same time, viewed on the side of the young curate's own education, it must be acknowledged that there was this drawback: that he was never subject to the criticism of the Vicar nor received such personal instruction as would have been good for him. The writer never remembers preaching in his presence, until, years afterwards, the Canon of Worcester had to listen to a sermon from the Vicar of Malvern Link, which contained, alas !

a careless but happily undetected inaccuracy The curate-in-charge of Charlton felt himself to be quite an important person. Here, too, there was a surpliced choir, an indispensable adjunct of High Churchism in those days. We used to meet in the clerk's cottage, and walk across in procession to the little church. A profane inhabitant of the village unmoved by this display of Ritualism was heard to exclaim: "There go six pairs of white asses and an odd un." The clerk was a man of original character, who judged of the efficiency of the curate-in-charge by his size. In modern phrase he had no use for a small man, but believed that a big man must in more senses than one be a man of weight. A great deal of oratory, and a great deal of effort, have been spent on that little village. Here, I think, for as long a period as seven years, A. H. Mackonochie, the famous Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, worked with great devotion. At the time when the present writer worked at Charlton, Mackonochie having been gone for some years, his memory was much cherished, and at the time when he was being persecuted at the hands of the Church Association, the villagers would express their sympathy with him and wish to send him up presents of vegetables, to show that they had not forgotten him. History relates a strange incident which befell that great and ascetic man, of all people, at Charlton. It was the custom both at the parish church and at the little hamlet to have a very early Celebration on the morning of the Ascension festival, as early as 4 o'clock or 4.30 a.m. All the communicants had been duly prepared and a goodly company was

gathered together, when, alas ! the Celebrant never appeared. It had happened to their much loved and self-denying priest that he had either not been called or somehow failed to awake in time, after all his diligent preparation and care. We may well imagine the sorrow and humiliation that this was to him whose hard life had the tragic finish in the wild snowstorm of the Scotch forest. It often happens that the tradition of great predecessors in any particular post dies out in the process of time. Some of the greatest personalities at St. Paul's, for instance, seem to have left no mark; but it was not so with Mackonochie. There was an old lady who was devoted to his ministrations at Charlton, who used to tell this tale among others about him. She said, " Mr. Mackonochie was one of the most forgetful men I ever met. I said to him one day, ' Mr. Mackonochie, if you were going to be married I believe that you would forget the day.' And what do you think he said ? ' I hope I should.' "

A second place of our ministrations alluded to above was the Workhouse Chapel, a severe yet ecclesiastical building partaking somewhat of the inhospitable bleakness of the surrounding Downs. It was a stern experience to walk up there on a wet or snowy Sunday, in cassock and tall hat, which was the regulation dress of the Wantage curate. It was a curious combination in the way of clerical attire. Yet it was cherished as part of the Wantage tradition. It is said that the Vicar was once asked why the curates wore this high and unclerical looking headgear, and he replied that if the curates gave up wearing these hats the church tower

would fall down. Oddly enough, at a period much later on, when the curates resorted to other hats in imitation of the nations around them, the church tower did take it into its head to become unstable, and a good deal of repair became necessary. How be it, whatever were our hats, to the Union Chapel the Curate-in-charge duly went on Sunday morning and afternoon. It was a dreary place. The whole thing rather resembled service in a gaol, and the few people from outside did not contribute to its warmth of devotion. The poor workhouse inmates endured the very young curates who, while practising their powers of extempore preaching upon them, found them deaf to their most earnest appeals. It was a revelation years afterwards, when some of us attended Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, who preached there on one Sunday, to find that the poor creatures really did expand to the voice of sympathy, and the fault lay in our want of appeal rather than in their want of appreciation. Tate and Brady again voiced the hymnody, and a favourite psalm which greeted my ministrations ran thus: "Blind unbelief is sure to err." I have preached in many places, including Holloway Gaol, and I have come to the conclusion that instead of practising his oratory by the side of the roaring waves, Demosthenes would have had better training if he had tried as an audience the inmates of a Union Workhouse. In later years I have preached before an audience of this kind in London. The service was of a more cheerful character, but even then an anthem, of all strange things, was sung, with the ironical refrain "I was

glad when they said unto me, we will go into the *House*."

Little need be said about the Mission Room in Grove Street, as it was clearly only a preparation for something better. But to return to the parish church. The service would perhaps, now, be called high and dry, but it made a great appeal, was thronged with worshippers, and as far as it went was on a sound and carefully thought out basis, as was the case with most things at Wantage. There may have been a few things which it was hard to defend, but nothing was done *per incuriam*. This is true of the absence of Ritual in days, be it remembered, not far removed from the time when riots had been caused by singing the responses to the commandments. Frankly there was no Ritual in the modern sense of the word. It was thought a great thing in those days to have coloured frontals to the Altar, coloured stoles, and to take the eastward position at the Celebrations. But this is to be said of Wantage, that we thoroughly learnt the apostolic precept, "Let all things be done decently and in order."¹ Everyone could see that the Celebrant believed in the real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar. And if we curates were careless or untidy in our use of the scrupulously clean and embroidered Altar linen, it would be earnestly impressed upon us that although it was then thought impossible to have the Eucharistic vestments in the parish church, as in the chapel of the Sisterhood, that was all the more reason that the King's daughter should be "all glorious

¹ 1 Cor. xiv. 40.

within," and that great care should be taken in the way of order, cleanliness, tidiness and punctuality. It has often seemed to the writer a counsel of true Ritual, which is too often neglected, where sometimes it may be found in richly appointed Altars, with the use of vestments, and all the accessories of ornate worship, that the Altar linen is soiled and crumpled, that the Corporal has not been cleansed, or sometimes even the Chalice not kept as it should be kept. At Wantage everything, so to speak, was there in principle, and anything in the Altar service which might be added afterwards would be in the nature of an addition rather than a change.

It will have been gathered that one great feature of Wantage work was the schools. The National Schools were conducted in the highest state of efficiency, and thus it was my good fortune to be present at a Government inspection before the Education Act of 1870, when religious instruction was included in the examination by the inspector; and to see how splendid was the work which was done by the Church for education before that famous Bill; and to be able to realise how badly the Church has been treated subsequently, largely owing to sectarian bitterness, and has been deprived of the consideration which belongs to her of having largely brought about what efficiency there was—and in places like Wantage it was very great—in the elementary education of the nation. In the modern overtures which are being made by Nonconformity, it will be well for the Nonconformists to remember the harm which has been done to religious

education by sectarian bitterness, and by those who, standing with the Church before the State said; "Let it (the child) be neither mine nor thine, but divide it,"¹ in paralysing undenominationalism. It was part of our daily duty to teach at the schools. And would that every cleric of the day would do the same. It was my lot to teach, I think, in every division of the schools, boys, girls and infants, and finally in what was known as the Middle-class school, under Sister Eliza, of the Community of St. Mary, where one day at the end of a lesson delivered by myself, instead of the usual prayer, as we all stood up, I, in a moment of inadvertence, said, "For what we have received make us truly thankful," which seemed to show a sense of self-appreciation.

The great feature of Wantage work was, however, the work in our districts. Three thousand people divided among five clergy left a great opening for careful private visiting among the houses. Perhaps we ought to have sat in church with a biretta on our head, and have left the parochial visitation to district visitors. We thought and were taught differently. If district visitors existed in any force they were little accounted of in the things that matter. Each one of us had a district assigned to him, to which belonged a register committed to his keeping. The inhabitants of every house were entered by their Christian name and surname, with the mystic letters attached to them, Cd., Ct., if this represented the fact that they were Confirmed and Communicants. Each of the "sons'" and "daughters'" names were added underneath, with

¹ 1 Kings iii. 26.

such details as were necessary, whether they, too, were Confirmed and Communicants, married or in service. And a general instruction was given to keep these books up to date, and while visiting to find out about any person, diplomatically, of course, whether he or she was unconfirmed, and to ask as to any baby in that district whether it had been baptized, and again add to the list. It was extremely desirable that such books should be kept under lock and key, and there were rumours of disaster which followed any omission of this precaution. The climax of all this parochial effort was to be found in the Vicar's Communicant classes, on which he laid very great stress. They were held once a month, before the first Sunday, to which he rightly assigned the position of a general Communion Sunday, following a very usual local tradition. He invited different sets of people at different times to his study, in the week before the Communion Sunday, attaching great importance to the fact that they should come there rather than to any public classroom, wishing to show that he treated them as friends, and that he was not afraid of his carpets, and that he was always ready to welcome them if they would tap at the door and walk in without stopping to ring the house door-bell. These classes would be in as many as ten or more divisions, old men, old women, young men, young women, choir, etc. And sometimes they would come in such numbers as to have to sit upon the floor. And thus they were carefully prepared for their approaching Communion. It devolved upon the assistant clergy to invite all

individually and especially those whom they had on their district list, and this was a duty they must not hand over to anyone else, neither was it considered sufficient as a rule merely to leave word at a house.

The Communicants' class system was part of the very life of Wantage work, and the writer has carried it on ever since, wherever he has been placed, of course with varying conditions. And to this day his study rather than a classroom is filled with young men, in their guild class meeting.

It may be said here, in parenthesis, that the Wantage people had very marked characteristics of their own. They were hard-headed, sincere, tenacious of their opinion, and yet with a strange and shrewd appreciation of humour. The Vicar thoroughly understood them, while they respected him and reciprocated his kindly feelings towards them. He dearly loved to recall their quaint ways and sayings, tracing sometimes old and lingering traditions of past religious customs and observances. He was very fond of narrating the answer made to him by one of the old and most original natives of the place. The Vicar had been congratulating him as well as he could, on the taking to himself of a fourth wife. To which the future bridegroom replied, "You see, sir, I thought I might as well be shod all round."

No account of Wantage work would be complete without a mention of the Vicarage and all that it stood for. This was made the centre of all our work. Here we met every day soon after one o'clock to discuss the affairs of our districts and to receive advice. Here we

said the office of Sext in the oratory which opened out of the study, and again after dinner we said None. The study was a small business-like room, covered on two sides with bookshelves; over the fireplace was a picture of our Lord, bearing His Cross, with this motto underneath:

Lord, my life's sole object be,
With pure heart to follow Thee.

It was surrounded by chairs which were necessary for the numerous classes held there, which included one daily for the pupil teachers. The Head Master of the Boys' School, and sometimes the Organist joined us at Sext, and here the party of push would promulgate its proposals, to be met most often by a hurried adjournment to prayers.

In those days the Curates, and if they had any guests they too, dined with the Vicar and his family each day, and it is impossible here to withhold a tribute of affection and wonder to that remarkable lady, Mrs. Butler, who not only put up with all our eccentricities in the strain which that daily meal must have entailed, but as one whom we knew to be the quiet, silent, unobtrusive help in relieving the Vicar from all purely business worries, which must inevitably fall upon him, in money matters and similar calls upon his time. It is impossible to say less, where one would fain say more, in these days when, as Dr. Liddon has reminded us, woman "cannot attempt to compete with man as his peer and his rival without endangering her true power, which is of a different order from his." If a full history of the work of Wantage could be written many

would be surprised to find how much was owing to the ability, devotion and effort of an agent contented to remain almost hidden.

At the time it was a matter of pride, and now again on looking back one cannot fail to be impressed with the distinguished ancestry in the way of Curates with which one became connected in entering on the work at Wantage. We were always looking about for mantles to pick up, and imagined ourselves to be lineal descendants of some Elijah without being oneself an Elisha.

The greatest of all names to us was, of course, that of Dr. Liddon. He came to Wantage as Curate in the early part of 1854; he remained there only about two months owing to ill-health, and soon after went as Vice-Principal to Cuddesdon. At Wantage he displayed those powers which afterwards made him so conspicuous as a preacher, and left behind a standard of comparison by which those who were called upon to endure the efforts of many generations of Curates were able to place the would-be orators of Anglicanism. Mackonochie has been already more than once alluded to; his name was becoming more and more prominent as the clouds of Ritual prosecution were beginning to lower, and at one time during his illness we used to be sent up to St. Alban's, Holborn, on Sundays, to help with a sermon or in any other way in which we could be useful. It was not an easy matter to some of us to come up to the advanced standard of ceremonial, as to which we should have been ashamed to own any unfamiliarity; or if non-musical, to be set down to

sing a metrical Litany, with alternate verses sung as *solo*. But generally speaking we enjoyed these visits to London very much, and esteemed it a great honour to be asked to preach in that famous church, while generally it was looked upon as a distinct asset to Wantage training by many of us that it should have turned out so great a Ritualist. To Wantage also came in 1848 George Cosby White, of St. Barnabas', Pimlico fame, of whom more hereafter; and such men as the missionary Father, Simeon Wilberforce O'Neil, and many others who have been famous in their several works here and there. But later generations of Curates did not fail to add to the roll of merit. Here Montague Noel came in 1866, and more than most left the impression of his enthusiasm on the work and character of the place. Oxford is not likely to forget the wonderful missionary power among undergraduates, and elder men too, displayed by the popular and vigorous Vicar of St. Barnabas'. The writer well remembers being present at the somewhat stormy dedication of that church, part of the trouble being attributed by a sage observer to the fact that Bishop Wilberforce always liked to be the cleverest man there, and, it may be, felt himself, as he thought, being committed against his will to things of which he did not altogether approve.

And in thinking of Wantage Curates, such names as Vincent Stuckey Coles and Henry Houblon inevitably stand out as of men whose work remains, and whose memorial is yet to be written.

During a troublesome illness the Vicar, having much

time on his hands, wrote a sort of Homeric catalogue in verse of all his Curates, which was privately printed and circulated and is now very scarce. One or two verses may well be inserted here. Here is Dr. Liddon :

Here too is he, in word, in love unmatched,
True courtier of the Queen of Sciences,
The learned Theologian, firm and strong
To hold the faith, once given to the saints,
Yet gentle as a child, whose sparkling wit
And playful humours brightening argument
Refutes gainsayers yet leaves no wound behind.

Once again here is M. H. Noel :

But see, who next appears with ready wit,
Bright, cheery, speaking truth with jocund mien,
Strong in the faith, well furnished for the fight,
Content with humble home and simple fare,
Seeking for nothing but his people's weal;
No life has more than his maintained the truth,
Nor in dark places kindled brighter flame.

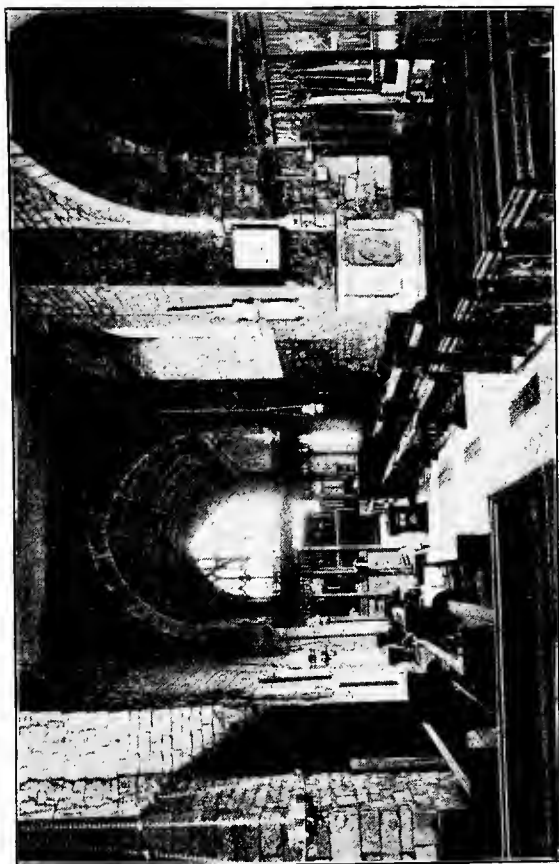
And this without which the Curates' roll would not be complete, the Vicar's estimate of Vincent Stuckey Coles :

Who next ? What name than thine is better known ?
Long the loved pastor of a western flock;
And yet with widest sympathy for all
Christ's maimed and injured sheep wherever found.
Careless of none save one, thyself alone,
Large in thy frame, yet larger in thy love.

It may seem strange that in the account of the work at Wantage so little has been said of the great foundation in which Mr. Butler's name will ever be connected, the Home and Community of St. Mary the Virgin, with its wonderful Penitentiary now so famous in the

Church. The fact is, however, that even in those days, and much more completely now, the work of the Home was separated from that of the parish church. And although the Curates celebrated the Holy Communion in the Community Chapel from time to time, and although we were all on friendly terms with the Reverend Mother Superior and all the Sisters, yet our work lay for the most part in different directions, and we had no share in the direction or fortunes of the work.

Looking back on the two eventful years spent at Wantage, and the crowded events which have taken place in the Church of England during the last fifty years, one becomes more and more convinced that everything there inculcated was based on sound principles, and a foundation laid which could bear a superstructure. And here we learnt the principle on which Catholic development is alone possible, that the essence of Catholicity is obedience to authority, and the essence of Protestantism is private judgment, and that in the words of the Vicar one can be just as Protestant in a Chasuble as in a black gown.



Photograph by T. J. J. J. J.

DYMOCK CHURCH.

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“ Childhood has no forebodings, but then it has no remembrance of outlived sorrows.”

THE saying, quoted above, as true of the first years of life, is also true of the first years of the ministry. The newly ordained priest is sure of his message, its truth must be irresistible, it has only to be stated to be believed. He has visions of victories won, of conversions made, of errors refuted, of a life spent, at last, amidst realities and the joy of congenial work. The soldier setting out on his march, with eager step and confident expectation, cannot realise the tired, disappointed, well-nigh worn-out man at the end of the day snatching his rest on the field of battle. The old preacher “ Ecclesiastes ” has a word to whisper in his ear, “ But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all: yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.”¹ But for all that day by day he is laying up a store of experience, whose possession is invaluable. He is beginning to realise the worth of outlived sorrows, the value of defeat, and the triumph of failure.

The writer was very young when he entered on his first parochial charge, with but a short experience of

¹ Eccles. xi. 8.

work as a Curate. It was a dangerous experiment, an experiment very much to be discouraged in a matter so supremely delicate as the cure of souls. After two short years at Wantage, he was presented on his marriage to the Vicarage of Dymock, by Frederick, Lord Beauchamp, a great friend of Wantage and of its Vicar—at the end of 1870.

I left Wantage in somewhat troublous times. The Franco-German War of 1870-1871 had laid a constraining hand on Mr. Butler to go out and minister to the English Sisters who were engaged in the Hospitals under the Red Cross. One of my fellow Curates also was ill. But all was now arranged for my departure, and although the atmosphere was not nearly so troubled generally, as in this last great war, still life in Belgium, whither my wife and I went for a short time, was sufficiently exciting, and enabled one in those days to realise something of the horrors of war. The battle of Sedan had just been fought, Belgium was full of wounded Frenchmen (no Germans were received, although Belgium was neutral) and Paris was now being besieged. Brussels was no place for poor people, and we could hardly pay for our breakfast on the day of our departure for England. We reached home at last, cutting across the North of France, in spite of the state of war. There is implanted in my memory a vision of Lille (which in after years suffered such horrors at the hand of the barbarian) being prepared for a possible siege, by the cutting down of the trees and of anything which interfered with the fire of the guns.

To Dymock we eventually found our way. It is a village tucked up in a corner of Gloucestershire, close to the county of Hereford. It lay off the main track to anywhere. At a distance of about ten miles, the Malvern Hills sunk into the plain, from which they seem suddenly to have sprung. Towards the south-west, May Hill, which looks over Ross, dominated the distance like a fort. The tuft of trees on its summit resembling a troop of camels is well known to travellers on the South Wales main line from Gloucester. Dymock itself is buried in one large orchard of pear and apple trees, and when the blossom is out, it is a sight of beauty. Added to this, in the spring the fields are yellow with daffodils, and lilies of the valley grow wild in the neighbourhood, and in one region the narcissus also is to be found. It is a straggling agricultural centre rather than a village, containing about 1,500 people scattered over a very large acreage. Its tithe-rent charge ought to be prodigious, as it is in the neighbouring parish of Newent, but in some way, except for a very small residuum all trace of the tithe chargeable has disappeared, and what accrues to the lay rector is insignificant and heavily weighted with outgoings. There is a beautiful Church, of which more presently, and a district Chapel, used as a school.

Whether owing to the inexperience of youth, or to a sanguine temperament, I accepted the benefice of Dymock (when I had mastered all the particulars financial and otherwise) without ever even going to see our future home. I have sometimes wondered

at my temerity, and yet I am inclined to think it was a fault, if fault it was, on the right side.

It had always been dinned into me, and I am thankful for it, that no priest should ever apply for any particular place or benefice involving a cure of souls. It used to be pointed out to me, that to ask for any such particular post is to state that you think yourself capable of deciding in a matter which ought to be left to God. God is behind every appointment, even the most inexplicable to us, as readers of the Old Testament will remember. And further, if things go wrong and the work fails, then the man who has thrust himself on the place feels—"This is my fault, this is my responsibility." On the other hand, if he has been sent there he is content to take it up as part of the charge laid upon him. In like manner, also, it would seem that it is possible to be over anxious, in what is accepted as God's call to a special work. "Dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed,"¹ is perhaps a better frame of mind in which to enter on the task than that spirit which minutely and anxiously would face every possibility of disadvantage, the extreme example of which is to be found in the man who advertised for a post as "a great lover of souls, gravel soil indispensable!"

Dymock, in 1870, was approached by a coach, which ran daily between Ledbury and Gloucester and back again, taking about two hours to accomplish the twelve miles between Dymock and Gloucester. It was possible, therefore, for those who wished to

¹ Ps. xxxvii. 3.

do so, to spend the day in the cathedral city. The nearest railway in those days was at Ledbury, for the present railway which runs through the village had not been constructed. Dymock is a peaceful, somewhat depressing-looking place to one who, descending from the coach, sees it for the first time. And yet perhaps it would soon be found to be a place where still waters run deep. Certainly to anyone taking on himself the burden of responsibility which belongs to the Vicar of the parish, the discharge of his duty towards his parishioners would soon prove a difficult task. For some years they had lived a life of their own, with their own public opinion, with their own traditions and their own prejudices, largely helped by such papers as the *Birmingham Post* and the *Hereford Times*, which coloured generally the political and social ideas of the village. There were five resident gentry in the place, whom a facetious friend called "The Five Lords of the Philistines." But they proved to be anything but Philistines, and I found among them most earnest and valuable support. In addition there were a large number of farmers, some of them farming their own land; while the population was purely agricultural—except for the one or two village shops—and represented a body of men and women whom I never ceased to regard with affectionate respect.

"Uncorrupted with education," as some cynic has said, they presented for the most part almost a refinement of courtesy and respect; thoughtful, kind and generous, helping one another, and full of simple piety and goodness, it may be with reference to a code

of morality in which it would be possible to pick holes, but infinitely preferable to "the fear not God neither regard man" standard of the up-to-date villager. They belonged to a type which I fear is dying out, simple, untaught, unenterprising it may be, but yet wonderfully attractive and genuine. Some of the more primitive ones had curious ways and expressions. One old labourer, whom I remember well, when threshing in a barn, used to apportion out his day's work as follows (there were no Trades Unions in the village): He would put his luncheon at a certain point, and thresh up to it, his dinner at another, his tea at another, and so make out his day's work. He was innocent, I imagine, of the power of telling time by a watch.

There were traditions lingering on of strange happenings in the past. Bear-baiting in the churchyard was almost, if not quite, within living memory. An old lady whom I visited on her deathbed, at the age of ninety, somewhere about the year 1872, remembered seeing a woman do penance in a white sheet at the church door. And there were sinister legends of a Vicar in the dim past, who used to smoke all the way to church when going in to take a funeral, leave his pipe in the pulpit, and come out to do his duty.

When I entered on my incumbency, the village had been shepherded by a Vicar very much loved and respected, who had worked there on a miserable pittance, with a large family to support, placed in a somewhat cruel position, calculated to undermine



Photograph Brook, Gloucester

DOORWAY, DYMCK CHURCH.

independent action. His memory was still green when I worked there, but I never had the privilege of seeing him.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place.
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

My immediate predecessor was a London Vicar, Mr. Baird, who soon wearied of a place so unlike London and exchanged with another London Vicar, who worked hard and sympathetically at the rough task before him and gained the respect of the villagers. The advent of so young an incumbent as myself must have caused anxiety to many a worthy inhabitant. The air was charged with electricity; that monstrous Bill, "The Public Worship Regulation Act," was just about to come to birth—a Bill which surely more than anything else deflected the Church movement from its right lines of godly discipline and is indirectly responsible for the present anarchy. Ritualism would be added as a mysterious item to the public-house talk, where the village gossips held their nightly parliament and their Sunday conference between the services. Added to this a paragraph had appeared in the local press, stating that the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, Curate of Wantage, had been appointed by Lord Beauchamp to the Vicarage of Dymock, in order to introduce "Ritualistic practices." So that I entered on my work with a good deal of suspicion attached to my name.

The inevitable restoration of the church had been begun and was practically finished before my arrival. Lord Beauchamp's recent purchase of the advowson of the living gave him the right of restoring the chancel, concerning which he was kind enough to consult me, or at least provide for what he knew I should desire.

This leads me now to speak of the church, which is in many ways a remarkable building, and deserved a better fate than it has met with at the hands of restorers, among whom I must reckon as a prime offender myself. There is a tradition of a Dominican establishment at Dymock in the remote past. This may account for the long aisleless building as it now appears. Originally it was a Norman church, with a central tower. The flat buttresses, or fragments of them, remain half-way down the nave, and in the chancel wall there is still to be seen a Norman arcade with the curve of the apse just beginning, and now built into the walls of the extended chancel with its large perpendicular window. The nave has also been lengthened, the central tower removed and a tower built at the extreme west end surmounted by a short shingle spire. There are also two transept chapels north and south; that in the north containing an elaborate niche for an image, which still bears considerable traces of colour. There was a large western gallery which some time after the restoration disappeared, undesired. The whole of the church had, until recent times, been filled with high pews, many of them with beautiful bits of carved work and made of strong and good wood.

When I appeared on the scene, all these had been removed, except where some of them were made use of in supplying out-of-sight divisions between seat and seat, and their places taken by varnished pitch-pine erections, some most elaborate, with ebony or quasi-ebony flutings and innumerable piercings in geometrical or other patterns, suggestive of domestic furniture. Some seriously minded person once asked me if the ornamental piercings were for use or for ornament, evidently thinking them part of a scheme of ventilation. The pulpit, which was erected in place of the old one which vanished, was a temporary structure of the inevitable pitch-pine, and has now been succeeded by one of stone. One large pew remained in the nave, belonging to an owner who refused to part with it, but it is now removed, with the good will, I believe, of the occupant. Very little was done to the chancel in the restoration, but what was done was done with the intention of adapting the chancel for divine worship. A fine Altar of stone on a wooden frame was set up, and some oak panelling formed a temporary reredos, somewhat blocking the east window. For the rest the chancel was left quite bare of seats except for a small *prie Dieu* for the minister. This was a matter of principle I believe, with Lord Beauchamp, who directed the work in the chancel. He held, as I understood, the opinion, and my after experience disposes me to think that he was right, that the then fashion of stalls in the chancel for the village choir, superseding the old west gallery, was a mistake. The old Tractarian tradition which took cathedrals and

their service for a universal model led to a great deal of impossible and even distressing choral arrangement. If I could not have stalls, I brought in chairs and forms; if I could not have a surpliced choir, I had village boys and men undisguised even by a surplice. And after many efforts and strenuous practice, we used to do a great deal of singing. But the dear old people, who did not wish to offend, used to say that when they came to church they would like to sit as far away as possible from "the noise." So was our choir appreciated. I remember that a special place of honour was reserved, I think by Lord Beauchamp's wish again, just outside the chancel arch, for old men and women. The seats generally were appropriated, leaving always a good number open to anyone. The organ was a converted grinder, and to the best of my recollection the old schoolmaster acted as clerk. All this is now changed. There is a new organ in a very distressing organ chamber, with a pseudo-Norman arch, some good glass in the east window by Mr. Kempe, and seats for the choir, who it may be hoped are no longer called "the noise," and also a fine chancel screen. There were some curious old bits of fifteenth-century glass in the east window. These have been preserved and inserted elsewhere, in spite of the protest of one of my much respected hunting squires, who pointed out that in these fragments greyhounds were represented as hunting *rabbits*. The churchyard, which used to be grazed by sheep, is now beautifully kept and planted. It has a fine lime-tree avenue, planted in about the year 1876, and a

most magnificent yew-tree which has weathered the storms of centuries and is now propped and preserved with the greatest care. In old days it was possible to notice the comparative emptiness of the north side, although the superstition even then was fast dying out which would suppose it to be under sinister influences, and reserved for suicides and excommunicated persons. There were not many noticeable inscriptions on the gravestones. But those who entered by the east gate were faced by the name "George Elliott" on the tomb of some former inhabitant, and not far from it was this strange inscription: "To die is common to all men, to die gracefully is peculiar to the virtuous."

I have lingered perhaps too long over the church and churchyard, but when visitors go to examine the remarkable frescoes at Kempley, I would put in a plea for this very interesting church also, which owes so much of its beauty and arrangement to a subsequent vicar, Mr. Horton.

Here was set down one who was supposed to be tainted with Ritualism, fresh at all events from the well-ordered services of Wantage, to minister to a somewhat prejudiced and difficult people, who merited all the care and diligence that could be bestowed upon them. I must say at once that I did not then, and do not now, form one of the body of shock-troops. It would have been possible, even then, to say this is antiquated, or this is absurd, and I offer to you that which is ordered by the whole Western Church, and you must accept it or leave it. It would have meant of course a complete break-up of all the religious life,

such as it was, of the parish—and after a few weeks' conflict, my own certain ejection, either actually or by a process of spiritual starving out. But, as it seems to me, to take such a course would have been in every way a mistake. In looking back to the Dymock of those days, I can look back to a time when religion was enterprised as a duty, not as an occupation depending upon circumstances and individual taste. The squires, farmers, and labouring men all went to church as a matter of course in the morning, at least those who called themselves Christians, and their wives in the afternoon. It was their duty to do so, even if they neglected it. Now people go to church if they like the Ritual or the music or the sermon; or they may go, as a gentleman is reported once to have paid an unaccustomed visit to his church, because they think "the clergyman is going to do something that they won't like." Anyhow, there was this to work upon: a great tradition of church-going as a duty, a tradition which might be enlarged and improved upon by men who found themselves being led but not driven.

Anyhow, there it was, the daily Matins and Evensong with a small choir of boys everyday in the evening; Holy Communion on Sunday at 8 and once a month after Matins as well. On Sunday, Matins at 11 and Evensong at 3, Evening Service at 6.30. It was all plain and simple, but the people were there, and it was the Vicar's fault if he did not lead them on to something better.

The Vicar of a parish always makes his first appearance in the most unpropitious circumstances with the recitation of the Thirty-nine Articles known as "reading

himself in." I have only a faint recollection of it, but it must have assumed great importance in the eyes of the churchwardens, whose duty it was to hear my solemn repudiation of Romish errors.

My *début* was further complicated by the fact that all the services were held of necessity in the school-room, the church being still under restoration. But it was in the schoolroom I started that which afterwards developed into a very important service—viz., an evening devotion of a missionary character of which the sermon was the main feature, combined with a short service, whose structure never varied—one Psalm, Magnificat or Nunc Dimittis or both, hymn and collects—a service which when used in church afterwards obtained the sanction of the Bishop, under the Act of Uniformity Amendment Act. This Act gave "elasticity" enough to satisfy even an Archdeacon, and I never can understand why Convocation has thought it necessary to break up the old Prayer-Book traditions, in the interests of that sacred word "elasticity," when all that was necessary in that direction was secured under the above-mentioned Act, leaving to the quiet and old-fashioned, the Simeons and Annas of the flock, the peaceful enjoyment of services consecrated by long years of affection and devotion.

This mission service on Sunday night was much frequented and appreciated, although it is fair to say that it was opposed by the more conservative parishioners on the specious ground that it brought young people out at night into the dark lanes and might end in scandal. But it always seems to me that young

As to the general feeling on religious matters among the people, it was not always easy to gauge it. There were great arrears of Confirmations to be made up. The Bishop of Gloucester used most kindly to come over to Confirm, I think, every year, and I remember at one time that a grandparent, daughter and grandchild were all Confirmed at the same Confirmation. This was in the days when Bishop Ellicott's face was not towards the High Church party, but no one could have been kinder than he was to us. After-confirmation classes for Communicants were of course formed, and here I was speedily brought up against a strange prejudice. One of the most regular choir boys was Confirmed and prepared for Communion, and to Communion he came, I suppose at the age of about fifteen. He was the only one of his family who did so, neither father nor mother, brothers nor sister ever came, and I soon found that it was regarded as a scandal that young people should come to that Holy Sacrament at all.

Holy Communion was regarded as, at the most, a spiritual luxury for those whose fiercest temptations were over, who had leisure to think, and were secure from the buffetings of everyday troubles or engrossing cares. In vain I pointed out that this was the food of our spiritual growth, and that young people as well as old might die. And in this particular case it was so; the boy died after a long illness when he was about seventeen, not, however, without first exercising a real missionary influence, both in his home and among his school friends. Still, I doubt if the pre-

judice died out. Old people who had never Communicated in their lives displayed anxiety to receive the Blessed Sacrament on their deathbeds; the reason assigned for a non-Communicating life being that they believed that there was no forgiveness for sin committed after a Communion. Added to this there was still a smouldering suspicion in the minds of the community at large, as to what they regarded as "the change." A Nonconformist grocer walked out of church during a mild sermon on Absolution; he had previously withdrawn his children from religious teaching at the school, under the Act of 1870; the only two cases which had come under the Government Inspector's notice in the district.

The Easter Vestry sometimes exhibited "a certain liveliness." To the very end of my incumbency I had to pay out of my own pocket, unless my memory deceives me, the expense of lighting the church when candles were needed for light. I find that it was some time after I had left the place, and then only under protest, that it became possible to use the Altar candles for ceremonial purposes. But underneath it all there was, with very few exceptions, a kindliness of feeling between the clergy and the parishioners which kept in their place those theological causes of discord, which would interfere with the mutual good understanding which made for friendship. One of my good old parishioners, a genuine fox-hunting squire, had been lent a controversial book on the Revelation of St. John. (I had a suspicion that this might have a bearing on the Scarlet Lady and topics

of that kind.) He was very anxious that I should read it, as a beautiful and excellent book. His only comment being, "I suppose that the red horse would be a bit of a chestnut," I do not think that theological polemics were at all in his line.

Sometimes at the Vestry there was a threat of stopping supplies in contributing to the Church collections. But the contribution of the average farmer was not such as to be taken largely into account as prospering or hindering any given measure. But it must be remembered that these were the days of Ritual prosecutions and the Public Worship Act, engineered by those who knew but little of the inner parochial life of the Church and who approached these questions as mere doctrinaires.

The Bishop's and Archdeacon's visitations were solemn events, to which in the old and palmier days I used to be driven by the Churchwardens in a carriage and pair. I was once asked by a friendly Archdeacon if I was aware that I had for several years been "presented" by the Churchwardens. The question they had to answer was this: "Is your minister devout and reverent in conducting divine service, does he perform it without any omission or diminution?" To which they had replied simply, "No!" The Archdeacon, hesitating to believe from his casual knowledge of me that I was worthy of this stern indictment, asked the Churchwardens in person, "Is your clergyman irreverent?" To which they replied, "Oh no, only he leaves out the Litany on the first Sunday in the month, while at the same time we are glad that he

does so." I am inclined to think that their presentation was right. Clergy are not justified in omissions—but they might have let me know.

The most serious quarrel which occurred between the clergy and the parishioners, that is to say some of them, was in connection, not with doctrine or Ritual, but with a question of morality, which centred round the ringers. Matters reached a climax, and it became necessary to part with the old ringers, who knew their job, and start another team who had everything to learn. One of the assistant curates, Mr. Sale, took great pains in getting the new ringers to learn their work, and in time they succeeded. The protest had to be made, and it was made, but it was a severe trial of strength, and perhaps we never quite succeeded in living down the popular feeling which took up the cause of the old crew. Either at this time, or on the occasion of some similar quarrel, we clergy were carried through the streets in effigy. And this bitterness remained up to the end, and indeed reared its head among the farewell greetings, when as a matter of fact, as has been shown again and again in many touching ways, we were a united and happy village.

Looking for a moment at the passing records of village life, one or two things seem to stand out and demand a notice. The Labour agitations, which are now so common, were beginning even then to make themselves strongly felt. Joseph Arch and his friends were then stumping the country. Violent and eloquent were the denunciations poured forth on the village green just outside the Vicarage, into the

ears of the not very enthusiastic villagers. The Vicar was always assumed to be living in the best house in the village by the orator, who had not taken the trouble to acquire the local knowledge that the Vicar of Dymock, at all events, lived in an ill-drained, cramped and inconvenient dwelling, in which he was frequently ill, and which was so bad, that it was subsequently pulled down and a new Vicarage supplied in its place, in the form of a neighbouring house adapted for the purpose. These meetings may have led to higher wages for the labourers, but they succeeded in breaking down the good feeling which existed between the farmers and themselves. They found out in some cases that they were not better off with better wages, when all the little perquisites and accommodations which before existed were all translated into terms of hard money.

The Vicar and his two curates, as a matter of course, carried out the system of parochial visitation and personal dealing, such as that practised at Wantage, which the small number of the inhabitants made possible, with the help, be it understood, of a pony-carriage for long distances, for as yet bicycles were in their infancy. It was a pleasure to be welcomed in their houses by people at once so simple and so courteous, but one tragic event stands out with some vividness. One day when I was making my rounds, I called at a cottage occupied by a labouring man and his wife. The man was sitting over the fire downstairs, apparently calm and quiet, and, in answer to an enquiry about his wife, said that she had hanged herself that

morning. "Where have you laid the body, and is she quite dead?" "She is still hanging to the bed-post," was the reply. "If I took her down myself, I should get into trouble with the police." And so she had been left hanging. But he was satisfied that the body should be taken down in the presence of a witness, which was accordingly done without delay by a neighbour, one of the best and most devoted women to be met anywhere—and the Vicar witnessed it, but life was extinct. The poor woman had led a bad life, and we buried her in the churchyard without the rites of the Church, which the Prayer Book denies to the suicide, and for which the husband did not press. All was done decently in the presence of the clergy; but it was a tragic event, apparently without any deep effect on the parish life.

There were two schools in the parish, one was carried on by the private beneficence of a kind and most generous resident, Dr. Henry, who also provided the stipend of a curate for that district. The other school in the village itself, having been an endowed institution, was now brought under the Education Act of 1870 and made into separate boys' and girls' schools, with infants' department. Here we used to teach every morning during the hour allotted for religious instruction, the school being always opened with the formal office, as used at Wantage.

It only remains to say a word about the very curious and interesting registers of Dymock. Their date goes back to the days when registers were originally started. The first entry was made in the year 1538. The registers

are very fairly kept, and contain some very curious and significant entries. Here, during the reign of Queen Mary, 1553-1558, Baptisms and Marriages seem to have been as usual in spite of the disturbed state of the country and of the suppression of the Reformed Rites. In 1554 the following entry occurs: "The entrying of John Wylyams to the Vicarage of Dymoke." This was in the year after Mary came to the throne, and after the reconciliation of England to the Papacy. Here at a later period in the history there is chronicled the appointment of a Registrar in the days of Cromwell, 1653, when Baptism was suppressed; and the entry occurs M. or N. was "borne," with no reference to Baptism for six years. Here in these registers at a much later period, in the nineteenth century, 1811, the Vicar of the time has recorded that he grafted his pear stocks at a certain date; while most strange of all, there occurs this savage entry, with its curious endorsement, showing that in those days all was not peace at Dymock: "It is recommended to all future Vicars of this parish, by no means to suffer any inhabitant of his parish to enter his parlour (under the degree of a gentleman) as he will soon be abused by them"—not signed. There is a subsequent entry in another hand: "When I first read the above recommendation I deemed it to have been written under the influence of anger or disappointment. But after a six years' general knowledge of this parish, I see no reason to withdraw the advice. With *very few exceptions*, the inhabitants are proud, self-willed and revengeful, and until vital religion takes possession of their hearts the

utmost caution must be observed in forming acquaintances. I look under Providence to the effects of religious education among the poor to change the present temper and disposition which should be encouraged to the utmost. My successor will have enough to do in his attendance on the poor and as trustee to the Charity School, which, though they may be found painful and in some instances unthankful duties, he cannot shrink from without violating his ordination oath and subjecting himself to the punishment of an unfaithful shepherd. Sept. 18th, 1827. J.H., Curate."

Looking back over scenes such as this with so much to interest as well as tax the powers of body, soul and spirit, one is apt to wonder at the shrinking from village work, and the semi-contempt with which it is too often regarded by clergymen of the present day. The village presents unique opportunities of dealing with individuals instead of men in masses, where to particularise is sometimes difficult and almost impossible. The work may be disappointing, a wet Sunday may suddenly break up the most careful preparations, while prejudice dies hard and suspicion is slow to disappear. Still, village work if it can be faithfully done tells far more than we sometimes think in the Church's battle, for we of this generation at all events can never forget that the great Church Movement of the nineteenth century was largely engineered from Hursley, and the opinion which was eagerly waited for was that of Mr. Keble, the incumbent of that small village.

A good deal of advice, not always it would seem the best, is given to the village clergy to-day. Their

first duty is surely to preach the Gospel, and in the smallest place there is plenty of room for this. Questions of social change, or housing, or the relations of employer and employed, or wage-earning, or politics should, in the writer's opinion, be handled with great care, if at all. The clergyman is the priest to the whole parish, to employer as well as employed, to those who believe in Socialism and to those who do not, and to take a violent party line on these points, of necessity puts him into antagonism with some section of his parishioners. He should rather be as the advocate, who is entrusted to maintain God's interests, so to speak, in political and social questions, to see where they touch on the great principles of religion. A violent political partisan will make a poor parish priest. But he can do much to calm and direct public agitation.

VI

MALVERN LINK

VI

MALVERN LINK

“The strength of the hills is His also.”

AFTER eight years' experience of Dymock, I was called upon to take up work in a district of Malvern. Malvern is a place which has always had great attractions for me. Here I spent a very delightful holiday, as a boy, with my old Head Master, Mr. Thring. Here at a subsequent period I recovered from a bad attack of diphtheria. And the Malvern Hills were always breaking in upon our view amidst the orchards of Dymock, where Gloucestershire seemed to come forward to meet its hilly neighbour.

The Link, as it used to be called, was a larger place than Dymock, but on the whole easier to work. There were fewer traditions and fewer prejudices. It was a new parish with a fluctuating population of about 3,000 people in those days—a number which is now considerably enlarged. It contained within its ecclesiastical limits two distinct villages, Upper and Lower Housell, and it supplied for the most part the working hands of the more aristocratic Malvern. We sent up labourers for the gardens and other spheres of work; on the other hand they sent us down washing. And any experienced priest will know the difficulties

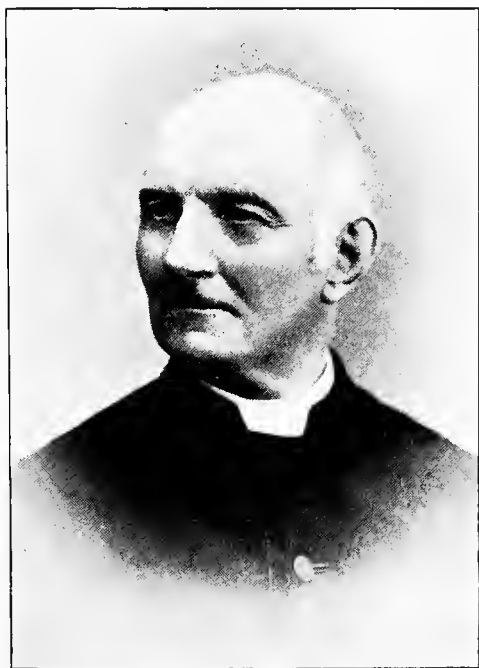
which surround pastoral visitation in a washing district.

The two villages were, to say the least of it, not bigoted in their devotion to the Church, and other outlying districts of the parish were geographically united to other parishes and so very difficult to include within the attractions of parochial patriotism. We were credited also with having some of the worst houses in Malvern, but the work was straightforward and simple for the most part, even if it required a close attention.

The patronage was vested in Frederick Earl Beauchamp, a very remarkable and ardent Churchman, to whom it is necessary for all Churchmen of that age to pay a very generous tribute of admiration and respect. It was the privilege of the writer to serve in two parishes, of which he was patron, for eighteen years. Without saying anything of his great personal kindness, which is of course impossible here, one cannot but feel that in the many accounts of the Oxford Movement justice has hardly been done to his very real contribution to the building up of the Church of England, for which that Movement stands. All the attacks made against the Faith, the attempts to wreck the Athanasian Creed, the assaults and imprisonments under the Public Worship Act, and other such hindrances which abounded under the auspices of the Church Association, met with his powerful and effective opposition. Few Churchmen are aware that "The Day Hours of the Church," dedicated to the Bishop of Oxford, is his compilation—a book at one

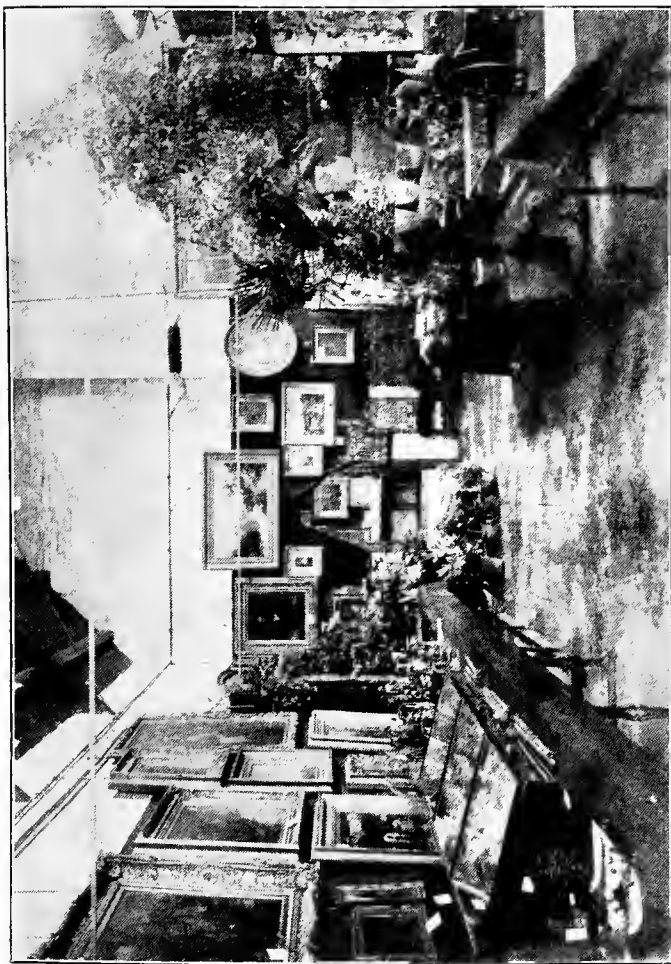
time much used and valued. Up to his death he was a devoted member of the Council of Keble College, in which College he took the greatest and most practical interest. Madresfield, the place where he lived, the old moated house known to all visitors to Malvern, owes to him its present church, and as marking the epoch in which the church was built visitors will note the Crucifix on the Rood screen, where the figure is painted flat on the cross, somewhat after the fashion of the Eastern Church, in a manner less likely to challenge opposition than the usual Crucifix now happily so common and acceptable to all but the most envenomed Protestants. He lies in a simple grave on the south side of the church with hardly anything to mark the spot and with no proud inscription. Only those who knew him well will appreciate the sterling virtues and the powerful character which manifested themselves in the personality of him who lies buried there. In troublesome times at Dymock and in parochial efforts at the Link he would always stand by the clergy and help them in every way he could. It is easy enough for a rich man to give money, but not so easy to drive over to take part in a difficult meeting or to back up an unpopular cause. Kempley, the neighbouring parish of Dymock, was also in his patronage. Here Canon Drummond, beside his wonderful work among the villagers, signalised his incumbency by discovering on the walls and roof of the parish church the most ancient frescoes, probably, in England, which all visitors to those parts should not fail to see.

It was my good fortune to succeed as Vicar of Malvern Link, Mr. G. Cosby White, who succeeded Mr. Skinner, in the well-known parish of Newland, in which the Beauchamp Almshouses were situated, the chapel of which superseded for the inhabitants the tiny old parish church now used as a mortuary Chapel in the precincts of the Almshouses. Newland is only a mile distant from Malvern Link, and it was the writer's great privilege to enjoy the friendship of so wise and saintly a man during all his stay in that district. Retiring as he was, Mr. White was well known to the faithful at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, and also as the moving spirit in the Committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." He was a man of deep piety with a great experience. Indeed he was said, with what truth I know not, to hear more Confessions than any other priest in England. He, too, at this time experienced some trouble at Newland with reference to episcopal authority and the obedience due to it. In view of subsequent events, and in face of the present anarchy, it would be difficult to say that he was doing anything else, in principle at all events, than follow the true Catholic tradition, which consists, as we have seen, in obedience to authority, in contradistinction to Protestantism, which follows private judgment. It would be difficult to maintain discipline in a regiment for long where the orders of the commanding officer were obeyed only in so far as they commended themselves to the opinion of the soldier. Much has been won to-day, but at a tremendous cost. For we have lost discipline.



Photograph Norman May & Co.

THE REV. G. COSBY WHITE.



LOAN EXHIBITION AT MALVERN LINK SCHOOL.

Mr. White had not been long at the Link when I succeeded him; he had met there perhaps suspicion rather than opposition, joined with the constant fear in some quarters of what he might be going to do. This made it easier for his successor, for where people have taken up a foolish attitude it is always a relief when a change, such as this was, gives them an opportunity of shifting their position. Mr. White had been an ancestor in the Faith to me, as it were, as curate at Wantage, and I found a good tradition started, which his successor would do well to follow. It was a curious praise bestowed upon him by his Churchwarden, considering what was Mr. White's real claim to honour. "He was the best *commercial* clergyman I ever met." But after all it is among the apocryphal sayings of Christ that we read, "Show yourselves tried money-changers."¹ And perhaps many of us clergy would commend our spiritual things the more if we were faithful to a greater extent in carnal things. But I found in him not only a tradition to follow but a helpful and skilled adviser in the difficulties inseparable from such a charge.

Malvern Link was famous among other things for its schools. A mixed school with infants' school attached, however, is not an ideal state of things for a parish of that size. Mixed schools are necessary, but it was a *dictum* of that great educationist, Dean Butler, that a mixed school, where it exists, should be under a mistress rather than under a master. He would say with great truth, that a woman is by nature a

¹ Westcott, "Introduction to the Gospel," Appendix C.

nursing animal and that it is easier for a woman to be as it were a nurse to the boys than for a man to be nurse to the girls. And a Church school in a parish means a great deal more than a place of instruction. It stands for a place of education in the truest sense of the word, and ought to be as the very apple of his eye to the parish priest; and to change the metaphor, to be in very truth the nursery garden in which would be reared the choicest plants for the adorning of his parish.

There were two other schools in the parish, one Nonconformist, and one under private management, and both inspected by Government. But here in the Link school was a sphere of clerical work ready to hand, well taught, under Government inspection, with first-rate reports. But with all these opportunities on one's own part one can only lament a failure. The very greatness of the opportunity suggests a more complete effort. The school must not be the *παρεργόν* of the parish priest; it is one of his first lines of attack and defence, and he must devote himself to it within and without.

Here a word more may be added on this very important subject. The jealous eye of sectarianism is always fixed upon the parish priest; and undue influence is a phrase which means much in the Education Department. Conscience clauses and denominational opportunities are not regarded as enough by the eye of jealousy. And, of course, a wise man cannot be too careful not to give an opportunity for sectarian bitterness. But short of this, in the matter of clerical teaching during the religious hour

a complaint may arise, and that a legitimate one, from the schoolmaster himself. The parish priest may or may not be able to teach, he may or may not be able to maintain discipline. If he always, therefore, gives religious instruction to the highest class, that class has but a poor chance of distinguishing itself in diocesan inspection. The following plan, therefore, seems to be a good one: the clergyman should not confine his teaching to one class, but pass from one standard to another in the school, by taking a different class each day, beginning with the infants, which will thus give him an insight into the working of the whole school, secure professional instruction for the different standards on the other days of the week, besides the unspeakable advantage of enabling him to know his future parishioners from their earliest years.

The mention of sectarianism leads on to the now much discussed question of the Church's relationship with Nonconformity. At Dymock, Dissent was a negligible force; indeed, the room used in the village as a chapel came into the hands of the Church. At Malvern Link there was a certain amount of Dissent and a resident Nonconformist minister. These were the days of the new Burials Act, enabling a dissenter to bury with his own rites in the churchyard. It was a new thing, and enjoyed a certain popularity at the time, and was part of a policy of aggression which, in spite of protestation of friendship, one cannot but fear will not cease until a similar attack has been made on our cathedrals and churches.

I have also distinct recollections of seeing the parish

placarded with a notice of a sermon which had for its subject, "Salvation through Christ and not through the Sacraments," which was indicative, to say the least of it, of a not very sound theological outlook, and of a not too friendly attitude towards the Church. But while thinking of this subject my mind goes back with gratitude to some representatives of the old and spiritual form of Nonconformity, men who dissented, not without reason, from apathy and indifference on the part of the Church long ago. Any Vicar of Malvern Link who remembers him must look back with respect on old Mr. Towndrow and his consistent life. He gave to the Church at Malvern Link two sons, the one became churchwarden, and the other, a poet and botanist of no mean attainments, has been the personal friend, adviser and help, both of myself and of other clergy and Churchmen as well. He still lives, in spite of a much troubled life, and his quiet unobtrusive influence at the Link will long survive him. The inhabitants of the parish, changing as they frequently did, were for the most part ready to help forward any work for the benefit of the church or the neighbourhood. It is a place where it is quite easy to obtain sympathy from a generous-hearted people for this or that development, but as in most new parishes, it is not so easy to rise above congregationalism into parochial life.

The Bishop of Worcester was most kind in coming to hold a Confirmation every year, which was a great spiritual lift for the parish. Mr. Cosby White, with his eye on the two annexed villages, had raised a small

Mission Room, which we called St. Michael's. It would be untrue, however, to say that it had any serious influence on the stagnation around it. A new district church has now been built by the instrumentality of Mr. Day, the present Vicar, the gift of Mrs. Livingstone in memory of her husband. It is a beautiful building, a perfect type of what a hill church ought to be, and has a great prospect before it in ministering to a district which still continues rapidly to increase.

The most important event during the incumbency of the present writer was, no doubt, the enlargement of the parish church. The church, erected when the district was yet small and unimportant, was a building well meant and thoughtfully designed, according to the Gothic ideas beginning to develop in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was Early English in style, with a profusion of lancet windows. To this was added subsequently a North aisle, in a later style of Early English. It had a squat tower at the south-west angle, with a temporary spirelet, and might be described as presenting no striking architectural features. Capable of holding a congregation of about 300, it was obviously unadapted to a parish of 3,000, and a general desire was expressed to enlarge it. It was proposed to add another aisle or some addition of that kind, but thanks to Mr. White an architect was called in, Mr. F. W. Hunt, who submitted two designs, the one for an enlargement as suggested, the other a more ambitious scheme, which, while retaining all that could be retained of the old building, enlarged it, lengthened it, heightened it, did everything but destroy

it, and so gave promise of a large and serviceable building.

Money was collected and the rebuilding was commenced at once, service in the meanwhile being held in the new aisle, while the enlarged church was being erected at its side, as in Truro Cathedral or at St. Michael's, Brighton. The usual means were enterprised for collecting money, always excepting a bazaar. At the suggestion of Lord Beauchamp the foundation stone of the new tower was laid by Lady Beauchamp and was made the occasion of an interesting public ceremony. The necessary money was found, and the work was never hampered for want of funds. The most interesting enterprise which, while it contained the individual interests of a bazaar, was free from any objectionable features which might be supposed to belong to it, was a loan exhibition of works of art at the school, lasting for a week. Admission, of course, was by payment, and a good sum was collected and general interest aroused. A parishioner lent us a small collection of pictures by Italian masters which formed a good nucleus, and many were the treasures which were brought out and exposed to the vulgar gaze. And very interesting some of them were, including a tricolour cockade worn in the French Revolution. Sir Walter Scott has described in "Guy Mannering"¹ the pathos of a sale in a country house. He speaks of the articles of furniture which properly and decently arranged look creditable and handsome, now having a paltry and wretched appearance, open

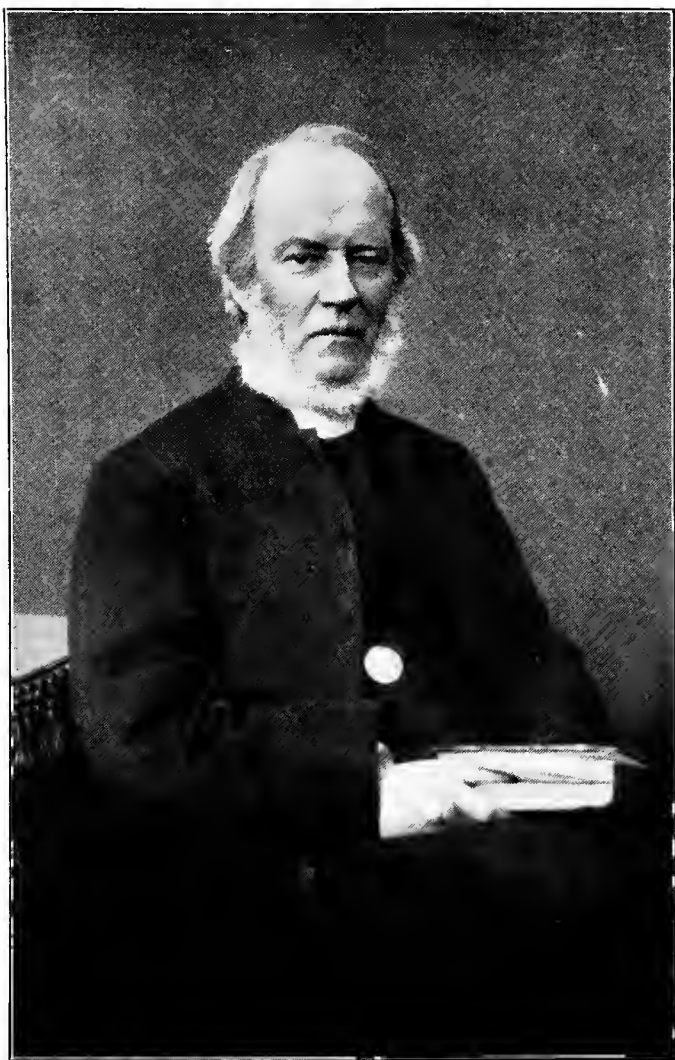
¹ "Guy Mannering," chap. xiii.

to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar, who utter "their coarse speculations and brutal jests" upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed. It was rather the opposite here, the sight as it were of homely treasures accustomed to a venerable seclusion finding themselves at a public assembly and the object of friendly and admiring wonder. In the evening a lecture would be given explanatory of the pictures and curiosities. It was an experiment which seemed to be successful in every way and making for parish patriotism. I remember with alarm the doubt cast by an art critic on the genuineness of some of our exhibits. The claims we set forward might indeed have brought down anxious purchasers from the National Gallery.

And so the new church was built. The Malvern Link church was thus described as having been built at a period of about forty years ago, once enlarged, once added to, and now rebuilt. It is well that visitors to the church should bear its history in mind. For by the nature of the task committed to him the architect could do little else than bring about a clever adaptation of the existing situation to more urgent needs, and it is not an inspiring ideal to work up to a very imperfect model. All efforts to beautify the church seemed to fail to give any consecutive impression of beauty and dignity, and yet for its purpose it is admirable, and has within its walls some really fine features. Both the east window and the west window are in different ways excellent. The east window is a carefully worked-out production of Mr. Kempe's, representing the Tree

of Life, and is full of thought and beauty. The west window glows with colour and is most effective, and yet the church remains cold. Perhaps some day something will be done to bring it together in a greater unity of design and purpose. At present, instead of being a beautiful church, it is a church with beautiful things in it.

Malvern Link is known to many generations of clergy as being the place where they alight for Retreats, both at Newland and West Malvern. Malvern seems to be a place adapted by nature for Retreats, and many there are who look back with joy and gratitude to these times of refreshing in this environment. West Malvern will be in the memory of many as being the abode for so many years of the Rev. F. A. G. Eichbaum, who devoted himself to the Clergy House of Rest there established, and to the Orphanage which he superintended with such loving care. Here was, and is, a favourite place for Retreats. The splendid air of the hillside, the glorious view, and the great quiet, make a delightful atmosphere of retirement. This is one of the developments of the Catholic movement which seems to be of permanent benefit to the Church, and we see Retreats now spreading from the ranks of clergy to laymen and laywomen, and forming a powerful anodyne to the restless turmoil of the day. The writer can look back to such times at Newland from a period commencing almost half a century ago. Here he can remember sitting under such men as Father Benson and Bishop King. These were days when a Retreat was perhaps more of a venture than it is now, where all



Photograph J. Russell & Sons

THE RT. REV. LORD ALWYNE COMPTON.

is systematised and familiar. In those days the idea of three days' silence from talk presented unknown anxieties. The silent meals broken by the ordered reading were occasions of nervous anticipations of the ridiculous. The book passed round to reader after reader, the change of voice, the strange mistakes, some times the singular inaptness of the reading, would try our youthful imaginations. The writer remembers distinctly three upsetting incidents: the sudden extinction of all lights by an accident to the gas, the sight of a fellow Retreatant killing wasps between his finger and thumb and drowning them in water, and the startling reading of one gentleman who called the favourite and well-known bird the "CuckOO."

It is impossible to record here, or even hint at the wonderful blessings and refreshment of such a time. They are blessed both to him who conducts and to those that are led by them into the quiet ways of devotion. It is much to be hoped that "Quiet days," as they are called, being mere abbreviations of a Retreat, will pass into a more definite and real form of devotion. If we could learn nothing else than the inner meaning of the words, "I said, I will take heed to my ways: that I offend not in my tongue,"¹ and the fruits of silence, it would be something, but there is a greater blessing still to one who has learned what these words mean, "Be still then and know that I am God."²

A book dealing with men in the ministry who lived unchronicled lives and lie in unvisited tombs would be valuable, men who have been great Vicars of parishes,

¹ Ps. xxxix. 1.

² Ps. xlv. 9.

great spiritual leaders, great benefactors and philanthropists—and among them would be included the saintly man mentioned above, Mr. Eichbaum. His life of quiet devotion, his utter unselfishness and self-denial, had only one drawback, that he thought everyone as self-denying as himself, and therefore perhaps thought too little of comfort in the Clergy House of Rest. His is a name which will be remembered with gratitude by all who came under his influence or had the privilege of his acquaintance, and his work follows him in the vigorous and useful Orphanage which he founded.

As regards the more definite parochial life of Malvern Link, the parish was worked by three clergy very much on the lines of Wantage. House-to-house visitation as far as possible, with a definite attempt to know the people individually, was carried out by us, with a system also of district visitors to work up to the clergy as it were, and with Communicant classes, which, however, never attained to the fulness of the Wantage system. In days when parochial visitation is unpopular it may not be amiss to record one case, where a man in an outlying district, who displayed no interest in religion, and where the clergyman's visits seemed to be of the most ordinary kind of friendliness, suddenly after a period of years displayed a wish to be Confirmed, became a regular attendant at church and a devout Communicant, which attitude he maintained as long as health and strength lasted. He was an example of a man who lived two miles from the church in an out-of-the-way cottage, who would never have been heard of but for visiting, and who at any time for a long period might

have been quoted as an example of a man who looked upon clerical visits merely as an act of friendliness.

Malvern is undoubtedly a place of great attractions, and an ideal spot in which to work, only it must be remembered that Malvern Link is not the same as Malvern itself. Living in a low-lying part, in a house at one time very imperfectly drained, I was subject to very serious illness, and we had in many ways a sick house. This is only mentioned to bear witness to the singular kindheartedness of the very generous people who were the inhabitants of the Link and to emphasise the fact, which we are apt to forget in the present day, that the sufferings and losses of the priestly life may often have as much ministerial value as its activities, and to lay stress on the great truth which underlies the words, "When I am weak then am I strong."¹

There rose up, always to be seen from the windows of the Vicarage and from its beautiful garden, the great ridge of the Malvern Hills, with the houses of the town stretched like a necklace across their surface. Malvern at that time had entered on a quiet and useful life after the somewhat excited days when the stranger arriving at the railway station would see perhaps posted up on the photographer's advertisement three prominent faces—viz., Mr. Fisk, the Evangelical Vicar of the Abbey (as it was then called), Mr. Skinner, the popular Vicar of Newland, and Dr. Gully, whose water-treatment was then very much the vogue in Malvern. Each of these men was in his own particular way somewhat of a storm centre. For those were the days when

¹ 2 Cor. xii. 10.

men felt strongly enough to protest instead of extending an apathetic indifference both to the ways of the Churches and to the manifold views and opinions which flourish and abound on every side.

The Church life of Malvern was, however, in the days described in these recollections settling down into the strong vitality which now characterises it. At the present day there is only one church in the town which has not its daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and at the time of the War it was edifying to hear the twelve o'clock Angelus sounding from church after church, tower answering tower from the valley below.

Surely there are few churches of such quiet beauty as the Priory, if it can only be rescued from the disfigurement of the Victorian restorer of the 'sixties. The glass alone is a never-failing joy, and as the result of careful and scientific restoration, it will be a greater beauty than ever, both to the lover of ancient glass and to the archæologist. The town itself, with its invigorating air, was emphatically a good neighbour, and enjoys now a unity of Church life which ought to make it a power for good in the diocese of Worcester.

It fell to the lot of the writer while living at the Link to witness the firing of the beacons on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. Malvern was the appointed centre from which all the beacons were to take the signal. Those who have been to the top of the Worcester Beacon will remember the commanding sweep of distance which can be viewed from

its summit. The writer has on one occasion had pointed out to him from thence the top of Snowdon. From it may be seen the Wrekin, the Cotswold range, the Black Mountain, the hills of the Dudley district, the Bristol Channel and distant Mendips, and it was thought that the poetical firing of the beacon, as in the days of the Armada, or in periods of national peril or national joy, might be repeated on the occasion of the Jubilee. The idea was good, but the results were hardly adequate. Either from local fog in the valley or from the smoke of the bonfire, a spectator driving along the hill road would seem to be looking out on a series of distant street lamps with very little to suggest a concerted spectacle. Perhaps as representing the idea of good news flashed from point to point, it might be suggestive, but as a spectacle somewhat dissatisfying. The same, however, could not be said of the torchlight procession which ascended the hill to kindle the great beacon. Viewed from the valley the line of torches making its way up the winding path was beautiful and impressive, whilst the bursting into blaze of the huge bonfire was magnificent, the only defect being that the very greatness of the blaze was the measure of its speedy perishing. It was a big blaze, but soon over. And perhaps the prosaic onlooker was already looking forward to the time when they would do these things better by "Wireless."

Worcester, then in full vigour, was a powerful ecclesiastical neighbour. These were the days of Lord Alwyne Compton, Dr. Butler, Dr. Creighton, Canon Knox Little, and others. And we made an

attempt at the Link to carry on a Dedication octave. It is a difficult thing to manage in a succession of years, and although we had some great preachers from time to time, it can hardly be said to have taken root as at Clifton for instance, or at Frome.

With Malvern Link ended my parochial life. And amongst all its disappointments, failures, mistakes, and sometimes, as it would seem, unproductive work, again and again since those days, one has longed for the more personal touch, and for the opportunity of reading some more chapters in that most interesting book of experience which deals with the lives and thoughts, the successes and failures of men.

Often and often it has occurred to me to think in these days of wild change and radical reform, as old precepts and customs disappear, that, after all, this and that are being advocated by spiritual doctors who have never walked the hospitals, and who are strangers to that book of experience from which the parish priest has to draw so largely for his sermons—

Quidquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus nostri est farrago libelli.¹

¹ Juvenal. i. 85.

VII
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VII

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“The preparation of the gospel of peace.”

THE life at Malvern Link, with all its many friendships and interests, its endeavours and many mistakes, at last came to an end almost abruptly. Once before I had been startled by the appearance in the Vicarage garden of Lord Bath on a Sunday morning after church, with the Vicarage of Frome in his pocket. Like a prudent man he had come to taste before he offered, but the work of Mr. Bennett required another man and other resources, and this was a matter that speedily settled itself in the best possible way by the appointment of my old friend and successor at Dymock, Mr. Hanbury Tracy, who for so many years maintained and developed so ably the Frome traditions.

The call which took me away from Malvern Link came most unexpectedly from quite another quarter, from Lord Alwyne Compton, who had lately been translated from the Deanery of Worcester to the See of Ely, and who wanted someone he knew to take the post of Principal at the Theological College started by Bishop Woodford in his new Cathedral city. It never entered into the writer's wildest conceptions

that one with no experience, except that of the parish priest, should be called upon to enterprise so difficult and so delicate a task, made doubly difficult by the exceptional ability with which the previous Principal had nursed the college from its beginning and brought it to such a high state of efficiency, that it was now beginning to rank with such colleges as Cuddesdon and Wells. In the matter of taking up a place in God's vineyard, the call comes in various ways: that which is not a call, as was the case with Frome, is ruled out by circumstances, and there are other and better ways than inclination which may tend to settle the reality or the unreality of a sudden invitation to change of work. In this case it was the judgment of friends and the urgency of the appeal which settled the acceptance of duties, concerning which I must still own there seemed to be no particular qualification on my part. That the change was in many ways attractive will appear obvious, and after twenty years hard parochial work, I must be forgiven for having said to the Bishop, that I would rather have the care of twenty men who wished to be good, than of three thousand who did not. Perhaps this is one of the things that one would have preferred to put differently.

Details as to house and income were, after some difficulty, satisfactorily arranged, and we took up our abode at Ely in time for the Lent term of 1888. This perhaps is the place in which to say a word about that lovable and remarkable person, Lord Alwyne Compton, who, doubtless with many protestations of unworthiness, had taken over the See of Ely. This



ELY CATHEDRAL.

diocese had been the scene of the earnest and remarkable activities of Dr. Woodford, who had given the See a high position for successful work, albeit in the somewhat remote corner in which it was situated, although, of course, in direct and vigorous contact with the University of Cambridge, two of whose professorial chairs are connected with Canonries in Ely Cathedral.

Lord Alwyne Compton almost carried the virtue of humility to excess, if such a thing were possible. A man of good degree at the University, of high social position, a master of considerable archæological and ecclesiastical research, a scholar, a great traveller, late Dean of Worcester, Prolocutor of the Canterbury Lower House of Convocation, a delightful host and companion, he preferred always to hold himself as nothing. But it soon became apparent, as generations of Ely men will testify, what a valuable friend the College had in him, who with his accomplished and kindly wife, Lady Alwyne Compton, were always ready to welcome at the palace and befriend, in any way, all members of the Theological College, and not least, its Principal. It is hard, indeed, to write the praise of one who so habitually avoided praise; shy and retiring, short-sighted, forgetful, so he appeared to those who did not know him; but tender, loving, self-effacing, with a shrewd wit and wise discernment, to those who worked with him and appreciated his work. There was one thing which was apparent to the least observant, and that was his deep piety and religious devotion. Never would he miss, if it were com-

patible with his other Episcopal duties, the Cathedral services. It is surely something of no little value in days when Cathedrals are being viewed with no friendly eye, that there should be exhibited in the highest quarters the example of one who does not go to the Cathedral merely because he is obliged, and when he cannot do otherwise, but as one who values the service of God and reckons it as one of his highest privileges, and who sets himself to avoid that which is the bane of all Cathedrals, the "Canon-in-residence" spirit, so to speak; which asserts with some emphasis that Cathedral worship is a waste of time, and that no one should go if he possibly can avoid it. Such in the old days was the miserable tradition of St. Paul's, and the breaking down of it has been one of the greatest signs of its revival.

The Bishop's presence in his stall at Ely Cathedral as a frequent and devout worshipper was the outward visible sign of a life hid with Christ in God, for which we were all thankful. Others can speak of his work in the diocese from which we at the College perforce stood aloof. But beside our attendance day by day in St. Katharine's Chapel at the College Matins, it was traditional to attend the Cathedral as often as we could. The eight o'clock Celebrations on Sunday were of obligation and the other services on that day, as far as was compatible with duty, at what was known as Adelaide Chapel in the Fens, or with such duties as singing in the choir or reading the lessons in Holy Trinity Church, the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral used for parish services. Whenever he was here in

Ely, the Bishop was to be seen not infrequently contending with what Mr. Keble once called the Eutychian heresy, in connection with the sleeping hearer of sermons. At such times, when the Canon in Residence or others were long in preaching, he would fortify his efforts even to the extent of taking notes, whether as penance or preventive, it did not appear.

His own turns of preaching were rare, and required in the listener an intimate knowledge of the man to overcome the sense of a certain peculiarity in his delivery, which he shared with no less a preacher than Dr. Neale, which in the language of the professional critic, is known as being a slave to the MS., a peculiarity from which even so great a preacher as Dr. Newman was not altogether free, if the old St. Mary's traditions are to be trusted. But the man, after all, is often more eloquent than the tongue.

It was a great privilege for the College men, if only they had wisdom to understand it, to be associated with such a living example of humility, but the young man of twenty-two has, it must be feared, more affinities with the "high-souled one" of Aristotle, who is conscious of his own worth and claims its recognition, than with the humility of the Christian, for which in their own language they "have no use." And one could not but feel that sometimes when the Bishop told them, for instance, that being at the College they must know much more theology than he did, they were quite ready to believe it, on the strength of a term's lectures! The Theological College at

Ely is exceptionally privileged in the mere fact of being connected with such a monument of religion and history as the Cathedral. Here at its lowest estimate is a splendid manual of architecture in stone. Here the parish priest that is to be, may learn the rudiments of that fascinating science, which will not only add a new interest to his travels, but will stand him in good stead, and prevent him from ever being an accomplice in the dangerous pastime of amateur or even professional restoration. A passion for a Reredos may obscure or even permanently damage an historical East window; a flight of steps to the Altar, as a necessity, may throw out the whole proportion of the building. The sympathetic love of a great monument, such as Ely Cathedral, ought to develop a true instinct, which may be found of the greatest help in conflicts with Churchwardens, Church decorators, erectors of memorials, and the devotee of "the correct" who can work unspeakable havoc where they are not under control. Ely is exceptionally rich in examples of every kind of Gothic architecture and in the possession of the unique feature known as the Lantern. Here it soars over the central space, suggestive in many ways of the space under the Dome of St. Paul's (and Wren was acquainted with Ely, and has added features to it which are not quite admirable). Rising as it does over the place, where, in the Middle Ages, the great tower of the Abbey fell, it seems to speak the never failing lesson of beauty rising out of catastrophe, victory out of defeat, and the highest ornaments of virtue from the very dust of moral corruption. Here

the memory of St. Etheldreda still hovers over her reputed shrine. Here is the splendid brass of Bishop Goodrich in full episcopal vestments, the writer, it is said, of the first part of the Church Catechism. Here are the candlesticks on the Altar, the reputed gift of Bishop Wren to the Cathedral after his imprisonment under the Commonwealth; while the memory alights again on the latest tomb in the Cathedral, that of Bishop Woodford in the nineteenth century. It is difficult to exhaust the teachings, the memories, the appeals of this wonderful place, and the young students as they prowl about or ascend the Tower or squeeze into the Lantern must feel their inspiration, even if they do not always recognise its origin and source. A thing of beauty is more than a joy; it prepares, or should prepare, the future priest for the worship of Him, to whom he will shortly have to offer the sacrifice of praise, whose note is this: "We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory."

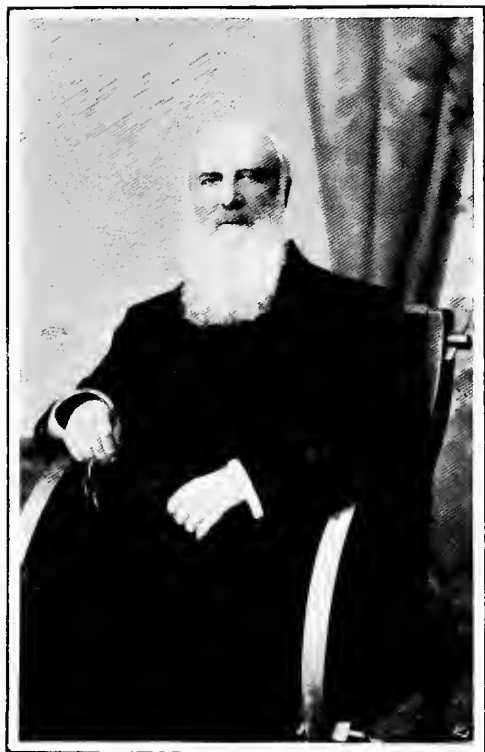
And the Cathedral worship no less offers an invaluable appeal to the young mind, when it has risen above Altar frontals, candles, plainsong and "Sarum." The author of "John Inglesant" has spoken in his introduction to George Herbert's poems of the splendid testimony offered in the old dark days of neglect, by the constantly said services, the monotonous repetition, the simple Ritual, to the spirit of culture and refinement. It has been one of the back-hits, so to speak, of the War, that the drain on Cathedral resources, or the modern craze for holidays has dictated a break in the musical services of some Cathedrals.

They have survived such things of horror as the Bristol riots, or the bombing of London by the barbarians during the late Great War. "New every morning is the love" has risen up to God from the mouths of undaunted choir boys, while the General Post Office was being bombed.¹ And it would be a thousand pities on any ground whatever to break the continuity of solemn worship offered in the most perfect beauty of which we are capable, as a duty to God, and as a protest against the impatience and hurry of the day, or as a rebuke to mere utilitarianism. "To what purpose is this waste?" may still be the cry; but the answer is always the same, "I pour the precious ointment on the body of the Lord."² It was said by an official to some visitors to a Cathedral, which shall be nameless, "Are you going to stay to the service?" "Yes," was the answer. "I should advise you not," was the further reply. "They are doing it themselves to-day." The Chapter office, shorn of its beauty, was felt to be a blank and a loss, the sense of which, if real, might perhaps have been more sympathetically expressed.

But it is time to get from the spiritual environment of the College to the College itself. The building is familiar to all who approach Ely, standing in rather a prominent position, seeming to say to the venerable Cathedral, This is how we try to imitate your Gothic at the present day. It is, however, well adapted to its uses, and is not aggressively assertive in the ways of the time, when it was built, which habitually subordinated

¹ See Chap. XII. p. 280.

² St. Matthew xxvi. 8.



DR. LUCKOCK.
(FIRST PRINCIPAL OF ELY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.)

utility to ornament. In those days it had not been found possible to acquire the neighbouring land, which adds now so very much to the amenities of the situation, and stood when I first saw it upon an isthmus of land thrust in between the road and the fields. A statue of Bishop Woodford on the North wall reminds the passer-by of the distinguished prelate to whom the College owes its foundation, and a porch doorway and steps, now seldom used, form the entrance to the building.

The designer and the builder of the College have profited by the example of Cuddesdon, built at a still earlier and more Gothic age. The rooms are somewhat larger and more convenient, and the Chapel shows a happy medium between the small oratory-like Chapel of past Cuddesdon and the big and somewhat unhomely building of the present. Attempts to build a larger Chapel at Ely have hitherto been averted, and in the opinion of many the Chapel of a Theological College should never lose to any great extent its domestic character. It is admirably furnished and decorated within. The three stained glass windows are filled with really good glass, and with subjects most carefully thought out and deeply suggestive. The Chapel has its faults, as those who have used it in Retreats have found, but I doubt not that it forms a bright spot of memory to many an old Ely student. Besides the Chapel there is an excellent dining hall, again, not too big for the ideal of family life, and a splendid Library and Common room.

It is now time to speak of one to whom the College

of Ely owes so much, the first Principal, Dr. Luckock. The impress of his thoughtfulness, resource, and good taste is to be seen everywhere in the arrangements and artistic fitness of the building. As the trusted friend and confidant of Bishop Woodford, he carried out the ideals of that good man, in bringing into the world, watching over the infancy and growing maturity of that which now takes a high place among the Theological Colleges of England. There are many legends of its earliest days and earliest students. Like most good things it has had a gradual growth, and the students existed before the College, and the College before its buildings. Dr. Luckock, in his position as Canon of the Cathedral, was able to connect the new venture with the old associations and traditions of the great foundation which for so many centuries has made Ely famous. As mentioned above, through daily services and other means the connection with the Cathedral was kept up, even when snowstorms, fogs, or pressure of work suggested the nearer, warmer, and more humble Chapel. The Principal was admirably adapted to give the impress of his character to the first arrangements of the new College life, out of which were to grow the spirit and the character which should be distinctive of its mature years. He was a man of great enthusiasms and with a profound gift of common sense, a good disciplinarian, a born teacher, with a sound theological equipment. He not only knew, but he could impart what he knew, and teach others to do the same, which is not a small gift in a teacher of teachers. Those who are ac-

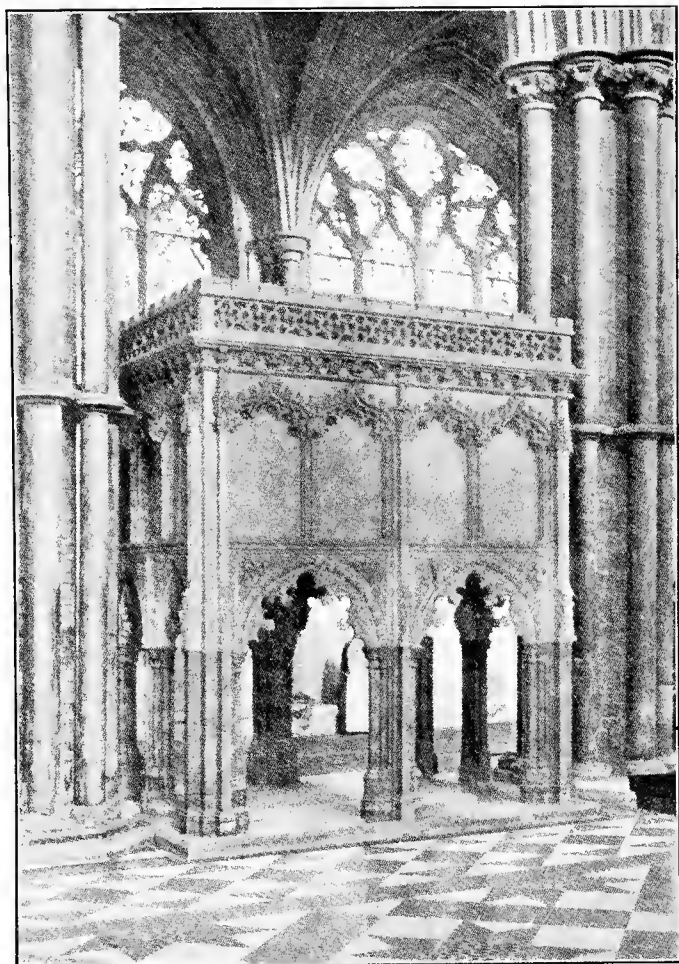
quainted with his admirable books will know how wonderfully they are adapted to simplify, bring home and make real those facts of history and truths of theology which the ordinary student of a Theological College might be tempted to view along a perspective which ends in the Bishop's examination rather than as a part of the equipment of life, and as treasures of revealed religion. This is not always easy, especially to those who themselves are the most fully stored; as we are reminded by the theologian who said, after studying a profound commentary which had made the writer famous, how delightful it was to get back to the Evangelist.

It was the bad fortune of the writer only to make the acquaintance of Dr. Luckock in his last days at Ely, but he always regards him as a most delightful exception to the severe rule, which pronounces it unadvisable to stay on in the same place as your successor, if it can be avoided. But in the short time in which we lived together at Ely, nothing could exceed the forbearance with which he regarded the work of an amateur attempting to fill the position which he had so lately occupied, or the readiness with which he was always willing to give the suggestion or help which he would have hesitated to give unasked. Dr. Luckock's subsequent work as Dean of Lichfield not only showed how he could practise what he preached to the students, but exhibited to Lichfield and to the Church the power which a Cathedral may be when under the guidance of a sympathetic and able Dean. The fabric bears marks of his exquisite taste in the

gifts with which he enriched it, but these are but symbols of the life of Ely, which had found liberty in which to express itself.

If in one sense it was made easy, in another sense it was made hard to follow such a man in such a work at Ely. "Dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed"¹ has, as mentioned above, always seemed to the writer a motto which should be a guiding principle and an encouragement to one entering on a sphere of work which he has not chosen for himself. And so now the only thing was to read and pray; to avail oneself to the uttermost of the generous help and advice of the junior College officers who still remained. A man can always work, and work at that which is before him, even if at times it seems uncongenial or unproductive. The writer well remembers when he was a small boy at a private school, how his parents received the following encouraging report, perhaps not flattering as viewed on the side of parental heredity: "He makes up in application for that in which he is deficient in natural ability." So now I committed myself to application, and I hope was able to convey in lectures something which may have been of help to the student mind. If I could teach at all I had learnt it in twenty years teaching in the National Schools and in catechising, and this was the region in which I hoped that the majority of the taught would themselves become teachers. For the rest there was plenty of opportunity for private influence among those who could impart in many ways as much as they

¹ Ps. xxxvii. 3.



THE WATCHING LOFT, ELY.

received; for again and again one has had to marvel how men can hope to teach who have not had personal dealings with souls, or imagine that they can touch the heart with sermons if they have never probed the depths of a man's heart, or faced with him his real difficulties. To the heart of the escaped parish priest, the weekly Meditations in Chapel were a great joy: they seemed to be times in which it was possible to suggest the real basis of all theological training, and to insist on the great fundamental truth that "*cor facit theologum.*" It was my misfortune to live a considerable distance from the College, so that it was not always possible to enter with the students into their full devotional life, which was admirably regulated, so as not to press too much by services and acts of obligation those who as yet were not able to bear it.

There is no doubt that in almost every case the first entrance on a life of ordered discipline after the almost unlimited freedom of the University is a distinct strain. The frame of mind in which the Theological freshman enters on his College life reminds one in an analogous way of the well-known description of sea-sickness—in the first hour you are afraid that you will die, and in the second hour that you won't. So the Theological Student is credited for the first fortnight with sitting in his room with his luggage unpacked wondering whether he can bear it, and whether or not he will have to leave at once; but at the end of that period, or perhaps at the end of the first term, his wonder is how he will ever bear severing himself,

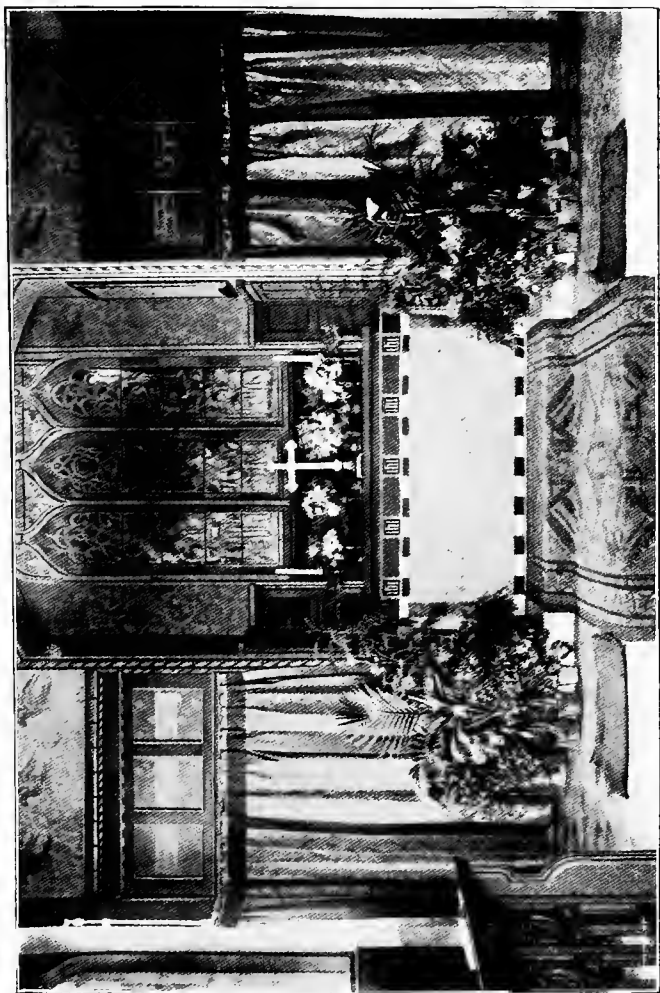
when the time comes, from a place which he has learned to love with sincere affection, and where perhaps he has found himself.

There was one weight which was wont to hang heavily on the mind of the student, namely, the week when it fell to his lot to have to preach a sermon of his own composition. At Ely the conditions were so far favourable that instead of being merely an artificial address which he gave to an imaginary audience before the Principal and his fellow students for their candid criticism, he would have to address a genuine congregation of villagers and children in a little village Chapel down in the Fens at the Sunday morning service. It was good for the preacher; let us hope that it was good for the congregation. The Principal, however, retained a hold on the sermon, inasmuch as it was given to him for criticism before it was delivered. Who is there who does not know, among those on whom the duty devolves, the extreme difficulty of criticising a sermon in cold blood? It seems to suggest too often the idea of a straight line of unlimited length from a given point without it. It is prayerful but disconnected, it is crude, it makes no appeal. It is too full or too empty; it is prosaic or it is lacking in dignity. To one whose business it is to criticise, the absence of criticism seems to be a dereliction of duty. And yet the sermon may be the bow drawn at a venture which is to pierce the harness of Ahab.¹ It must, however, be confessed that the prevailing impression of sermons made to

¹ 1 Kings xxii. 34.

order is their extreme dulness. A protest seems to underlie every paragraph: "I am obliged to preach this; I am afraid it will not interest you; I have told you all I know; I have taken pains, but it remains uninteresting and I must read it to you." It became at last firmly impressed upon the writer's mind that the method must come even before the matter; that the young preacher must be shown at once the difference between preaching and reading, that he must learn if possible to adopt the attitude which says clearly, "I am here not to read you a very dull effusion which I am bound to deliver, but to proclaim a message which is of great importance to you, which ought to lead you to do, or not to do, and to return home determined to live better than when you came." To this end we adopted in addition to the critical examination of the sermon an endeavour to show the preacher how to preach. The Lady Chapel of the Cathedral or St. Mary's Church were generally the scene of our efforts, preferably the latter, as the Lady Chapel adds to the other difficulties which wait upon preaching, the constant struggle after audibility, the conflict with echoes and the perpetual admonitions against lowering the voice. The echo, as every preacher will acknowledge, is a subtle enemy, which has to be met in many a Church, but to the young learner the first things first. The method adopted was to take some sermon out of a book and get the preacher to deliver it like a sermon, if possible, hastily taking in sentence by sentence as he went on, not fixing his eyes on the book or feeling his way into

regions of advice as to which he himself had as yet no idea and in which he felt no interest. It is the writer's firm conviction that the present terribly low standard of preaching could be cured, not by urging every young man to preach without a book, for which very often he has no aptitude, and which in consequence obscures any message which he may have to deliver, but to learn to preach, in contradistinction to reading, a sermon which he has thought out, studied, committed to writing as the most effectual effort which he is able to make. "Teach them to read, teach them to preach," this is the constant taunt of the unsympathetic Philistine. We tried to do both at Ely. But there remained, and always will remain, the question of voice production, which means so much to the preacher and so much to the audience, and this successfully or unsuccessfully was met in other ways, by a professional teacher, who once a year gave public lectures to the students on that point. Partly owing to the methods of the then teacher, and partly owing to shyness or other youthful disqualifications in the audience, it was difficult to prevent this from degenerating into a farce. To be solemnly told to sing la, la, or other mysterious sounds as soon as you woke in the morning, and other professional advice of the same kind, was in itself a trial, but the climax was reached when each man was put on to read and severally criticised. We stipulated from the beginning that the Bible should not be made the exercise book, but even Shakespeare or whatever book it might be was found to develop strong capa-



THE ALTAR, ELY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

bilities of comedy. The memory comes back to me of a good friend of mine, who has since done excellent work, whose voice was deep, sonorous and mournful. The comment on his reading by the irrepressible teacher was this, "Yes, sir, thank you; cemetery chaplain is your line, cemetery chaplain!" Whatever may have been the method, the meaning was good, and there is many a priest to-day whose efficiency would be doubled if he knew how to use his voice. Perhaps the Bishops need to insist more than they do that the young clergy should pass under the hands of those who will be to the ministry something similar to the Sergeant Major of the army to the new recruit, without, it may be said, their over-emphasis of language. Anyhow at Ely we knew the need and we tried to remedy it.

There are other memories of that happy time which come back to the writer. Memories of College debates, of festivals, and other reunions with the past, as, for instance, the day of Memorial of the Founder. The debates have ceased to be carried on, such is the writer's impression, but perhaps they had a part to play, for certainly at the present day that clerical life seems to be despised which is not largely made up of committees and meetings, and perhaps it is well to learn at the Theological Colleges even something of the clerical meeting spirit. The annual College Festival was always a great event; in the present writer's early years, it gathered itself into an Assembly Room, but speedily developed itself into a tent, where friends met together, now separated far from each

other on the walls of Jerusalem, and where we listened to speeches, and returned to first "Principals" and learned how kindly and sympathetic the Bishop could be. The service in the Cathedral by a process of evolution has now developed into the great Procession and solemn Eucharist which is so remarkable a feature of the Festival. Originally the service consisted only of a *Te Deum* and sermon at twelve, now it is made the occasion of a Corporate Communion at nine with all the ceremonial of which Ely is capable, and the night before there is also a solemn Compline sung by the men in the Cathedral, surrounded with the memories of the dim past which cling to its venerable walls.

One cannot be too grateful for this short interlude of directly spiritual work, and of theological reading in the stretch of a long ministerial life. I hope that other people may be able to speak of something that I taught; I am very confident to myself of what I learned.¹ The conviction that the ministry of the Church is enterprised with a want of preparation, as I have said above, which hardly any other profession would tolerate, seems to be now growing apace in the public mind, and especially in the minds of those who are in any way responsible for clerical training. The need is obvious, but the remedies do not always seem to be well conceived. More might be done by the Theological Faculty at the Universities; who can doubt it? Things have no doubt altered now for the better, but in the writer's time the compulsory Theological lectures at the University, at least in some cases

¹ See Chap. IV.

in themselves and in their surroundings were, alas ! too often, more of a hindrance than a help. Granted that the Theological Professors are able and willing to add indefinitely to their methods of training men for entrance into Holy Orders, will they, or can they supply that which is really needed in the way of direct preparation ? Of course, if preaching the Gospel is entirely an affair of the intellect, wherein mind appeals to mind, then to be intellectually stored is everything, and all else must be sacrificed to a theological equipment as complete as possible; but the writer is reminded of that point which used to be pressed again and again by Dean Butler, that priestcraft, so far from being a term of opprobrium, expressed exactly what should be prominent in the work of the ministry. The priest, once more to use the modern slang, should know his job. There are things which the intellectualist would push aside as trivial, but which nevertheless count for a good deal in ordinary parochial work. Congregations are being dispersed to-day again and again, because the priest who is set over them has never been taught the ordinary methods of Divine Service. He finds that the Prayer Book by itself, and without explanation, gives him very few clear directions as to how, for instance, he should celebrate the Holy Communion. He knows nothing of liturgical history or liturgical propriety, or of Ecclesiastical tradition. He flounders among the conflicting verdicts of the Ecclesiastical Courts in the painful records of Ritual strife; or he falls a prey to some Ecclesiastical society which regulates everything by the mysterious

rules of "the rest of the Western Church," or even the Eastern Church, or the rite of Sarum. He becomes eclectic and adopts freely from the hasty impressions of a holiday trip on the Continent, or he becomes his own interpreter, and "the city of Shusan is perplexed." If he hopes to use a great deal of ceremonial or none, it is of very great importance that a man should know what he ought to do, and that there is such a thing, as some of us believe, as an Anglican rite.

Parochialia, again, as they are called at Theological Colleges, have many secrets which are better borrowed from those who know, than bought at heavy expense in actual contact with human souls. We have also seen that there is something to be learned about sermons and preaching, which professors would not always be willing or able to teach.

But this is by no means all. The distinguishing mark once more of a Theological College is this, that it supplies atmosphere, and atmosphere of a spiritual kind in which a man may learn to know himself and to test whether he can stand the rarefied air of devotion in which *ex hypothesi* a good deal of his life must be spent, or whether he is to fall a victim to mountain sickness and mountain gloom. We have already seen how many are allowed to enter the Ministry without having been taught how to celebrate the Divine Mysteries; once more, how many there are who have no idea as to how to hear a Confession, pronounce Absolution, or treat even the most elementary questions of casuistry! And how is all this to be learned?

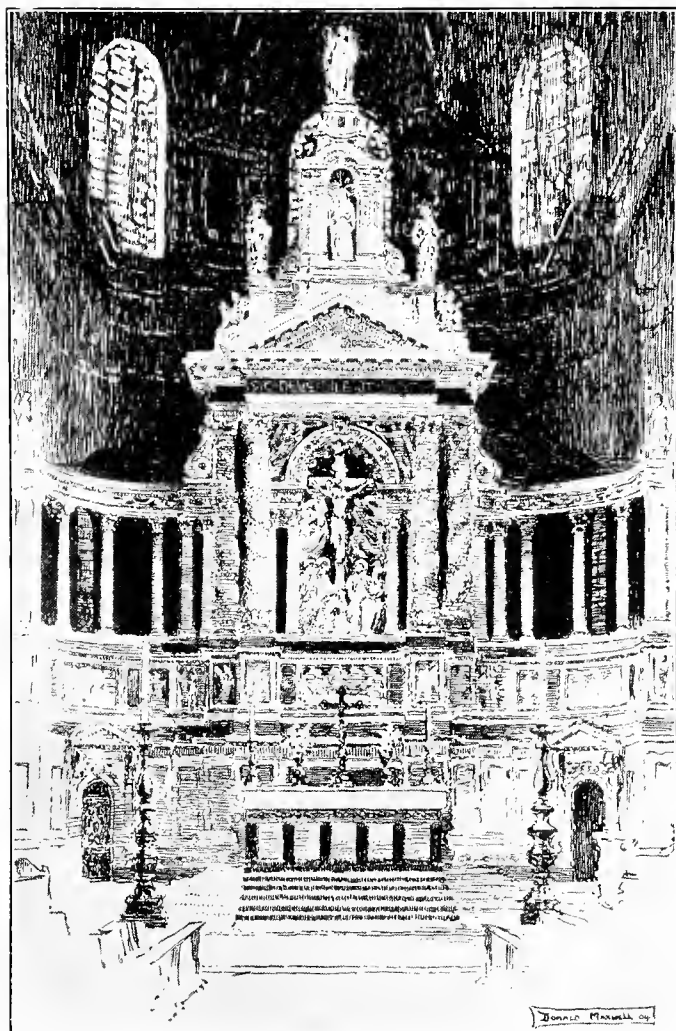
More than once it has come under the writer's notice that a man feels that he cannot understand these things without having first made the experiment in his own person—*e.g.*, "How shall I hear a Confession?" The lesson is best learned in using that ordinance yourself.

And there is one thing for which a Theological College is most assuredly the most fitting place—namely, that a man without reproach or sense of failure of any kind should be able to say before he has made an irrevocable mistake, "This life is not for me, God is not calling me to the Ministry. I must seek His work elsewhere."

This and much more I learned at Ely Theological College in the few years which I spent in its peaceful and spiritual shade.

And it was a great joy to me, at my departure, to be able to hand over the reins of government to the then Vice-Principal, Canon Randolph, who became for so many years the wise, experienced and able Principal, and made the College at Ely to be a joy and praise in the earth.

VIII
ST. PAUL'S



ST. PAUL'S.

(By permission of "The Treasury.")

VIII

ST. PAUL'S

Amo te fratrem, amantem Paulum.

MY stay at Ely was destined to be abruptly closed, in a manner, to me at least, strange and unexpected. A short note from Archdeacon Furse of Westminster, with whom I was but slightly acquainted, had suggested to me the possibility of strange events, but nevertheless it was a surprise of the first magnitude when the postman brought me a kind letter from Lord Salisbury, offering to me on behalf of the Queen the vacant Canonry at St. Paul's.

October 29, 1890, is indeed a day much to be remembered by me, in the events which shaped my life. It is idle to speculate on the cause which led Lord Salisbury to make the appointment. It had certainly nothing to do with Lord Alwyne Compton, who was averse to my giving up the post at Ely after so short an incumbency; it had probably to do with the friends of Dr. Liddon, who presumably were anxious for the Liddon tradition, rather than for this or that person. However this may be, the appointment was weighted with this terrible responsibility of having to succeed to the post vacated by perhaps the most distinguished and popular ecclesiastic of his time, whose

death we were all lamenting as an irreparable loss to the Church. But people forget that "succeed" means simply "to follow in order" as well as "to take the place of" another. But the thought looms large in many of the numerous letters of congratulations which I received: "It is a hard matter to succeed Dr. Liddon."

I am not publishing any of these letters, many of them are too intimate, and all too generous. It has been well said:

Lives of great men all remind us
As the pages o'er we turn:
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters which we ought to burn.

One word in passing may be permitted to the writer on the question of patronage. There is, of course, only one Patron, and only one work. When a post becomes vacant we become vainly anxious, we seek high and low for an identical representative of him who has fallen out of the ranks. But God's work requires different kinds of workmen at different periods of the work. Here it is a Master Builder, who puts forth the scheme and project which only his mind could initiate. He is followed by some simple workman who is the man necessary for the moment, to put into practical working the grand scheme which the mind of the genius has planned. He is followed by labourer, mason, painter, or mechanic as the case may be. Each is a necessary man for the particular work at the particular time. It may be that a man is put in sometimes only to pull down work which

was too much stamped with individuality and somewhat alien to the plan. If Elisha follows Elijah, he is after all quite a different man; the very children laughed at the difference,¹ and yet he had a work to do, which perhaps he had more opportunities for doing than had Elijah. For so it is that a plain mechanic may succeed the great artist in God's work and at God's time, for His work requires many sorts of workmen.

There was a glamour about St. Paul's at this time. The grand revival under Dean Church and the splendid staff which surrounded him had lifted up the famous Cathedral from being largely a Mausoleum, which enshrined the bones of Nelson, into a living shrine of worship. True it is, that

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*²

—that great names and great efforts had made the body illustrious in the past. The sermons of Melville had already attracted large congregations and caused people to forget the days when the visitor must pay to enter the building; or times when the virger would suggest to him that his seeking to Communicate at the Altar might make a Celebration of Holy Communion an unnecessary addition to the service. Such is the legend which prevailed in more than one quarter; perhaps it is an exaggeration, but certainly there was a time when St. Paul's might take its place among the waste places of Sion. But at this period, in the year 1890, all was different. The building was beginning to assume something of the beauty of a place dedicated to Divine service, and to be more than a magnificent

¹ 2 Kings ii. 23.

² Horace, Odes, IV. ix. 25.

architectural monument. The Reredos, abhorred of Protestants and purist-architects, now reminded people, by an appeal which the eye could not fail to receive, of the mighty Act of Redemption by the Cross, and its legend "*sic Deus dilexit mundum*" . . . had become the absorbing motto of the Cathedral life. Here the choir, under Sir John Stainer, had become one of the finest in Europe, and thousands gathered Sunday by Sunday to hear sermons which were calculated to touch the heart and enlighten the understanding of those to whom they were addressed. And the Dome had become the great *auditorium* for sermons, a position which it has never forfeited.

Into this august body the simple Principal of a small Theological College was to be admitted. The writer loves to think that nominally at all events he served under Dean Church. That great man's life was now drawing rapidly to its close. He had withdrawn to Dover, away from the fogs and cold of the London autumn, and at Dover he died, practically only a few days after the new Canon was installed at St. Paul's. Among the writer's cherished possessions is a letter from him dated November 1, 1890, in which he says: "I hope that you will allow me to give you a hearty welcome to St. Paul's. Whatever has been done here, there is still much that wants doing, and it is a great satisfaction to me, as my time is getting short, to think——" here follow some words of personal kindness referring to the carrying on of the work by the new workman. He adds, "I am very sorry that I shall not be in Town to welcome you personally and to be present at your installation. I am driven away by

bad health for the winter. But Gregory, as senior Canon, and holding a commission from me, will do all that is necessary and will give you every information." Acting in the spirit of this advice I had already on the earliest opportunity come up to London to see Canon Gregory, whom then I barely knew, but who was afterwards, through twenty-one years, to become to me such a friend and counsellor when he was Dean and indeed while he was still the senior Canon. I enjoyed to the full his confidence and friendship and it fell to my lot to minister to him in those days when his feet were no longer able to tread the familiar path to the Cathedral.

Day after day it had been one of our well recognised duties that two of us should support the old man with a helping arm down the steps of the Cathedral and across the perilous channel which separated St. Paul's from the Deanery; and if the truth must be told, in his old age he used to get very impatient with those who got in his way, while he expressed his wonder that so it should be that at whatever time you might be leaving the Cathedral, day or night, somebody was always waiting to come into it.

But to return to the earlier days of our acquaintance, I came up to London and found the great Canon sitting in his house at No. 2, Amen Court. A business man he was, and business and not sentiment was the prevailing tone of his welcome to me. He snubbed firmly and at once any idea that I should combine the post of Canon of St. Paul's with that of Principal of Ely, and I am grateful indeed to him that he put all such

ideas out of my head. If my great predecessor had combined the two posts of Canon and Professor at Oxford, it was not by his own wish but, as we are led to believe, out of deference to the advice of Dr. Pusey, in view of the needs of Oxford. It may well be that half-time on the part of Dr. Liddon and Dr. Lightfoot would be gratefully accepted, where lesser men would be expected to give their whole time. In any case I had learned to feel that Cathedral work is of such importance as to merit a man's whole efforts and interests and to recognise as well the influence which comes from constant residence on the scene of his activities. It was decided between us, however, that I should be installed so as to take at least the Sunday duty in my December residence, and remain on at Ely until a successor should be found, not later than the summer of 1891, when I finally took up my permanent abode in London.

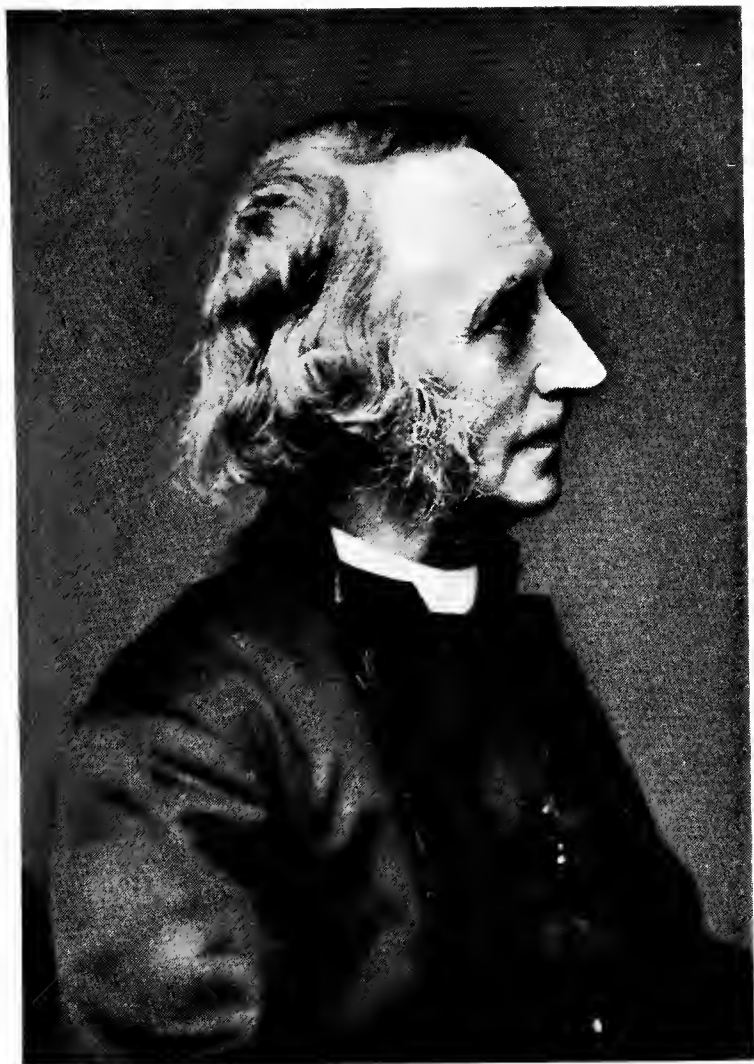
I found Canon Gregory at our interview seated as it were on the scene of one of his achievements. Amen Court, although belonging to ancient history, owes its present amenities and its wonderful adaptation to the nature of almost a Cathedral Close to his foresight, wisdom and care. The three Residential houses now occupied by three of the Canons (the fourth, who is the Archdeacon, lives in St. Paul's Churchyard) were built with money—so runs the tradition—borrowed by Charles II., from the Chapter, and, marvellous to relate, repaid by him. The Monarch, if tradition be true, was not famed for punctuality in money matters, and his autograph-promise to give £1,000 to the

rebuilding of the Cathedral, which may be seen in the Library, apparently remained unfulfilled. In this case, however, the authorities at St. Paul's, being wise in their generation, put the restored money to a good use and built with it—Wren being the architect—the houses mentioned above, for the use of three Prebendaries; and when Charles applied for a second loan the Dean and Chapter were able to plead poverty.

These houses were *in situ* when Gregory came to inhabit one of them, but the situation was far from salubrious. At their back was a quaint old inn, suggestive of the times of Mr. Pickwick, called “The Oxford Arms,” with a large open court almost touching the Residential houses. The inhabitants were not famed for order or for silence. Indeed, it was said that a cow used to be kept on a first floor in one of the buildings at the back. And yet milk was not the staple drink of the dwellers of the inn. Eventually the leases of these old houses and the land on which they stood fell in, and Canon Gregory determined, in spite of all remonstrances, to erect there the houses for the Minor Canons, Organist and Dean's virger, on a site near their work at the Cathedral, thus also indirectly benefiting the already existing residents by giving them good neighbours and increased amenities of site. The first three of these houses, which were erected partly as an experiment, were completed in 1879, and so completely successful were they that there was no subsequent difficulty in carrying out the full scheme; and Amen Court at last justified its name. One tree dating from the time when it was the old Physic Gardens before

the fire is said to remain, and other trees have been planted which, with the grass and flowers, make it quite an oasis of quiet in the desert of the busy City, and one of the most peaceful spots which can be imagined. A fine gateway separates it from the busy traffic of Warwick Lane and strong wooden gates from Paternoster Row and Amen Corner. It is very amusing to hear sometimes the openly expressed amazement of the cab-drivers when they come into the little court, with its trees and flowers in the heart of the City, of whose existence they were quite unaware and whose name suggested sometimes to them almost a practical joke on the part of him who hired them. At the extreme west end of the Court, a long wall separates it from the back of the buildings in the Old Bailey, and in the bottom of this wall may still be seen a piece of the old wall of London, which ran down to the Lud-gate. Once at least in its modern history Amen Court has been the scene of a garden party, and in the summer time the inhabitants may be seen sunning themselves in chairs secure from the noise and traffic of the busiest part of the City just outside their gates.

An old entry in a diary kept by our famous virger, Robert Green, dated May 26, 1868, reminds us that the inhabitants of Amen Court, together with officials and sheriffs, had the privilege of entering Newgate, its old and gruesome neighbour, on the occasions of public executions, to avoid the enormous crowds in the Old Bailey, gathered together to feast their eyes on this horrid sight. Happily this was the last date on which this privilege was available, as public execu-



DEAN CHURCH.

tions were stopped by a Bill introduced into Parliament by Sir John Hibbert, and Newgate itself is now pulled down and the Central Criminal Court removed higher up, and the executions take place elsewhere. For many years the bell of St. Sepulchres Church and the black flag of Newgate were sombre reminders of what was going on almost within a stone's throw of our peaceful court. Enough perhaps has been said about Amen Court, which, however, thanks largely to Dean Gregory, has become such a feature in our Cathedral life. Indeed, we have a fig-tree but no vine; a mulberry-tree, however, which bears scanty fruit at times, does duty in its place.

After business done at No. 2, I called to see my new home at No. 3. Here I was received with every possible kindness by Dr. Liddon's sister, Mrs. Ambrose, who showed and explained all that was necessary to know. It is always a solemn thing to step into rooms and places where the impress of a life now gone from them seems still to remain, and in this case it was the home of Dr. Liddon. It is a thing for which to be grateful that his friends have given to the house an excellent portrait of him, which is to be permanently attached to it, under the care of his successors; and certain alterations and improvements which he made in the structure may still for a time recall to the inhabitant the memory of this great man who made No. 3, Amen Court, famous.

The smallest of the three houses, it is yet in some ways the pleasantest, as being open towards the west it gets more sun and air than its neighbours, which face

only north and south. They are all well-built houses, each with their own individuality, although built in the same row and carrying the mind back to the substantial house builders of the seventeenth century and the old days when the link extinguishers at the door, now contemptuously regarded by the more prosaic gas lamp, were of practical use and not merely archaic ornaments.

Before leaving it, I may say that Sir Walter Scott in one of his later letters mentions a visit to the inhabitants of No. 3, Amen Court, and that there are memories also of Sydney Smith and of Barham, the writer of the "Ingoldsby Legends," in connection with the Court, while in modern times it has been the dwelling place of Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Scott Holland at No. 1, and of Bishop Browne, Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, and Dr. Cosmo Lang, Archbishop of York, who all inhabited No. 2.

My installation was finally fixed for Saturday, November 29, the Eve of Advent Sunday. Here I entered on the occupation of my stall, being inducted thereto by Canon Gregory with much Latin. The ceremony takes place after the Magnificat, when the new Canon is brought in from the Vestry, where he has been lying concealed during the first part of the service; he is placed in his allotted stall, where he has to say publicly the Lord's Prayer. He is vested with the privileges belonging to his rank, and receives in the Vestry a copy of the statutes and a loaf of bread which represents to him the temporalities of his office. I subsequently went through similar ceremonies when

I was made Chancellor, which I may say is in St. Paul's a purely honorary post. The anthem, which I well remember had a monitory tone about it ("He shall purify the sons of Levi," from the *Messiah*), seemed to speak of the responsibilities of such an office as I had undertaken, and on which an intimate diary of my nearly thirty years' incumbency of it might form a significant comment.

"*Spartam nactus es hanc exorna*" is the motto, says Dean Church, for everyone whose lot is cast in any portion of Christ's Church. He is speaking of loyalty to the English Church, but it seems to apply also to anyone who was admitted at that time into the wonderful Sparta known simply as St. Paul's. I had known the building in all its magnificent appeal: I, in former days, had listened in rapture to the wonderful music which adorned the service of God, I had already spoken from the pulpit and counted friends among those who ministered in the Cathedral; but St. Paul's was an entity which no one could realise all at once, but must grow into it and be carried on by it, and feel the appeal and charm of a living power with more and more thankfulness and respect. I was admitted into the fellowship of a distinguished body of Churchmen. I have already mentioned the Dean and Canon Gregory, their lives have been written and are well known to that large number who venerate and love their memories. But there was also, to mention it first, the tradition of the empty seat which I was called upon to fill. Reading the record of Dr. Liddon's "Life and Letters," published in 1904, we can realise

how much more he was to St. Paul's than the great preacher. We read of him in 1873 summoning a large part of the choir into the Vestry and speaking to them at length about behaviour in Church. He had also some pious wishes for the Canons, which I have no doubt that he carried into practice. He was also one of the chief moving spirits in the provision of the new choir house which did so much for the efficiency in every way of the boys who sing in the choir; at the same time he was taking a leading part, from the prominent position which St. Paul's gave him, in defending the Faith, and in all those questions which centred round the Ecclesiastical Courts. His was a position which obviously could not be handed down to a successor in his Cathedral stall, and day by day it became more and more evident that a great man had fallen in Israel, and there might well be almost a feeling of resentment, unreasonable it may be, but still there, against anyone who stood in his place and occupied a post which he was not able to fill.

Another of my colleagues was Archdeacon Sinclair. The Archdeacon of London by his very position cannot enter so much into the corporate work of the Cathedral as he would wish by reason of the exceedingly strenuous duties which fall to him in his Archdeaconry. Yet here, again, was one sincerely conscious of the great position in London, and indeed in England, which St. Paul's occupied, as will be seen from the large volume dealing with its ancient and modern history which he left behind him, and which would be interesting if for nothing else at least for

this, that it contains the diary of Virger Green, of whom more presently. Then there was that wonderful personality, Henry Scott Holland, so recently taken from us. I had the unspeakable value of his kind friendship for many years. When he left St. Paul's it seemed to be an irreparable loss to the community of a devoted and powerful colleague, and when he died

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quam [mibi].*¹

It would seem that he ought never to have left us, but those things are in wiser hands than ours. The record of his life has yet to be written; and yet there are many volumes already extant, both in his charming memoirs of others, where the painter of the portrait cannot quite suppress his own individuality; and also in those unrecorded and unpublished memoirs which are stored in the hearts of those whom he honoured with his friendship, and in those manifold good works which at St. Paul's and elsewhere follow on with him. Sometimes one is afraid that the very brilliancy of his gifts may obscure the solid work of his manifold energies, like some machine which is over ornamented and suggests an absence of solid work within. No estimate could be more untrue in this case.

To give two examples from his life at St. Paul's, Scott Holland (to give him his familiar title) held the honorary post of Precentor to the Choir. The working man at the head of affairs (of course, excluding for the moment the Organist and all he stands for) is the

¹ Horace, Odes, I. xxiv. 9.

Succentor, an office held by one of the Minor Canons on whom devolves the superintendence of the daily routine of music. But the Precentorship was no honorary appointment with Holland. To him were brought—and courageously he took them up, faced them and worked them out—all those many and difficult questions and disputes which gather almost automatically around a body of musicians, with their sixth musical sense. He was respected and loved by them all.

The other particular point in which Holland developed qualities for which his friends did not always give him credit, was to be seen in the preparation of the service and arrangements for Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which from the very inception required a great deal of careful management. He was also Treasurer of the Chapter for a short time, and although perhaps not a born financier, yet he carried on the monetary affairs of St. Paul's with at least a conscientious attention to duty, and under the critical eye of Dean Gregory, whom he succeeded in the post.

It was surely a thing for which to be thankful that I was received so warmly and kindly into a body like this without always being reminded critically of the great past.

But to be admitted, as it were, to the freedom of St. Paul's meant a great deal more than to be associated in work with men, however distinguished they might be. It did not take one long to discover that all the strong appeal which St. Paul's made to the Christian worshipper was the result of minute and scrupulous

care. "The king's daughter is all glorious within"¹—in the inner room of her own palace. St. Paul's is a place where you must look beneath the surface to find the secrets of its working. Genius has been defined, quite inadequately, as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and although there will always remain something which requires adding or perfecting, yet a great deal has been done at St. Paul's to make all the machinery effective and thorough, and to make the life as perfect as may be in its constituent parts. First of all, there were the Minor Canons, on whom the conduct of the services so largely depends. The Minor Canons of St. Paul's are an ancient and venerable body, two of them being called Cardinals. By a modern Act of Parliament it was ordered that in the future their number should be reduced from twelve to six, and in 1875 other alterations were made. Still they remain an august and valuable body, and it has been the writer's privilege to be associated with splendid workers and ardent Churchmen who had the St. Paul's tradition earnestly at heart, and to whom belong such onerous and significant posts as Succentor, Sacrist, Ceremoniarius and Librarian, which involve duties sometimes of the greatest importance, as for instance in the numerous State and public services which take place within its walls. Not to mention by name the many friends and helpers with whom I have been associated, the Cathedral perhaps owes more than it knows to the late Dr. Sparrow Simpson, who, as Succentor and Librarian,

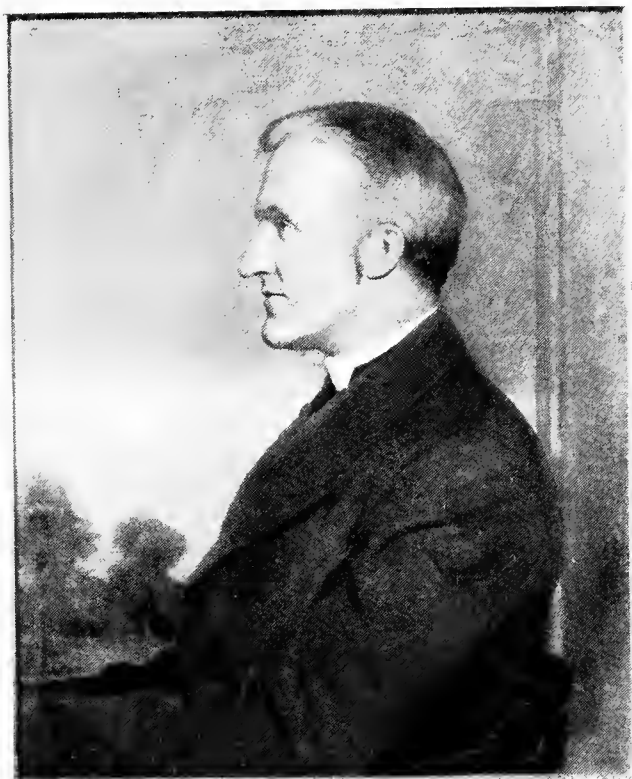
¹ Ps. xlv. 14.

brought to bear on the Cathedral vast stores of research and energy, whose memory is enshrined not in the place where he is buried, but in the place where he lived, and which he enriched so bountifully out of a deep devotion.

Upon the Minor Canons rests the burden of Cathedral worship. Time was, when a Minor Canon was *vox et præterea nihil*, chosen only for his voice. Here at St. Paul's they represent before God and man those who have received in trust the glorious privilege of voicing the worship which it is the chief function of a Cathedral to offer, while from time to time they, too, have their message to deliver from the pulpit, and feel themselves to be in every way an integral part of the great body.

And then one speedily became acquainted with that great institution about which Dr. Liddon was so interested, and on which so much depends, the Choir School, inseparably connected with the name of the Rev. A. Barff. He became afterwards a Prebendary of the Cathedral, but he will always be remembered for the pioneer work which he did at the school on which he has left the impress of carefully thought out plans and machinery. The Choir School is a great deal more than a hot-bed out of which to produce voices to sing in Church. It is a first-rate preparatory school, and its value is evidenced both by the happy life which the boys live when within its walls, and by the good place which, for the most part, they take in the world afterwards.

Then there is the organist, himself a very important



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part, not as regards the music alone, but in the life of the Cathedral. Sir John Stainer and Sir George Martin are names which will long be associated with the great revival at St. Paul's. Both were much more than famous musicians, and the present incumbent of that post, Dr. Macpherson, is fast bound up with the great traditions of the past, both by his life at the school and by the long years in which he has been associated with the training of the boys.

The more full the enquiry, the more difficult it is to stop and salute the memory of the many friends who are woven in and out of the texture of the Cathedral Life, in these years, 1890 to 1920.

But St. Paul's has a wider constituency even than this. We must think of its order, its repairs, its cleanliness, its discipline. There is a large body of workmen, between thirty and forty in number, always employed. There are guides and a watchman and also virgers, of whom I wish to speak, for they are a body much respected by the public, with more arduous duties than is known, and who have earned for themselves a reputation for civility, friendliness, and ability which we all cherish as part of our tradition. When I first came to St. Paul's, the Dean's virger was well known, and highly respected, and his portrait is hung up in the Dean's vestry. Robert Green had come first to the Cathedral, so tradition runs, on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852. He retired from the service of the Cathedral in 1900, having received from Queen Victoria a silver medal of the Victorian Order in

consideration of his long service. His diary, which extends over many years, has been published as I said above, in Archdeacon Sinclair's "Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral." It is but a bare record of events; it would have been more interesting if he had given those comments which his shrewd mind was well able to give. As it is, it is a strange enumeration of the manifold and sometimes startling incidents which take place in the Cathedral every day. He records no less than three suicides which happened in the building and two assaults by a fanatic and a madman on the Altar during Divine Service. We all felt the sway of his masterful genius, albeit quietly exercised. One day, so the legend runs, when the Dean's vestry was well filled with Bishops, Deans, and other ecclesiastics waiting for the commencement of the service, he was heard to say to one of his subordinates, "Have 'em out!" The hour had come and the man. His most famous achievement, however, was a resistance which he offered to the unreasonable request of no less a man than the Kaiser William, who on a Sunday morning at the service wished to go down into the crypt, during the pause when communicants were entering the Choir, to inspect the monuments. This, however, Green firmly resisted, suggesting a time for this visit when Divine Service was not being celebrated. He added, moreover, "I have often showed it to him before, with his mama." There are several anecdotes also of his conversation, professional and otherwise, with the Empress Frederick. When he died the

Cathedral was no doubt poorer, but it was the old story—

*Primo avulso non defecit alter Aureus,*¹

and the tradition is well kept up, which makes St. Paul's a model Cathedral in the completeness of its arrangements, and in the religious atmosphere, which, in spite of great difficulties, surrounds it.

Such was the body into which I found myself suddenly summoned, inspiring in its record, but yet insistent in its demands to maintain the high standard of efficiency which had made it a praise in the earth.

¹ Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 143.

IX

CATHEDRAL LIFE

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“A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.”

THE old ideal of the maid-of-all-work, whose Heaven was a place where “she would do nothing for ever and ever,” has its earthly realisation, to the ordinary man of the world, in the life of the holder of a good Cathedral Canonry, comfortable and well endowed. To him the Canon-in-residence, well paid for the job, appears and preaches a few sermons during three months, and then he is not required for the rest of the year. And there are not wanting men who, as incumbents of these posts themselves, do not indeed regard them as places of endowed idleness and privileged inactivity, but as posts which, carrying with them few obligations and ample leisure, may serve as what the Greeks called *ἀφορμή*, a starting place, a basis of operations so to speak for the real business of life—in committees, society-meetings, social schemes and the like, or in a busy development of what was once irreverently termed “the foot and mouth disease,” a career of itinerant preaching through the length and breadth of the land. Not unnaturally, where and when these ideals prevail, the eager advocate of Church disendowment has his eye upon the rich

revenues and scanty work, as he deems it, of the Cathedral, and pronounces that here first, the good scheme of pillage will begin, and that Cathedral Canonries and all that appertains to them will pass away undesired.

It may have occurred to people when admiring the ordered beauty of such a service of God as that at St. Paul's, and while listening to the sermon, to say that, after all, the life here must be a very easy life—what is the precise work that is being done? Is the labourer, here at all events, worthy of his hire, or rather is the hire commensurate with the sort of labour which it secures?

If a Canon of St. Paul's, at all events, imagines himself to be entering on a life of endowed idleness, he will soon find himself mistaken. He will in the first place try to realise what a Cathedral is meant for, and he will find that he is entering on a life of which at the very lowest estimate he would have to say, with the poet, supposing that he does his duty:

*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*¹

It has been now for some years the tradition of St. Paul's that it should be made first and foremost a place of worship. Here, day by day, the Church must offer to God its liturgy, a name given of old by the Athenians to certain great public works of national importance, offered by the few on behalf of the many, and taken over by the Church to describe the sacred Altar service, the Church's public work. Here, too,

¹ Horace, Epist. I. xi. 28.

day by day would be offered with every possible care and beauty the Divine Office, and any other service of God wherein men and women in their joys and sorrows might wish to approach Him. Once more it must be a place where the soul seeking refuge with God in the midst of life's toil and trouble might find as it were "a place to hide me in,"¹ a place consecrated to, and filled with, the felt presence of God.

This atmosphere of devotion does not arise automatically. A place like St. Paul's, where men and women of all sorts and all nationalities congregate as to one of the show places of London, might easily become an exhibition which is explained by a loud voiced guide to a throng of tourists. The man who reads newspapers and eats sandwiches in the nave was not unknown even in quite recent times. The writer has seen a woman open and unfold and proceed to read a newspaper in St. Dunstan's Chapel at the close of a service. It is well to remember what has been and what might be again, if St. Paul's became in any way secularised.

The following is an extract from an allegation made by the Dean and Chapter, quoted in the House of Commons Returns on Free Admittance to Public Buildings (February 6, 1838): "It has happened," they say, "that in less than an hour between two and three thousand people have entered the Church, many of them of the lowest description, with their hats on, laughing, talking, eating, and making an uproar totally incompatible with any idea of religion." The

¹ Ps. xxxii. 8.

Dean and Chapter claimed the right of shutting the doors after services, otherwise "the Church would become as it has been in times past, a place of assignation for all the worst characters, male and female, in the metropolis: it would be a Royal Exchange for wickedness as the other Royal Exchange is for commerce. Even now, with the restricted right of entrance, we see beggars, men with burdens, women knitting, parties eating luncheon, dogs, children playing, loud laughing and talking, and every kind of scene incompatible with the solemnity of worship . . . the mischief and indecorum which takes place in St. Paul's is very notorious, the Cathedral is constantly and shamelessly polluted, the Prayer Books are torn up, the monuments are scribbled all over, and often with the greatest indecency."

If we compare this, however exaggerated it may be, with St. Paul's on the Armistice Day, 1918, or even on any Lord Mayor's Day, we may see how the *genius loci* has prevailed, and also how much we owe to the band—at once intelligent, efficient and devout—of virgers, guides, and others, who realise as a sacred trust their guardianship of the hallowed place. In another chapter an endeavour will be made to show that the members of the Chapter have also learned in their turn how to deal with, and how to elevate large bodies of people who visit the Cathedral as a sight, but are always quite ready to be taught to appreciate its real value.

What, then, is the daily life of the Cathedral in which the members of the Chapter find themselves

implicated? First and foremost since the year 1877 the Holy Sacrifice is offered every morning in St. Dunstan's Chapel, on Great Days also at 7.15, while on Saints' Days this service takes place in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, sometimes with an additional Celebration in the crypt Chapel of St. Faith's, and sometimes also in the Jesus Chapel. Mention is here made of the Chapels of St. Paul's, which are now in constant use, and play a considerable part in its devotional day. St. Dunstan's, as it is called, is known in different descriptions of St. Paul's as "The Morning Chapel." It was opened for service when as yet the main building was not completed. It is used during the day as a place set apart for private devotion, for which with the best intentions the Nave is hardly suitable. An attempt had been made in 1870 to open the Choir for private devotion between the hours of 12 and 3 on application to the virger, a somewhat artificial arrangement, and not likely to be permanent. As it is, this Chapel is fairly well used, and is admirably adapted as a quiet place for devotion. Here, again, at one time Compline used to be said daily, but an evening devotion was found to be hardly suitable to the needs of the City, which empties itself out largely soon after 5 o'clock. A midday service is, however, still said here, except on days when it is said in the Choir, and many are the special services and celebrations which are offered in this Chapel as occasions require.

The Chapel of St. Michael and St. George has been used only since 1906 for Divine Service. The Order of Knighthood SS.M.G., under the sanction of

the Dean and Chapter, claim a kind of prescriptive right to the use of this Chapel, and have an annual service here on St. George's Day and on other days as need arises. The Saints' Day Celebrations are also supposed to give them an opportunity of Holy Communion should they desire it. It is a great thing that the Chapel should now be used for a religious purpose.

There is again the Jesus Chapel, founded in 1894, in the Eastern Apse, where there is a Celebration of the Holy Communion on great festivals, when opportunity is sought, for the different members of the Chapter to celebrate the Holy Mysteries. And then, lastly, there is the Chapel of St. Faith in the crypt, where until quite recent times Morning Prayer used to be said daily, in addition to the musical office in choir, and where there are special Celebrations of the Holy Communion on festivals and other days of memorial. It is a Chapel which is indeed in much use for Quiet Days, Anniversary Services, lectures etc., although in winter the contiguity of the new heating apparatus makes devotion rather difficult.

The ordinary worshipper at 10 o'clock Matins or 4 o'clock Evensong, when he sees the goodly array of clergy gathered together, must spare his criticism as to superfluous clergy and idle Cathedrals. He knows nothing of the deeper life of devotion which finds its home there: apart from this it has been a special aim in the revived life of St. Paul's to exhibit worship, not as a luxury or a *πάρεργον* of lazy people, but as the distinctive work of the Cathedral for which, indeed, its members are paid.

The writer well remembers Dean Gregory's story of the day when as he was going across to the Cathedral he was told by the Residentiary that it was unnecessary for him to go, for he, as Canon, would be there in person. In those days it was thought to be incredible that anyone from the highest to the lowest should go to the Cathedral unless he was obliged so to do. Now, thank God, it is an ordinary thing to see the Dean with three or four Canons, not infrequently the whole Chapter, offering up their service as a body to God day by day. The attendance of the whole Cathedral staff is marked on a chart, and set up in the vestry year by year, and a monthly return is also laid on the table, and sometimes there is a healthy rivalry in making attendances, although few, if any, were able to beat Dean Gregory, who, it must be remembered was also a man of affairs, and if he knew his duty towards God, also knew his duty towards his neighbour. That poor creature, "the Canon-in-residence," is little more than a name, at all events in the matter of Divine Service in St. Paul's.

At the same time it must be noticed that here no strain is put upon faith, as upon those who offer services in an empty Church with an invisible congregation. It is very rare, indeed, to find the Dome almost, if not completely empty at the Morning Service, while in the afternoon a considerable number, as a rule, are gathered together to join with the Chapter in their saying the Divine Office. It would be difficult, I expect, to estimate the number of the wearied and heavy laden, who have found rest to their

souls in the glorious strains of the worship here offered to God. It finds its way into novels; St. Paul's, indeed, once appeared on the stage. But it is in ways which do not appear that in some subtle manner, in all time of their tribulation, and in all time of their wealth, people seem to gravitate to St. Paul's and ask it, in effect, to articulate their needs, whether it be at such times as when Queen Victoria died, or some reverse or victory took place in the late War, or when Jerusalem was captured or the Armistice was proclaimed; and the Church is always ready for them with its Psalms and Lessons from Holy Scripture, specially selected, it would almost seem, for the special need. Again and again the sight of large numbers of people moved by a common need may lead one to feel that the Church is still able to attract her sons and daughters who come to their mother Church to speak for them as they say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help."¹

Sunday at St. Paul's is, of course, a great day, and one which even the most perfunctory Canon-in-residence would find making some heavy demands upon him. The smallest choir boy will know what is the strain of five or six hours in Church during the day, and the Canon-in-residence will also have the heavy burden of preaching and other responsibilities which belong to him.

The two great features of the Sunday at St. Paul's, are first and foremost the sung Eucharist, and then at a much lower level the sermons. The Morning

¹ Ps. cxxi. 1.

Service has tended to become more and more the great service of the day. As to its length, this is more apparent than real, and surely the days will come when Englishmen will cease to be always in a hurry, when time spent in the worship of God will be less grudged, and the craze for short, bright, special, up-to-date services will have died away. "He that believeth shall not make haste;"¹ "My soul truly waiteth still upon God,"² and suchlike sayings rise up and rebuke the modern spirit, which at present is kept in check at St. Paul's.

We have long services and are not ashamed to offer to God a tithe of our time; but here it must be said that people take the remedy, if remedy it be, into their own hands, and on a Sunday morning two or even three distinct congregations find their way in, for what they need.

There is little necessity to describe the great Eucharistic offering: there is little ornate ceremonial, but what there is is carefully and well thought out. It is the music which makes the appeal, beautiful words, linked to beautiful melodies, as an offering to the God of beauty, Who receives the homage of Saints, and the adoration of Angels. Sometimes the "correct" man will shudder at a point here or a point there which offends him, a musical "confession," accompanied "comfortable words," a modern "Pater-noster;" and yet, to some of us, there come back old traditions in which St. Paul's is so rich, traditions of Oxford through Sir John Stainer, traditions of the

¹ Is. xxviii. 16.

² Ps. lxii. 1.

old Merton service described in the third chapter of these memoirs, and sometimes memory is better than correctness, and tradition than the last discovery. Local rites, local traditions have their value; "Now from henceforth all the whole Realm shall have but one use" is after all only in the Preface of the Prayer Book. During the War it was obvious that this service was largely used by soldiers and their friends in the exigencies and partings of that awful campaign, and although the disciplinary side of it may leave something to be desired, yet much in respect of Communion must be left to the silent working of public opinion.

As regards the sermons, these have always been and rightly are a great feature at St. Paul's. The preacher draws a bow at a venture, speaking to a congregation of whose needs and necessities he knows nothing, except in the general way, and whose faces even and personalities are strange to him. It might at first sight seem a hopeless task as regards individual edification, and yet as an example of what might be, two instances among others have come under the writer's personal knowledge: the one of a man bent on suicide, whose crime was stopped by a casual sermon which he heard at St. Paul's, and the other of a land-owner in the back regions of Canada who, a careless and even unwilling listener in the Cathedral, was moved again by a sermon from a preacher to him quite unknown, not only to attend the service for a second time, but also on his return home to inaugurate a Sunday service for his own people, which was kept

up at all events during many years and, maybe, is kept up still.

The preacher in St. Paul's finds himself face to face with a bewildering congregation: at first he is reminded of an ant heap, some come in and some go out, but even when they are settled down there is all the confusion of size and strangeness. He has been told probably to preach right across the Dome at the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to remember that he was deaf. He has been told not to lower his voice, and if he raises it too much he becomes aware of a haunting echo. He sees a man go out it may be, but he need not think that his words have given offence.

There is a legend of one preaching in a strange Church, who was much disturbed at seeing a prominent member of the congregation get up and solemnly leave the building while he was preaching. On protesting his anxiety to the Vicar as to what offence he might have given, he received the consoling reply: "I ought to have told you of that man, he is a somnambulist."

The audience at St. Paul's have no compunction in their methods as to going out or coming in, and have not even the excuse that they are walking in their sleep. On the other hand, the fault may be the preacher's own. He is too fast or is too slow, or he has fallen into the unpardonable sin of being too long, and his audience in their attitude are recording the verdict with which the Spartans are reported once to have received a wordy deputation: "We do not remember

what you said first, and we have not understood what you have said last, because we have forgotten what you said first." But it is a great opportunity. And the morning preacher at all events may feel himself linked on to the past as he receives a small honorarium from the Mansion House, part of the ancient endowment of "The Paul's Cross" sermon, which includes a small bottle of wine, in itself the remains of a curious custom not unknown in the City Churches.

There are, however, three special occasions on which St. Paul's puts on her garments of beauty in music and worship. The first of these is the Feast of the Patron Saint, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. It was only in 1871 that there was any special observance of this festival attempted. It was signalled by a dinner of the whole clerical staff, choir, and others, in the Chapter House; which afterwards formed such a useful gathering of forces, until it was temporarily stopped, like so many other things, by the War. Two years after, the custom of singing selections from the Oratorio of St. Paul with full orchestra, as the anthem at Evensong, was begun on this day. It was some years after that again, when it was decided to have a small orchestra to accompany the High Celebration at 10 o'clock. This service is now preceded by the Litany sung in procession, and is attended by a large and devout congregation, and is certainly a service of great beauty and even magnificence, the chief ministrants and the Chapter being in copes, and the Bishop of London pontificating.

There are also two other great acts of devotion in the

year, as they may be called, Spohr's "Last Judgment," or Brahms's "Requiem," sung in Advent as a special act of devotion, and the wonderful Passion music of Bach in Holy Week, which in its deep religious setting and exquisite rendering is looked forward to by thousands, as a profound and solemn refreshment in that sacred season. Few who have heard it will ever forget the marvellous rendering of the treble solos by the whole boy-choir singing, as it were, with one voice, or the fierce rush of the dramatic choir narrative as, for instance, in the cry for Barabbas and in the terrible shout "Crucify Him." And most of all the heart is stirred by the solemn and profound hush for private prayer at the moment when the description of the Agony in Gethsemane is reached. It almost helps one to realise the mysterious words of the Apocalypse of St. John, "There was silence in heaven."¹ This service has been kept up all through the War, and is eagerly looked for each year as Holy Week comes round.

In addition to these routine services, so to speak, which tax the resources of the Cathedral, the ever shifting round of national life, the vicissitudes of human affairs, the death of public men, the recurring anniversaries of Church Societies, all make demands on the Cathedral for its sympathetic help and ritual expression. Few of the thousands who attend these services know the call which they make on the time and energies of the virgers, the workmen, the body of

¹ Rev. viii. 1.

stewards on great occasions, to say nothing of the choir, the *ceremoniarius*, the Chapter and especially the Residentiary.

During the years of the War, the frequent visits of the King, the public memorials of the dead belonging to brigades and regiments, with all the requirements of the War Office, the Lord Chamberlain's office, the police, the municipal authorities and the like, have brought it about that the seating arrangements, the order of State processions, the arrangements of ticket holders and all the minutiae on which smoothness and success depend, have been reduced almost to a science; maps and plans and memoranda have produced such easy working that the public imagine that such services are, as it were, taken in our stride. And we are accused, sometimes with scant courtesy, of withholding the building, as if it were a public hall to be opened always and in every case to anyone who could pay the necessary expenses. It is needful to remind eager applicants that St. Paul's is not the Albert Hall merely to be valued for its size and capacity, but that more considerations even than those mentioned above demand care and thoughtfulness from its custodians. The Cathedral has even been accused of profiteering by some irresponsible journalist, for these things cannot be done without expenditure, which the Cathedral cannot bear, and which is the willing burden of those who ask for them. It is a great test of efficiency in the Cathedral staff arrangements, that when the whole area of the Cathedral has been upset for a service at 12, all should still be

rearranged and in its usual order in time for the ordinary Evensong at 4 o'clock. A year's record of Cathedral services would astonish those who look upon such institutions as the embodiment of sleepiness and decorous monotony.

In considering the life of the Cathedral it may be well to consider what permanent relations it has to its surroundings in addition to these occasional and National duties which, as occasion arises, are thrust upon it. St. Paul's, as a Cathedral, has no parish. Those who from time to time at rare intervals wish to be married here find this out to their cost. A special licence from the Archbishop, even if it is granted, is a costly affair in lawyers' fees and requisitions. On Sundays, and indeed on every day after 5 o'clock, the population has a tendency to vanish out of the City. And so when the crypt of the Cathedral was thrown open at night, during the infamous and barbarous German air-raids, there were few who availed themselves of its protection.

And yet St. Paul's is surrounded by warehouses in which hundreds and hundreds of young men and women are housed, who might well look to St. Paul's for some recognition, guidance, and help. As early as 1872 a series of lectures to young men was commenced and continued for some long time, there were also *conversazioni* held in the Chapter House in connection with the movement; this has left its mark in the Eastern windows of the crypt, presented by some of the young men of that time.

Two attempts have been made since those days,

which God Almighty has blessed, to discharge in some way the sense of duty which St. Paul's might have towards its immediate surroundings. The first of these is the St. Paul's Lecture Society founded in the year 1893, which is a private society linking itself with St. Paul's (where, by permission, it holds its meetings), and is not in any way officially connected with the body, but takes its name from its place of meeting. For twenty-six years now, under the guidance of a layman, Mr. Hodgkinson, it has held its courses of lectures and Retreats, and while it appeals to a wider body than merely to those who live around St. Paul's, it does at least hold out the right hand of welcome to the young life which stands in need of guidance and help. The lectures are given in the crypt during the autumn and the winter by different clergy invited for the purpose; but perhaps the most helpful feature of the Society's work is the Retreats for laymen which from time to time it organises and which are much appreciated.

The worshippers at St. Paul's on certain Sundays in the year would be surprised to know that simultaneously with the public service, which is being offered in the Cathedral as usual, Retreat services are being held in the upper regions where the public never penetrate on Sunday. After a special Celebration in St. Dunstan's Chapel the Retreat Offices and addresses take place in a room upstairs, known as the Trophy Room, and fitted up for this service, where the thickness of the walls and the firmness of the doors prevent any sound penetrating from the worship in the Cathedral, except the faint booming of the distant

organ; and also serve effectually to prevent the noise of the singing or responses from interfering with the worshippers in the Cathedral. The Library is used as the Conductor's room, and the Retreatants, in the intervals of their Offices, can take part, if they choose, in the great Cathedral worship from the Western gallery which connects the two rooms. Here is a real spiritual boon which St. Paul's is permitted to confer upon the younger men of London, and the Chapter House close at hand is able to minister to the bodily needs of those who take part in the Retreats, and serve as a centre for them in the inhospitable City.

There is also another body, which has assumed the name and patronage, not indeed of St. Paul's, but of the dwelling-place of the Canons, Amen Court, emphasising perhaps the domestic side which is put into prominence. The Amen Court Guild, as it is called, was started in a small way some twenty years ago. It has about 400 members and associates, many of them now scattered about in England and the Colonies, while fresh blood is always being added to it, in the persons of young men and boys who are constantly coming up from the country into the warehouses and find themselves alone in the vast peopled solitude of London. They are brought in by members of the Guild, who are on the look-out for them and sometimes, but only too rarely, they are commended by their parish clergy to our care. The Guild has survived the Great War, which took away 200 of its members, sixty of whom never came home again, and whose memorial is placed in the crypt. The Guild is of a quasi-domestic character

and is divided into four or five separate classes, which meet every week in the house and private room of some one or other of the Cathedral or City clergy, assembling altogether as a body about four times a year in the Chapter House, or for Corporate Communion once a year in one of the Cathedral Chapels, and once a year in the Trophy Room for a Retreat or Quiet Day. They have also a room in a house belonging to the Dean and Chapter which they use as a club. They must be Churchmen, and the rule which binds them together is of the simplest kind compatible with being a Christian at all. Great stress is laid on the fact of the weekly attendance, and that not in a class-room, or school-room or public building, but in our private houses where they feel themselves welcome and at home; and being trusted as they are, have never in all these years, been a source of trouble or inconvenience among the amenities of home life. They take great interest themselves in the management of the Guild, and look to us to prepare them for Confirmation when needed, to help them in their religious life, and sometimes to prepare their chosen brides for Confirmation and perform the Marriage ceremony. It is in every way a delightful little bit of pastoral work, which softens the impersonal life of the Cathedral, and warms up its ministrations with a sense of private usefulness.

Dr. Liddon once said, in speaking of the Cathedral, that it is difficult to make an elephant dance. At least, St. Paul's seems to have learned, if not to dance, at least to take people as it were upon its back, and not to remain merely for wonder and exhibition as a public



HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND.

show. There is yet one other occasion in which St. Paul's discharges an interesting and picturesque duty, when she opens her doors to the new Convocation now entering on a fresh session, for the election of its chief officers. On this occasion the service is said in Latin and a Latin sermon is preached generally by some learned Dean. The Latin processional psalm is very fine, and is followed by the Litany and the *Gloria in excelsis*. The Latin Litany is sung by the Precentor, the Bishop of Sarum, who is helped by a Minor Canon; the one guards against false quantities and the other against false notes. Archdeacon Denison is generally quoted as saying that he never remembered hearing the Latin service and sermon without a false quantity. A legend is current of a learned Dean who was called upon to preach the Latin sermon, to whom an Evangelical aunt, ignorant of the meaning of the service, addressed a remonstrance as follows: "My dear nephew, I hear that you are to preach a sermon in Latin at St. Paul's Cathedral; tell me what good that can possibly do to any one single soul!"

Enough has been said to show that St. Paul's is at all events a well-used building, that while it reverences its great past it is not content to dwell among the tombs. Almost every great society finds its home here, such as the Guild of St. Luke, the S.P.G., the Gregorian Association, the Girls' Friendly, the Bible Society, and many others. Only once has this hospitality been abused, but this is a thing of the past. Here the Clergy for the London diocese are

Ordained, Bishops Consecrated, young people Confirmed. Here people bring the famous dead, as in the case of Miss Nightingale and many others. Here are held the great public funerals of those whose bodies are committed to the crypt. It is one of the invidious tasks of the Dean and Chapter to decide as to the worthiness of the application, bearing due regard to the limited space and the many demands made upon it.

And now the threats have become loud and ominous, that the building is not safe and may totter to its fall. The danger is in two directions. If Winchester Cathedral was in danger from too much water at the foundation, St. Paul's is always in danger of too little. Being built theoretically as it were upon a filled sponge, anything which tends to draw away water from its foundations is a menace, and hence all tubes and drains in the region of the Cathedral have to be avoided. But also the pressure of the Dome on its supporting piers is very great, and these piers have on examination been found in many cases to be practically hollow, the filling up inside having perished. These piers are now being filled in with grouting, not before it was wanted, as certain cracks and loose stones have shown. It is a long and costly process, but there is every reason to suppose that, under the ceaseless vigilance and activity of our Treasurer, Canon Alexander, the safety of the building will in the end be secured to be for many years the centre of Church work and Church life in London.

X

THE TREASURES OF THE LORD'S HOUSE

X

THE TREASURES OF THE LORD'S HOUSE

“Such things as were of gold in gold, and of silver in silver.”

DURING the last twenty-nine years which represent my residence at St. Paul's the changes and additions made to the building itself in the way of decoration, and in more substantial ways still, have been very many and very important, and to witness them has been a great interest and a great privilege.

To begin with, there have been three very important additions which have added greatly to the efficiency of Cathedral work and to the completeness of the building. The first of these is the new clock in the South-west Tower, which was placed there largely owing to the exertions of Dean Gregory, aided by that great authority on clocks, Lord Grimthorpe. Happily, it was found impossible to illuminate the dial by night, which would have been too suggestive of a Town Hall, but the benefits of its measurement of time were augmented by the addition of a new dial on the East side, for the benefit of the traveller as he came up Cannon Street. Among the many good things we have whereby to remember the great Dean is this clock, almost perfect in its accuracy and punctual warning. Dr. Holland has told us how “he (Dean Gregory), in the management of the Cathedral, relied

on the perfect security of order. Everything must be in time, and exactly to the right time, and there must be no lapses and irregularities. I remember once his standing on the West steps and saying rather solemnly to me, 'Remember, Holland, when I am gone, that the secret of a place like this lies in punctuality.' And it is wonderful what punctuality means in the life of a Cathedral. Everybody knew that as the clock struck there would be the Dean ready. And the sense of this braces the temper of a whole establishment: it gives a sense of importance even to little things; they are felt to be worth doing, and worth doing well, if the Dean takes care to be in time for them."¹ Among the injuries inflicted upon us by the barbarous moonlight raids, the compulsory silencing of the clock at night was by no means to be ignored.

Another material advantage which we owe to Dean Gregory during this period was the installing of the electric light. In 1902 by the princely generosity of his friend, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the well-known American financier, the whole of the Cathedral was illuminated by electricity. Rumour says that the first offer was £5,000, but before the work was finished the expenses reached the enormous sum of £17,000. The wiring alone was immense, carried through all the different levels of the building and up to the Dome, while the standards and fixings were made to harmonise with the building. It was a princely gift and one of great permanent value to the Cathedral.

The third great improvement was a new system

¹ "The Autobiography of Robert Gregory," pp. 258, 259.

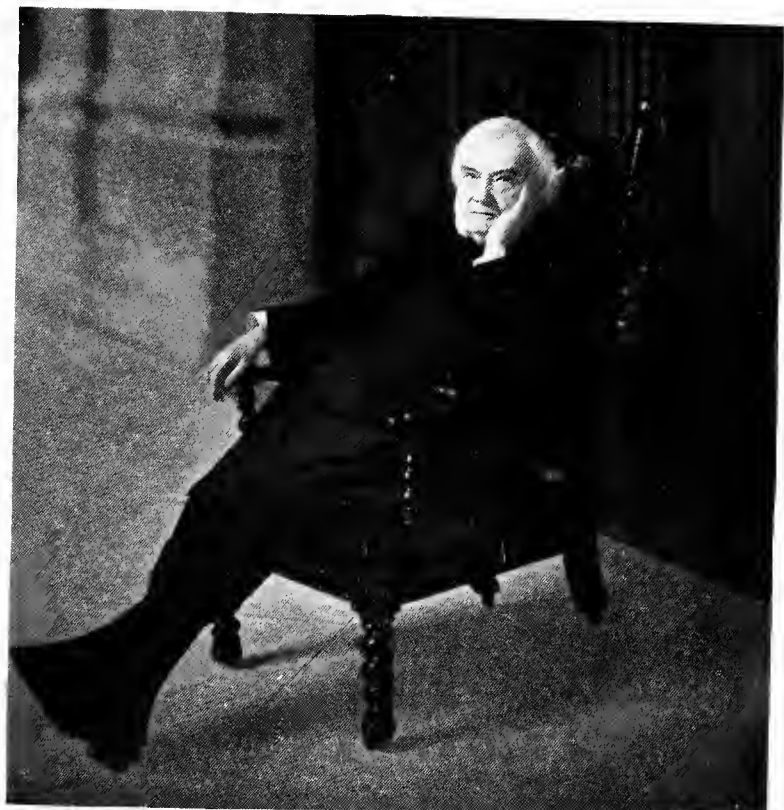
of warming, which was installed in quite recent years. It is very complete and effective, dealing with the down draught and the greater cold of the upper regions due to the withdrawal of the gas. Green, in his graphic diary in 1853, describes the then warming of the Cathedral which, to say the least of it, was primitive. "Archdeacon Hale had a sort of wagon drawn about the floor, filled with red hot coke." Perhaps in those days they were not unmindful of the answer which Pugin gave when questioned as to how the mediæval Cathedrals were warmed in winter. "How were they warmed? with devotion, of course." This primitive warming was succeeded by Gurney stoves in the Crypt, with gratings in the floor of the nave. These were tolerably efficient; but sometimes created a greater draught of cold air than the warmth of the hot air which they supplied. The excavations made for the new scheme, and for the provision of fresh workshops under the Churchyard, led to the discovery of some fragments of old St. Paul's and also of two stone coffins.

The most conspicuous alteration of these times, however, was undoubtedly the enrichment of the walls with a system of mosaic decorations. This again, although long contemplated, owed its final initiation to the energy and determination of Dean Gregory. For years the decoration of St. Paul's had been in the air. Wren had always been supposed to have contemplated it, and to have made provisions for it. Sir Joshua Reynolds and others made overtures to execute paintings on the walls: and subsequently scheme after

scheme was proposed, including the veneering of the walls with marble at a fabulous cost; designs for mosaic by the best available artists were also secured, which may be seen to-day hid away in the galleries, or even used as ornamentations for their walls. But nothing was done with the large sum of money which had been collected for the purpose.

In 1891 the Dean therefore called a Committee together, and it was decided to entrust the work of decoration to Mr. (now Sir) W. B. Richmond. He at once set to work to elaborate a scheme of mosaic decoration with which, at a cost of about £78,000, the Choir, the Choir aisles, and under portions of the Dome have been beautified.

In the opinion of many competent judges it would be difficult to find either in mediæval or modern times a more conscientious and artistic piece of work than this which adorns the great Cathedral. Sir William Richmond from the beginning took us into his counsels. In the first place he wished to return to the old method of mosaic as exemplified by the early masters, especially at Ravenna. As a matter of principle, he set his face against the system of smooth mosaic first set on paper and then applied in sections to the wall, as in the mosaics of Italian origin already existing in the Dome. He determined rather to endeavour to develop in its place the severer style of Italian work as practised from the sixth to the ninth century, and to build up upon this foundation "a system of decoration which should belong to the wider though shallower perceptions of the modern mind." In these mosaics



DEAN GREGORY.

Photograph Elliott & Fry

the *tesserae* are put in by the workmen one by one, so building up the design which has been traced for them from the coloured cartoon upon the surface of the wall. It is a work which requires from each workman some sort of artistic perception and skill, to catch the light and also the true position and proper effect. And the result is to be seen in a depth of colour which is quite absent from the smooth pictorial mosaics of the modern Venetian school, when the sunlight, rare alas! in our climate, catches the rough and diversified surface and transfigures it.

I once asked a workman what he considered a good day's work in this decoration, and he said he could cover with mosaic in the day a space of about the size of a pocket handkerchief, but that if it was a face to be worked in, it would take him longer. In the second place Richmond was anxious to set up a school as it were of English mosaicists, which he has succeeded in doing in the workmen of Messrs. Powell of Whitefriars, who so ably furthered his efforts and carried out his designs. In the third place he was careful to point out to us that a medium like mosaic rather than fresco was a necessity in view of the dust, smoke and corroding acids of the London atmosphere.

Having developed his plans, our artist lost no time in setting to work, and always worked harmoniously with us, being glad to avail himself of such advice as we were able to give in matters of importance which did not trend on subjects of art, as to which he knew better. At first, as was inevitable in a building with its strange lights and shadows, uneven surfaces,

and peculiar character, he was constrained to feel his way.

The first two designs fixed in the spandrels of the arcade of the North-east wall of the Choir were carried out in a way which he subsequently altered to the complete method described above. The beautiful design of the creation of the birds, in the extreme shallow Dome of the Choir on the East, was found apparently to be not sufficiently effective, and was modified in the more striking design of the two other Domes. But these were matters for the expert. It was in the choice of subjects and texts and matters of that kind that we were especially consulted.

The general scheme was, to the best of my belief, evolved from the mind of Sir William Richmond. A large figure of our Lord in Glory, seated in judgment on the rainbow throne, occupying the centre panel in the roof of the apse, forms the artistic point on which all the decorations converge: in the panels on either side of Him, right and left, are the Angels, on the right welcoming the blessed, on the left reprobating the lost. In the windows of the clerestory of the apse are represented the four and twenty elders (eight in each window) casting down their crowns before the throne, and in the panels in a tier below, hardly distinguishable when looked at from the floor, are figures typical of the virtues of Hope, Fortitude, Charity, Truth, Chastity, and Justice, and a representation on either side of the sea giving up its dead.

Bearing in mind the central Majesty, we see standing out in bold design Angels poised in flight

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on the four pendentives of each of the three saucer Domes, each with a message and a proclamation, as, for instance: "*Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris vidit lucem magnam*;" or, again, "*Factus est principatus super humorum Ejus*;" and, again, "*Vocabitur nomen Ejus admirabilis*." These Angels form a sort of avenue of praise and exhortation, leading up to the great Majesty over the Altar.

We come next to the roof. This is broken up into three saucer Domes, and is divided thus into three separate compartments by semi-circular arches on which is an inscription. The general scheme of the roof is designed to represent God's glory in creation, and on the face of these arches, each over its corresponding Dome runs the text: *Omnes volucres cœli*, where the birds are seen in all the glory of their variegated plumage; *Omnia quæ moventur in aquis*, where the sea-monsters and fish spout a silvery stream and gambol in the deep waters; *Omnes bestię et pecora*, where once more are seen the beasts in all the beauty of their creation—*benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*. While on the reverse side is recorded *Invisibilia Ejus a creatione mundi. Per ea quæ facta sunt intellecta, conspiciuntur, sempiterna Ejus virtus et Divinitas*. A close inspection of these beautiful designs (now alas! no longer possible since the removal of the scaffolding, except indeed from the neighbouring cornice), would discover sundry suggestive mystical texts or fragments of texts with which we used to supply our patient artist.

Coming down to a lower level, that of the Choir

clerestory (if it may be so called) we find other schemes of subjects still converging towards the great Majesty, symbolical of the manifestation of Christ in the Incarnation, there displayed as Judge of quick and dead. On the North side are represented in large mosaic pictures on each side of the windows, those who foresaw or prepared the way for Christ. There is the figure of Job; there is Abraham with the three mysterious men; there is Alexander who prepared the way of Christ by his conquests; and Cyrus who brought back the Jews to their own land. There are the Persian and the Delphic Sibyls, representing the earnest longing of the heathen world. On the South side, again, there are the different temple-builders, so to speak, leading up to the temple in which God was incarnate. There is Jacob, and Moses, Bezaleel and Aholiab, Solomon and David, Solomon being put out of his place according to the wish of the designer as less worthy than David to occupy the place of honour. Underneath these are placed excerpts from the Advent Antiphons of expectation: in all which things it will be found that this scheme of mosaics, like all good work, merits minute inspection. There is a lower tier of decoration still, in which it is not easy to trace the consecutive designs. Apart from the Angels who guard the sanctuary, on the South side in the spandrels of the arches, are two mosaics representing the Fall of Man; on the North side also there is one mosaic representing the Creation of light, and another which displays the Annunciation. The design is eventually finished up by two beautiful pictures

on either side of the Altar representing Sacrifice, in the history of Melchisedec and Noah respectively. Every available surface in the Choir, excepting in places where decoration would interfere with the appearance of structural stability, is covered with floral and other ornamental designs. It is in every way a great conception, wonderfully executed, and one feels at the same time that in this work a new field is opened for the talents of English artists and English workmen, so that it would seem that here are the beginnings of an English School of mosaic, founded on the best models of the past.

The Choir and its aisles form a piece of completed work, and more or less consecutive design. The beginnings of work in the Dome were also enterprised, but this was subjected to a great deal of adverse comment, some experiments which were made in painting and inscription being taken for finished work, which criticism pronounced to be of a character calculated to interfere with the solemn majesty of Wren's work. Nothing of very serious importance was eventually undertaken, except some ornamental work in the Quarter-Domes, and in the supports of the great cupola (as to which last, perhaps, criticism has something to say). But the main decoration of the Dome yet remains to be undertaken, perhaps by another generation.

These were years of very great interest in which I was privileged to watch the work grow at close quarters, and, in spite of criticism, one cannot but feel that it is a work worthy of the great architectural

Years that are Past

monument which some seem to think it a profanity even to touch. And this is the answer to those who resent any interference with the contours of this great building that "though the stone work has had to be cut away to a depth of about three-quarters of an inch, wherever mosaic is laid on the Portland stone, the mosaic brings the surface in all cases exactly to the original plane. There has in no case been any tampering with the contours or mouldings of Sir Christopher Wren." And further, if it be objected that the decoration is too elaborate and subdued in colouring to strike the eye with the sense of colour and of beauty, yet here, again, supposing the objection to be true, nothing has been done which would draw the eye away from the magnificent proportion and symmetry of the building.

Beautiful as they are, the mosaics pertain to the building which is the context of worship, rather than to the more immediate adjuncts of worship itself.

In the old days the floor of St. Paul's was practically one long level, as may be seen in prints of that period, with a slight elevation for the Altar itself. This stood against the wall in the Eastern apse, and the sanctuary was enclosed by a low screen of wrought iron, which now divides the Choir from the Dome, in the place of the old organ screen. Subsequently the Choir was raised, the Altar brought forward to its present position and more recently still the Reredos was added. It is rather pathetic to recall the first attempt to dignify the Altar. The old one, which is now in the crypt, and occasionally used, is a magnificent

table of inlaid wood, which stood, as I have said, against the East wall. When this was brought forward a floral cross was set above it on Easter Day, 1870. The frontal, now used for the first time, and hangings had been provided at a cost of £102 15s. in 1862, and a wooden cross, now on the Altar in the crypt, appeared in about 1872, and candlesticks would seem to have formed part of the original furniture. Lighted candles on the Altar of St. Paul's, as shown in a print of a consecration of Bishops and in a large plate representing "the Communion of the Anglicans at St. Paul's" in the beginning of the eighteenth century, were referred to by Archbishop Benson in the Lincoln judgment, and in the account books of the Cathedral in 1718, 1725, 1740, money was expended for gilding, repairing, and burnishing the Altar candlesticks.

The erection of the Reredos, the work of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, which was completed in 1888, two years before my installation as Canon, marks a distinct epoch in the development of the Cathedral as a place of worship. It was, of course, the terror of Protestants and became an object of litigation, and it was only in 1891 that a final judgment in the House of Lords was given in its favour. The stricter followers of Wren among the architects still object to it as interfering with the great design of the apse, and yet, whatever may be said for their objection there is no doubt that its erection has added immensely to the devotional aspect of the Church, as the symbol of our Redemption meets the eye as the visitor enters the building, by the Western doors.

Since those days in the period which is treated of in these pages the additions to the treasures of the Cathedral have been many and valuable. In 1890 a new Altar in ebony and bronze, the work of Mr. Bodley, was placed under the Reredos. It bears the following inscription: *Ad maiorem Dei Omnipotentis Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti gloriam, et in honorem S. Pauli apostoli hoc altare D. Louisa G. Ambrose A.D. 1890.* This is provided with a complete set of frontals, both for festivals and penitential seasons. Among them there is a magnificent white one, designed by Mr. Medland and executed at the St. Katharine's School of Embroidery, Queen Square, W.C., containing three panels representing phases in the life of St. Paul, with figures of the four archangels. It cost about £500 and has the effect of a fine piece of tapestry, and is quite the most artistic of the many frontals. A new and elaborate one has also lately been given to the Cathedral, the work of wounded soldiers, and was used for the first time at the Peace service in 1919.

In front of the Altar have been placed in these years two magnificent bronze candlesticks. They are copies of those in the Church of St. Bavon in Ghent, the originals being not procurable. These, according to tradition, once stood in old St. Paul's, having been made by Benedetto of Rovezzano by order of Henry VIII., whose royal arms may be seen upon them, to stand round his tomb at Windsor. The erection of a Bishop's seat within the sanctuary, and sedilia for the use of the Chapter at the Altar and for the

sacred ministers have also been added. A fine railing of stone or bronze is now much needed.

With reference to what is stated above, it may be mentioned here that other relics, as it were, of treasures from old St. Paul's have been traced. Although the genuine character of the relationship may perhaps be doubted, Dr. Sparrow Simpson, whose researches in the history of St. Paul's were so valuable, showed me a photograph of an Altar Frontal, said to have belonged to old St. Paul's, which is now in a Church in Spain. It contained a supposed representation of the Tower of London in a magnificent pictorial design. Bishop Hine also tells me that he was shown some years ago, in the Cathedral at *Las Palmas*, a very large and sumptuous candelabrum, made of brass, eight or ten feet high, standing behind the Altar of the Cathedral, said to have come from old St. Paul's, and to have been given by Queen Mary.

Great additions have been made in these years also to the Altar plate. Dean Milman has described in his annals of St. Paul's the robbery on December 23, 1810, of the Communion Plate and other treasures of most curious and interesting workmanship, worth, it is estimated, about £2,000. Its place was supplied by mean and unworthy substitutes made of copper-gilt. The cases of the old plate are all that remain, and no trace has ever been found of the treasures themselves. In 1872, by the aid of generous subscriptions with which the names of Dr. Sparrow Simpson, Mr. Hall, the daughter of Archdeacon Hale, and the widow of Canon Melville are connected, four

Chalices and Patens with Flagon, all of silver gilt, were provided, and are now in constant use, and at the same time a magnificent silver gilt alms dish was presented, with a moulded representation of Raphael's cartoon of St. Paul preaching at Athens in the centre, the gift of Mr. T. W. Butterworth. For practical purposes it is too massive, and when filled with alms bags with their contents, it is as much as the officiant can lift as he staggers under its weight to present the alms on the Altar. The Cathedral treasury now contains a still more magnificent set of gold plate, four Chalices, and Patens and two Flagons; they are of beautiful renaissance design, and were offered in the first place anonymously and so accepted. Subsequently, owing to proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court, into which it is not necessary to enter, they were bought in by Dr. Scott Holland at the price, it is said, of £1,500, and so secured to the Cathedral without any taint of scandal.

The treasury has been further enriched by the magnificent silver-gilt Altar plate belonging to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, for use in their Chapel, and also by a very fine French Chalice and Paten, silver gilt, of an extreme renaissance type, the gift of Prebendary Eck, and also a Chalice and Paten of silver, beautifully ornamented and jewelled, which is in daily use. There is also a silver *ciborium*, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, for use at the High-Altar.

It is a cause for great thankfulness that St. Paul's should thus be furnished with, as it were, the gold,

as well as we hope, spiritually, with the frankincense and myrrh. In other ways also the Altar service has been enriched. A lady presented a few years ago a missal elaborately illuminated by her own hands, and several other Altar books have also been given by friends, or as memorials, one of which has been stolen out of St. Dunstan's Chapel. I mention this to show that St. Paul's cannot be left to take care of itself, and that locked gates and doors and precautions of that kind are necessary, in view of the very miscellaneous crowd which passes in and out every day. In connection with the Altar it is right also to mention a magnificent set of burses and chalice veils embroidered with very striking designs, and in one case jewelled. They are extremely artistic and valuable. A processional banner on which is embroidered the figure of St. Mellitus has also been added in connection with the celebration, in 1904, of the thirteenth centenary of his consecration as Bishop of London.

One of the most striking additions to the splendour of St. Paul's in this period was the ceremonial copes, which were used for the first time on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897. These are five in number, and were designed by Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite and Mr. G. F. Bodley. They are described as being of the richest *brocatelle* material of a soft creamy colour, heavy with gold thread and lined with blue linen, with tippets of green velvet—as to their heaviness there can be no doubt. On the occasion of a long festival or in a hot Church, one is reminded of the

heavy-laden procession of the hypocrites in Dante's "Inferno":

Egli avean cappe con cappucci bassi
 Dinanzi agli occhi, fatti della taglia
 Che in Cologna per li monachi fassi.
 Di fuor dorate son, si ch'egli abbaglia
 Ma dentro tutte piombo.¹

There is a heavier cope still, which Bishop Creighton left to St. Paul's. It is made of a piece of the Empress Frederick's Coronation robe, and was, I believe, designed by the late Mr. Kempe. But even pride that feels no pain can seldom endure this cope. The Bishop of London brings a cope and mitre of his own. The mitre in the Cathedral is quite plain and seldom used.

The two processional crosses also have been given in this period. The one in common use is of simple and beautiful design and, to the best of my belief, comes from Venice. The other is much larger and heavier, and is in reality a crucifix with an enamel figure of the Crucified, which at present is overlaid with a silver-gilt covering. It was the gift of Mrs. Barry, and is made of silver-gilt with carbuncles to form the four bunches of grapes which hang from the cross with a green onyx on the top. The whole of the metal work is *repoussé* with the exception of the cherubs' heads beneath the cross. The ornaments and the figure are in enamel. The shaft is of ebony. Mr. Reginald Blomfield designed it.

During the same period, two fresh Chapels for

¹ Dante, "Inferno," xxiii, 61.

special purposes, as already described, have been opened, and a third is in process of adaptation. The space at the back of the high Altar under the apse has been turned into a modern Jesus Chapel, the Jesus Chapel in old days having been in the crypt. It has its own Reredos, but this is far from satisfactory. It consists of an adaptation of a picture by Cima in the National Gallery, set in a frame of marble pillars. But whereas the original is of brilliant colouring, this in the Chapel is so black and dingy that it might easily be a black board, and with a rather sombre Altar makes the Chapel dull and gloomy. Two fine candlesticks from the Strawberry Hill collection, given, I believe, by Dr. Holland, stand in front of the Altar, and at the North side is a fine recumbent effigy of Dr. Liddon, with its beautiful inscription attributed to Dr. Paget, late Bishop of Oxford.

Mementote fratres fratris in Christo Henrici Parry Liddon ecclesiæ hujusce Cathedralis canonici et cancellarii animam ejus commendantes Domino Quem fide constantissima Redemptorem atque Regem Deum verum de Deo vero adoravit dilexit prædicavit expectat nunc de cœlo rediturum + decessit Die IX^{no}. Septembris. Anno Domini MDCCCXC^m octatis sæcæ LXII^{no}.

The Reredos alluded to above is also erected to his memory. This Chapel is used for occasional celebrations of Holy Communion as described in a previous chapter, and for services such as the admission of choristers, and for suchlike purposes. It is small and not very convenient. The Chapel of St. Michael and St. George has been fitted up in a much more elaborate style. But here, again, the result is not commensurate with the money and labour bestowed

upon it. The Chapel stands at the extreme Southwest of the Cathedral, approached from the South aisle by an open screen of oak. It had been used for some years as a sort of shrine in which to hide away Stevens' magnificent monument to Wellington, because the reigning powers objected to its occupying the place designed for it in the open Church. It was also used as the Consistory Court. In 1901 the authorities of the Order of St. Michael and St. George received an offer from Archdeacon Sinclair on the part of the Dean and Chapter to find an ecclesiastical home for this Order in St. Paul's. After some deliberation and search for a suitable place it was finally decided to appropriate to their use, saving the usual Cathedral rights, this Chapel, from which Wellington's tomb had been removed to its proper site, leaving only the Font which of late years had been placed there, and the rights of the Consistory Court to be disposed of. It was not difficult to find a better place for the Font; and the Consistory Court after some trouble was granted a place in the North transept. A great deal of care and thought and money have been expended on this Chapel. The roof has been painted with the arms of the King, the Prince of Wales, and Sir Robert Herbert, the Chancellor of the Order at that time. The ornamentation, however, looks thin; teak as a material for the stalls and seats seems to be looked down upon as a poor relation by the oak of the Grinling Gibbons' screen. The costly little enamels inserted as memorials of departed members of the Order do not seem to lend themselves

to a scheme of "consecutive art." The window is colourless, and the banners lose themselves in the gloom of the roof. The Reredos in the best Wren style, however, is fine. There is a really beautiful image of St. George on the top of it, now very difficult to see, and a good adaptation of Raphael's St. Michael from the Louvre over the Altar. Some day, perhaps, the Chapel may be rearranged. In the meantime there are beautiful things to see in it, even if the effect of the whole is not satisfactory. Here once a year a grand service of the Order is held, and at other times as occasion demands.

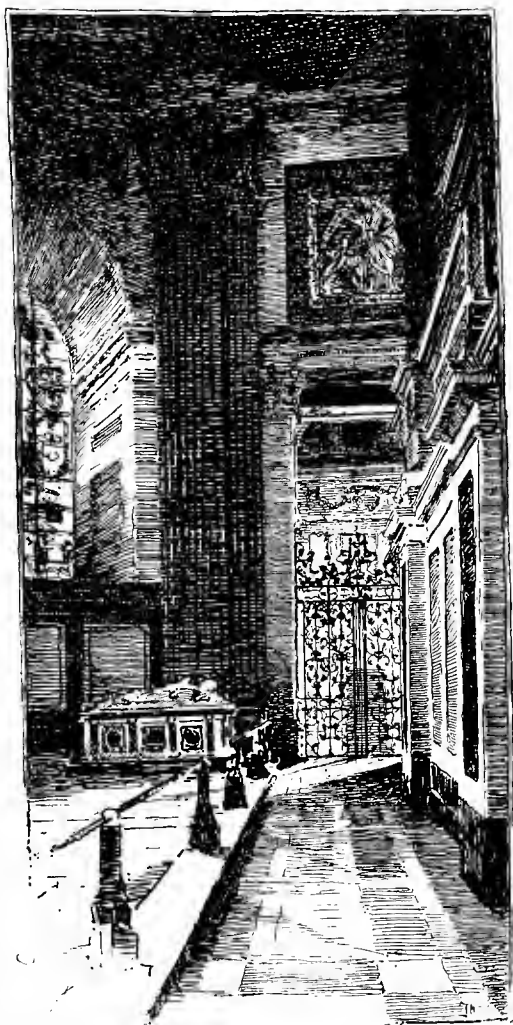
The Kitchener Memorial Chapel is to be fitted up on the North side at the West of St. Dunstan's Chapel, and is designed to be a centre for military devotion, and a good deal of money is being spent on making that a worthy Chapel, which was once only the lobby of a practice room for the Choir.

During these years pictures have made their appearance as ornaments and decorations on the large plain surface of the walls, and the Cathedral seems to lend itself to them as a decoration. Here hang two allegorical pictures painted by Mr. Watts, the one presented by himself and the other by his widow. Here Mr. Holman Hunt's second rendering of his picture "The Light of the World" hangs in the South aisle of the nave, presented by Mr. Booth. It is in no sense a replica of the first picture, which is now in the Chapel of Keble College, Oxford, and many will think it lacking in some of the distinctive

beauties of that wonderful religious picture. Still it performs a useful function in the aisle of St. Paul's, and attracts many a thoughtful and wondering gaze from those who pass in and out throughout the week.

Once more, during this period St. Paul's has received more stained glass windows than perhaps is good for it, for it is dark enough already, and stained glass and mosaics do not always agree together. Bearing this in mind, Sir William Richmond inserted his own glass made in a particular way, and for a particular purpose, among the mosaics of the Choir. Still, on the whole, the other windows which have been added are good, four by Mr. Kempe being remarkably good. Some others perhaps it would be well not to particularise. Some of Sir E. Poynter's finished designs for mosaics have also found a place on the walls.

It only remains to notice briefly the erection in 1910 of a memorial of Paul's Cross at the North-east corner of the Cathedral in the Churchyard, not on the actual site of the old cross which is marked in the pavement, but close to it. This is from the design of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, the statuary being the work of Mr. Bertram Mackenall. It is the gift of the late Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P. for East Finsbury. It is a fine monument, not of much present practical use, but commemorative of a famous past. The pulpit platform which surrounds it was mistaken for the basin of a fountain by an intelligent worshipper on the occasion of its opening, who anticipated that when



IN THE JESUS CHAPEL, ST. PAUL'S,
SHEWING DR. LIDDON'S TOMB.
(By permission of "The Treasury.")

Treasures of the Lord's House 233

it was vacated by the Bishop of London and the Canons who took part in the opening ceremony, it would be filled with water. It is to be hoped that in years to come St. Paul's may find equally beneficent donors with the right sense of proportion and dignity.

XI

ST. PAUL'S

A SATURDAY PARTY

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“Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.”

THE custom of Saturday parties to visit the Cathedral dates, like many other good things, from the time of Dean Gregory, when as Canon he started the idea of showing the beauties of that building to selected parties on the Saturdays of his Residence. He would show them all the remarkable features, and finally regale them with buns in the Trophy Room. The other Residentiaries in time came to follow this custom, and it became one of the regular unwritten duties of the Canon-in-residence to conduct round the Cathedral guilds and societies and others who applied for the privilege, and to give them on behalf of the Chapter a cup of tea in the Chapter House at the close of Evensong.

It has fallen to my lot to be the conductor of many of these parties before the War stopped, or at least interfered with us. I have conducted many bodies and classes of Nonconformists, who always display great interest in any information which is given them

about St. Paul's. I remember on one occasion, in their desire to show their appreciation of the kindness, as they thought, shown to them, how their leader proposed that they should sing one of their hymns at the Chapter House tea, and such a hymn as I should like. The one they chose was a hymn whose every verse ended with the refrain—"By faith we are saved, not by works, not by works"! It also fell to my lot in 1910 to be the conductor of an archæological party from Beauvais accompanied by one of the Canons of the Cathedral of that city, in his cassock. They published afterwards a short notice of their visit in their Archæological Journal. After discanting on the inferiority of St. Paul's to St. Peter's, it describes my humble self as one who *s'est montré le guide le plus bienveillant et le plus éclairé*. They go on to say that many of their party relying on the common designation *La protestante Angleterre* expected on entering St. Paul's *à visiter un temple plutôt qu'une église*, and were surprised to find (I quote their words) altars adorned with flowers and candlesticks in place of a simple, bare table; images of the saints in place of verses of the Psalms; the scenes of the life of the Virgin reproduced in the windows and in the pictures, even over the High Altar; in one word, all the emblems and accessories of worship, except the holy water stoups and the Confessionals. St. Paul's, they go on to say, is, however, of purely Anglican origin and does not pass as Ritualistic, and after some reflections on Anglicanism and Protestantism, the account ends up—*L'Église anglicane est schismatique, hérétique, anti-*

papiste : elle n'est pas plus protestante que l'Eglise grecque ou l'Eglise orthodoxe russe.

The general run of visitors is not, however, so interesting, and it becomes a matter for reflection as to what aspect of the Cathedral should be exhibited, as for instance to a party of young men with their young ladies, all too ready to talk if there is any failure of supply in things which interest them, and who are haunted by the prepossession that after all the only thing worth visiting in St. Paul's is the whispering gallery or the stone gallery, from which after an exciting climb they can look down on London. For myself, I find that one speedily drops into the ways of a showman, and I find myself wondering sometimes whether the oft-repeated story is all true. The two things to be avoided I have always held to be, the loud voice which destroys the sense of quiet and awe in the Cathedral, and anything which lets the party get out of hand.

We start at the West end with a strictly limited space of time before us, as all our efforts are conditioned by the Cathedral Evensong at 4 o'clock. First of all there are the two Chapels (or three, if the Kitchener Memorial is included) mentioned in a previous chapter, the Chapel of St. Dunstan's, and the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, on the North and South sides respectively. The first of these Chapels being set apart for private devotion is seldom accessible to our parties. It has some interesting memorials, as, for instance, the Western Mosaic in memory of Archdeacon Hale, and the

North window, one of the best in the Church, in memory of Dean Mansel. The mosaic over the Altar is an adaptation of a famous fresco by Raphael. Curiously enough the marble slabs inserted in the East wall are practically the only reminiscence which we have in the building of Dean Church, who, tradition says, was instrumental in placing them there. For it was an express desire on his part that no memorial should be erected to his memory. And all that actually recalls his great ministry to the visitor is his name among the other names of Deans which appear on the marble slab near the Lord Mayor's Vestry. In vain also we look for any memorial of Bishop Lightfoot, who was one of St. Paul's most distinguished Canons.

The Southern Chapel already described presents more objects of interest to the ordinary tourist; the banners of the knights hang there, and there are memorials of the departed in the floors and on the panels which are costly, if curious, while the Reredos is a very fine imitation of a Wren erection, some old oak pillars being used in its construction. Returning to the North aisle, our party proceeds; they look at in passing a fine tomb of Lord Leighton by Brock, and let into the wall, memorials to soldiers, including one of a cavalry officer without spurs, which is a trouble to the military precisian. Here, too, is Gordon's tomb, which seldom lacks its tribute of flowers, sometimes put there evidently by quite poor people. The inscription is a very fine one:

To

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B.

Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak,
his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering,
his heart to God.

Born at Woolwich 28 January 1833

Slain at Khartoum 26 January 1885.

He saved an Empire by his warlike genius, he ruled vast provinces,
with justice, wisdom and power,

And lastly obedient to his sovereign's command he died in the
heroic attempt to save men, women and children from
imminent and deadly peril.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life
for his friends."—(S. John xv. 13).

The great monument, however, in this part of the Cathedral, and perhaps the finest monument of the last century, is Stevens' magnificent erection in memory of the Duke of Wellington. It was originally placed by an unfortunate decision in the South-west Chapel, a place never designed for it, and where it could never be seen to any advantage. An endeavour was made to turn the Chapel into a funeral shrine, and marble bas reliefs dealing with the Wellington idea were let into the wall. They may now be seen ornamenting the panels which are behind some of the strange monuments in the South nave aisle. But better influences prevailed, and in 1892 the monument was moved to the place which Stevens had wished it to fill, while the cost of the removal and re-erection, which amounted to the enormous sum of £2,000, was provided by Lord Leighton. Some years later the monument

was completed by the erection of an equestrian statue on the top of the tomb, after a design which the artist left behind him in an unfinished state. And a railing was placed around it, supported on lions, which were also designed by Stevens.

The two brass slabs in memory of the loss of H.M.S. *Captain* may attract even greater interest from the ordinary sightseer. This was the first turret ship constructed for the use of the British Navy, the designer being Captain Cowper Coles. A mistake of two feet in her construction made her unseaworthy, and she foundered in 1870 in the Bay of Biscay; only eighteen of her crew were saved, and the inventor himself was among those who perished, whose names are recorded on the large slabs.

Passing farther east we reach the vestry of the Lord Mayor, who has this peculiar privilege as being, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, one of the trustees of the Cathedral. This room was put to an unwonted use during the War, as a sleeping place for the relief of the watch who kept guard in St. Paul's every night in case of a fire caused by the barbarian raids. A word as to this watch may not be uninteresting. Early in 1915 a watch of architects and their assistants was formed to act as a guard over the Cathedral after the workmen had left. Volunteers readily came forward, and seven companies were formed to do duty one night a week. After a few months this work of patrolling the Cathedral in all its intricacies of passage and staircase was found so onerous that men from other professions had to

be enrolled. In all about 260 men have done service for the watch, and they were trained by the London Fire Brigade. The Cathedral had some narrow escapes; but except for a fragment from an explosive German bomb on the stone gallery, which made a slight mark, it was hit only twice, and that by our own anti-aircraft shells. The members of the watch wore a distinctive badge, carrying the Cathedral arms. Farther east from this spot there are four slabs containing the names and dates of the Deans of St. Paul's, dating back to the Conquest and down to the present day.

At this point it is found convenient to pass into the body of the Church, where in the approach to the Dome our attention is arrested by the two pictures already alluded to. These are both allegorical designs by Mr. Watts, and both in colour and symbolism fit in very well with a renaissance building, such as St. Paul's. "Time, Death and Judgment" appeals to all, as well as being a splendid bit of colour, while "Peace and Goodwill" leaves ample room for imaginative speculation. "The Light of the World," also referred to above in the South aisle, to which we now again cross, is too well known to need further description.

In the narrow approach to the Dome our party makes as it were a "station" to look at and consider the very interesting slabs which contain the names of the Bishops of London from the year 314 down to the present day. They were collected and placed here by the help and care of Bishop Browne, when he was

serving on the decoration committee, and they form a very useful object lesson to those who need to be taught both the antiquity and the continuity of the Church of England. Here we read the names of Mellitus, who presided as Bishop over the first St. Paul's in the days of Ethelbert, who had been converted by the preaching of St. Augustine in the early days of the seventh century. Here we may recall Ethelbert's gift of land to St. Paul's in the manor of Tillingham in Essex, which still remains in the possession of the Cathedral to this day, a tenure of which we are proud. Here, coming down to later times, we may read the names of Bonner and Ridley, and remember the turmoil of the Reformation times. Here is Laud's name, who fell on the scaffold on Tower Hill, and here, too, is Juxon's, who stood on the scaffold with Charles I., and Compton's with his long episcopate, in whose reign the Cathedral was built. It was thus distinguished as the work of one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, with his master builder, Mr. Strong, assisted by his son, practically in the reign of one Bishop, Bishop Compton. There are no doubt many reflections which would be called up by a perusal of these names on the part of those who have the necessary historical knowledge; but our party must press on.

As we enter the Dome we realise that St. Paul's belongs to London, and that, however beautiful its proportions and details may be, the London atmosphere may jealously hide its glories from the eyes of any exploring party, however eager to penetrate its

mysteries. The view of the interior of the Dome depends almost entirely on the atmosphere. It must be realised that, practically speaking, there are three domes, one, that which supports the Cross and Ball, which is an erection in the shape of a cone, and architecturally related more to a spire than a dome. The second is the blue dome of lead, so well known to the Londoner, and which represents a sort of umbrella, covering the woodwork and details of the dome mentioned above; and then there is the inner dome into which our party are gazing, which, while it is on the inside, does not represent the actual inside of the outer dome, being of a different shape. It serves as a large curtain or covering to the *auditorium* beneath it, known as the ritual dome of sermons and functions. Gazing up to this, the eye wanders away into a little gallery high up, seldom entered and supposed for different reasons not to be safe. But the point to which on a fine day our attention is directed is first of all the monochrome frescoes which cover the inner panels. These were painted by Sir James Thornhill in spite of Wren's remonstrances, and cannot be pronounced to be entirely successful. They represent scenes from the life of St. Paul, but apart from some architectural drawing, which is said to conflict with the lines of the Dome, they are gloomy, on many days undistinguishable, and add little if anything to the beauty of that which they are supposed to decorate. It is said, according to a well-known story, that Sir James Thornhill nearly lost his life while engaged in painting these pictures. He

was stepping back on the painter's scaffolding in order to judge of the effect of his work from a distance; in another moment he would have crashed over to the pavement beneath, when a painter, seeing the situation as he stood beside him, took hold of a brush full of paint and threw it at the picture. Thornhill rushed forward to save his picture from the paint, and so saved his own life, thanks to the presence of mind of the painter.

Carrying the eye farther down, the visitors are directed to look at the eight statues which occupy the niches long left empty. They represent the four Eastern and the four Western doctors of the Church. Of these, the four Western representing St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, were designed under the superintendence of Mr. Kempe, and are dignified and worthy. The four Eastern, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Athanasius and St. Gregory of Nazianzen are somewhat commonplace and lacking in dignity. Carrying the eye down there is the conspicuous surface of the drum of the Dome calling out for decoration, but also for prudence in design, as it forms one of the most commanding spaces in the church. Underneath again runs the well-known Whispering Gallery, the goal much longed for of all the parties of visitors when they have paid homage to those parts of the building which demand more serious attention. Underneath the gallery there may be seen a band of white marble encircling the Dome, which in itself exhibits the value of soap and water, for, until quite recently, it represented a dark and dirty patch, and

little wonder, for there were plastered on its surface about two centuries of London dirt.

Still carrying the eye downwards, we come to the first attempts at decoration in the great spandrels of the arches of the Dome, which had been slowly filled with mosaics by Salviati in the flat and uninteresting style of slabs of mosaic fitted into a complete design on the surface of the wall: these are by more than one artist, including Mr. Watts, and represent the four Evangelists and the four greater prophets. Challenging comparison with these, our eye rests, in the concaves of the four quarter domes, on some of the mosaics by Sir William Richmond, in the rough style, where every separate *tessera* is built into the surface of the wall, and is set at such an angle as to catch the rays of light and so calculated to produce a jewel-like effect; these represent, so to speak, the Gospel of St. Paul's in 1 Cor. xv. There is the Crucifixion treated mystically, the Cross as the Tree of Life in the Paradise of God. The Entombment, also mystically treated, contains figures which represent the Patron Saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The Resurrection is treated historically, and the appearance of Our Lord to St. Paul includes also his appearance to other typical saints; as for instance, to St. Gregory, who is represented with the two boys from the slave market with which his name is connected, and to St. Francis of Assisi. Each of these quarter domes was enriched at the expense of some City company, whose arms appear on a shield underneath.

The party now moves on towards the Crypt, looking on its way at some of the monuments which are on the floor and walls, including a modern bronze designed by the Duchess of Argyll in commemoration of the different Colonies who assisted us in the Boer War.

In entering the Crypt we get rid of such followers as have joined on to our party, as admission to this part of the Cathedral is only by ticket or special order. Here we find ourselves in that region which in old days was known as the Church of St. Faith, and it was here that the frightened citizens brought their valued possessions during the Great Fire of London, trusting that they would be protected from damage. But the Crypt proved to be a less adequate defence than during the barbarian raids, and the fire and the molten lead made a clean sweep of everything. In a place of this size, now completely opened up, lighted and warmed, and containing two Altars, it would be impossible in the course of an afternoon's ramble to do more than look at a few of the tombs, slabs and memorials which are to be found in its floor and on its walls. Here we pause to look at the somewhat unsightly brass in memory of our soldiers who fell at the battle of Majuba Hill, and monuments to the memory of distinguished governors and others who have obtained a place of honour in St. Paul's.

Passing on we come to the special place apparently set apart for newspaper correspondents and other unofficial people, until we reach the Artists' Corner,

where stands the tomb of Wren with its famous inscription:—

Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiæ et urbis conditor
 Christopherus Wren; qui vixit annos
 Ultra nonaginta non sibi sed bono publico:
 Lector Si monumentum
 requiris circumspece—

Obiit XXV Feb: Aetatis xci. Anno MDCCXXIII.

as to which *The Times* of 1810 makes the following strange comment: "This erudite inscription is now complete. The facetious punning on the word *conditur* and *conditor* may have induced the poetick license in using *hiding* for *burying* and *founder* for *architect*; but the change of the address to the reader from *si queris monumentum*, etc., has no pun to excuse the impertinence of the 'whether-or-no-si' of this new Latinity. It cannot be supposed that the Ecclesiasticks can have been amusing themselves in breaking Priscian's head. It is lamentable that such vulgarity should disgrace such a Cathedral, such a man and such an age. Architectus." The unwritten verdict of mankind does not, however, endorse the contemptuous estimate of *The Times* correspondent, as Wren's epitaph is generally regarded as world-famous. In connection with this, a guide exhibiting the tomb was heard quite recently to deliver a new exposition as follows: "Sir Christopher Wren was a very modest man, he wished his burying place to be unknown. If you want to find his tomb you must go and search for it!"

In close proximity to this tomb are to be found

the graves of other famous artists, which indeed make it a sort of Artists' Corner, rivalling the famous Poets' Corner elsewhere. Here lies the body of Lord Leighton, whose tomb has been already described in the North aisle, and at his feet reposes Millais, who succeeded him as President of the Academy and followed him to the grave in the same year. Near them is Turner, whose quaint bequest it was that he should be buried wrapped, as in a shroud, in one of his own pictures, "Carthage," which pious desire was not, however, carried out. Another dying request was that he should be buried as near as might be to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In this it was possible to respect his wishes, for he lies next but one to that fine artist, our great landscape painter and our great portrait painter being to this extent united in death.

Going further East in this South aisle of the Crypt, there stands before us the old Altar of St. Paul's duly vested and appointed. It is, as has been said, a very fine table of inlaid wood, which is now honoured and respected, and restored ready for its former use. In front of it lie the graves or monuments of other artists. Here are the ashes of Holman Hunt, the first cremated remains to be admitted into the Cathedral, and on the wall a beautiful little monument to Caldecott by the artist who is famous, if that be the right word, for the Piccadilly fountain. It has long been a reproach to St. Paul's that the generation which reared it and which has been followed by so many generations of worshippers in the new Cathedral, should be so forgetful of the great

dead whose bodies once reposed in this hallowed ground. There is no remembrance to be found of such men as Sir Philip Sidney, for instance, of Vand dyck, the great painter, and many other good and illustrious men whose tombs were venerated in the old Cathedral. A few headless or legless remains grouped in front of the Altar of St. Faith are all that remain, coupled with the monument of Dean Donne in the choir aisle, which is intact.

In a virtuous effort to repair this neglect the Dean and Chapter made a selection of about 200 names to be inscribed on tablets and placed in the Crypt. In this aisle in the space before the Altar will be found the first instalment of this pious effort, but the expense, which was very excessive, and the march of events seem to have put a stop to the completion of the design, which it is hoped that the piety of perhaps another generation will accomplish.

“ Sundry other tombs and inscriptions in this part of the Crypt may claim a passing notice. There are two small slabs, one in memory of the much beloved Canon Scott Holland, which bears the following inscription :

In loving memory of HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, D.D.

Born Jan. 27, 1847. Died Mar. 17, 1918.

Canon of this Cathedral 1884-1910. Precentor 1885-1910.

Regius Professor of Divinity Oxford, 1911-1918.

His surviving sister and brother commend his soul to Him whose joy was his strength, for Whose righteousness he laboured,
and Whose mercy he awaits.

“ Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon him.”

and also one to the memory of sixty members of the Amen Court Guild, who fell in the late awful Battle of the Nations. The inscription is as follows:

To the memory of those members and associates of the Amen Court Guild who fell in the Great War of 1914-1919. This Tablet is erected by their comrades and friends, thanking God for their example, beseeching Him to accept their devotion and to have compassion upon their faults; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Names here.)

“He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.”—*Wisdom* iv. 13.

In Christ.

Passing through the main body of the Crypt our party finds itself in front of the Altar of St. Faith standing where formerly stood the Jesus Chapel of old St. Paul's. It is a Chapel which is used for a good many special services, and will accommodate at a pinch several hundred people. Here the Lecture Society meet, and the Amen Court Guild and various societies, such as the Central African Mission, and those which assemble for such Quiet Days as are not held in the Trophy Room upstairs. The sepia windows in the apse, whose origin is mentioned in a previous chapter, are not without merit. There are several tombs worthy of notice, especially the bronze slab which covers the grave of Dr. Liddon; the graves also of Dean Milman and Dean Gregory are in front of the Altar. Here also lie Sir George Martin and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Our party now passes on to see the more conspicuous tombs of the great military and naval heroes.

And first of all, down a short flight of steps, we enter into a Chapel especially prepared to receive the body of the great Duke of Wellington, whose splendid tomb upstairs has been already described: here the coffin containing his body is deposited in a fine sarcophagus made out of two huge blocks of Cornish porphyry after a design made by Mr. Cockerell.

The coffin for some time was deposited on Nelson's tomb while the Chapel was preparing, and everyone must feel that the stern simplicity of the surroundings are well suited to the character of the man who was known as the "Iron Duke." On the walls of either side are suspended the banners which were sent by different nations of Europe to hang on each side of the bier, while the Duke was lying in state at Chelsea. One of the Cathedral attendants who was in charge of the Crypt answered an offer made by the *Daily Mail* of a free trip to Paris to anyone who could show sufficient cause to be a recipient of their liberality: he put in as a claim that for years he had exhibited Wellington's tomb to tourists, but had never seen that of Napoleon in the *Invalides* in Paris. His claim was regarded as reasonable, and the *Daily Mail* gave him the promised free trip.

We pass on further west, noting as we go the mosaic pavement executed by the convicts at Woking, a work in which poor Constance Kent, the Rhode murderess, is said to have taken part. On the South wall is a memorial slab to Florence Nightingale, and in one of the recesses which radiate from the centre there is the resting-place of the well-loved and famous

Lord Roberts, at present unmarked by any monument, but a great place of pilgrimage to the British soldier. Lord Wolseley lies at his side, with a tablet on the wall to commemorate his life and prowess.

In the centre, immediately under the Dome, slightly recalling the tomb of Napoleon at the *Invalides*, is the famous Nelson monument. At his death the nation seems to have become delirious with excitement, and there seemed to be some danger of St. Paul's becoming a kind of Nelson mausoleum. Among other things, it was gravely proposed to erect a column, as in Trafalgar Square, from his grave, reaching up into the Dome. As it is, the tomb is one of the curiosities, as well as one of the glories of the Cathedral. It has been made the subject of a most interesting monograph by Mr. Alfred Higgins, F.S.A., who points out, to put the matter briefly, that the splendid sarcophagus known as Nelson's tomb dates back to the sixteenth century and is the work of Benedetto da Rovezzano. It was originally ordered by Cardinal Wolsey as a tomb for himself. It was then seized by Henry VIII., who enlarged and embellished it with magnificent bronze work consisting of huge candelabra and figures of angels: but the Cardinal lies in a nameless grave at Leicester Abbey, and Henry VIII. was buried elsewhere, and his bronze work had been dispersed, so that there only remained the sarcophagus, which was rather in the way than otherwise at Windsor; and by a brilliant inspiration the Italian sarcophagus, which was once surmounted by the Cardinal's effigy and then by that of Henry VIII.,

is now crowned by the Viscount's coronet and is used as the tomb of Nelson, who lies in the pavement underneath in a coffin made out of a mast of the French ship *Orient*, which was sunk and burnt at the battle of Aboukir Bay. A copy of Nelson's prayer used before Trafalgar has been deposited on the ledge of the tomb.

Leaving the Nelson tomb and its surroundings, neglecting the other tombs of heroes and celebrities, including a bust by Rodin, we pass on into the Western portion of the Crypt. This, until quite recent times, was used as a lumber room, and has not been largely filled with memorials. The side aisles also quite lately served as stores and workshops, but fresh accommodation for these has now been found underneath the soil of the adjacent churchyard on the North side of the Cathedral. Sir George Williams, the founder of the Y.M.C.A. rests here, as well as Lord Mayor Nottage, who, dying in his mayoralty, received the honour of an intra-mural burial in St. Paul's.

Our party, however, is most attracted by the heavy mass at the extreme West end which is found to be Wellington's funeral car, that is, the car on which his remains were brought down to be buried. It is constructed of gun metal taken from some trophies of his victories, the names of which are inscribed in gold letters upon it—it supports a wooden bier which can be lifted, and on this the body, covered with a pall, was placed. The weight is tremendous, and some difficulty both in road and transport was experienced in the bringing it down to its destination. On either

side are to be seen candelabra of very beautiful design, but really constructed of wood and plaster of Paris. These were used to stand round the coffin when the Duke lay in state at Chelsea. Four of these were also used at Westminster Hall at the lying-in-state of King Edward, and they are used occasionally in the Cathedral for funeral functions.

From this point we retrace our steps to one of the several exits from the Crypt, and renew our exploration eastward on the floor of the building entering into the South choir aisle. Here the Richmond mosaics in the roof can be seen closer at hand, and we also come into the general atmosphere of magnificent woodwork and Grinling-Gibbons' carvings. It is in this aisle that there are some quaint relics in the shape of stones from the Temple and pieces of mosaic which have been brought from Jerusalem, including a piece of stone from Calvary. They are here inserted with inscriptions.

But the two things which will attract the most attention are a modern statue of Bishop Creighton, loudly calling out for a mitre, and the seventeenth century effigy of Dean Donne, which practically escaped the fire untouched. The Dean is represented in his shroud, emerging from the urn which is supposed to contain his ashes, and which bears on its surface a stain which is alleged to have been caused by the Great Fire of London.

From this aisle may be obtained a good view of Teyou's iron work in the gates which separate the sanctuary from the aisles on either side. These gates



THE SOUTH AISLE, ST. PAUL'S.
(By permission of "The Treasury.")

are made of charcoal-smelted iron, the last iron which was produced and smelted in the Sussex Iron Works. They are of extraordinary beauty and delicacy, and the difficulty of copying or reproducing the design, in some additions which had to be made, was very great, and was only finally settled by getting some charcoal-smelted iron from Norway.

The chief beauties of the choir have been already described without perhaps emphasising sufficiently the magnificent stall work of Grinling-Gibbons, with the Bishop's throne and organ case. These are literally priceless, in the sense that it is impossible adequately to insure them against fire, which makes it more easy to understand why the suffragette movement will have something to live down in the wicked and mad attempt which was made to blow up the Bishop's throne with which they are credited, imperilling thereby the whole of this great art treasure. Passing through the modern Jesus Chapel, our party retraces its steps until it reaches the door which leads to the Library, the Whispering Gallery, the Stone Gallery, and eventually the Golden Gallery. The last was shut up during the period of Irish outrages and during the war, and is now only open to a few visitors at a time. The Library, with its approaches, has naturally a good many objects of interest to show to the tourist, but they would require more time than a Saturday party can bestow. The Library has its own book treasures, but it is not thought necessary to keep it up to date owing to the contiguity of other famous libraries and its own inaccessibility; anything,

however, which has a connection with St. Paul's will find a place there. There are some curiosities which will attract the eye of our party in the shape of autographs and a tonsure plate, used in cutting the priests' tonsure, Sir Christopher Wren's waistcoat, and also some coins. The woodwork here also is very beautiful.

Close to the Library, and, indeed, opening out of it, is the interesting geometrical staircase, and from this point, with a special order, may be visited the Trophy Room; and here, too, may be seen standing in the passage the original model of the Cathedral as designed by Wren, as to which he was overruled by the committee for whom he worked.

It is a design of great interest, in the purely palladian style. It is said that the great architect much preferred it to the present Cathedral, which he designed to suit the demands laid upon him. The story runs that he always wept when he saw this, his much preferred design. It is a beautiful model, and might well be taken as a design for some Cathedral in one of our large modern towns. The South Kensington Museum have cast longing eyes upon it, and it need hardly be said it is extremely valuable, and that St. Paul's is its proper home, even if its present hidden position is not the best that could be found for it.

Here the quarter domes may be visited, and to personally conducted and especially privileged pilgrims access is given to the gallery passages, cornices, and strange rooms, which form an inner St. Paul's, of which the general public knows nothing. These

with the roofs and outer cornices would form a separate expedition, interesting perhaps only to the curious and architectural expert. But still, what we have seen, and what is open to the public, form a never-ceasing and absorbing attraction. While it should be noticed that the whole floor of the Cathedral from West to East is open to the public without any payment; the parts which are accessible only by fee are those where a crowd is undesirable and even impossible, where guides must be in attendance and precautions used. But even then the visitors to St. Paul's who penetrate its depth and its height are many, and are those who value the visit even at the price required.

XII

SOME MEMORABLE EVENTS AT ST. PAUL'S

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SOME MEMORABLE EVENTS AT ST. PAUL'S

“Times of Tribulation—Times of Wealth.”

LOOKING at the history of St. Paul's since the year 1890 it must be acknowledged that it has been a very remarkable time, and has witnessed many notable scenes in connection with our National history, which have centred there. It would be difficult, indeed, to find in its modern chronicles a period of greater interest and significance, a time in which St. Paul's has been able to voice the Nation's thanksgiving or the Nation's prayers and to justify its existence as being more than any other, the Cathedral of the Empire. I have in my possession ten large volumes which I have filled during these years with pictures and pictorial scraps which have to do entirely with St. Paul's and with events which have happened for the most part in this period, and I am always adding to the collection. They have, indeed, been “times of tribulation” and “times of wealth,” including the death of two sovereigns, two Coronations, two wars with all the accessories of funerals, thanksgivings, intercessions, public events in connection with peace and war, as well as all the changes and chances inseparable from a public institution.

The Authorities of St. Paul's have learnt a great

deal in these times, and have reduced the management of a great function almost to a science, for, indeed, it is a great event which requires considerable management and forethought; and public opinion has not been slow to recognise the order and completeness with which these public ceremonies are carried out. How great has been the changes may be learned from the following extract from "The Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon," in which he described a Royal Thanksgiving in 1872: "We all got into church at 9'30. I spent about two and a half hours in making people take off their hats, and in otherwise trying to find them seats and to keep order." Dr. Liddon himself did a great deal for the internal and external discipline of St. Paul's, and others since his time have built up the present condition of affairs, where such a scene would be impossible.

In looking back over this eventful period the scene which comes most prominently before the mind's eye is that of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. Never since the Duke of Wellington's funeral, or, in a lesser degree, the Thanksgiving Service for the Prince of Wales' recovery in 1872, had the preparation at St. Paul's been so elaborate. One shop in the churchyard was pulled down by an enterprising firm of seat providers with an agreement to rebuild it afterwards, and *Punch* had a picture in which an unsophisticated Colonial visitor asks if the seat erections outside St. Paul's were preparations to pull down that building in order to provide accommodation for the sightseers.

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An outside service on the steps was a new experiment, and has only been rarely repeated since. It originated in this case from an inability on the part of the Queen to climb the long flight which gives access to the Cathedral, and certainly the blue Dome of Heaven on that glorious day was a splendid substitute for the restricted area of the Cathedral Dome with its limited number of worshippers. The accommodation, however, for the clergy who officiated, the choirs, the bands, and the different representatives of Church and State was limited, so limited in fact that the places where the Cathedral clergy stood before Her Majesty were marked out with chalk, and a long line of Yeomen of the Guards, if they added to the beauty, did not add to the visibility in the case of those visitors who occupied the lowest step.

No preparations inside the Cathedral were necessary, and it is a cause for much congratulation that in the event of large functions and Royal thanksgivings which are held under the Dome it is no longer the custom to close the Cathedral for days beforehand, in order to erect dangerous wooden galleries and hideous rows of seats to contain privileged sightseers, to the great hindrance of the Cathedral daily life and routine.

To use rather an Hibernicism, the most striking part of the Jubilee was the night before. It was necessary to rehearse the whole service reverently on the steps, when the large area of the churchyard, and indeed a large part of Ludgate Hill and the windows of the warehouses were all filled with a sympathetic

crowd, who listened with great attention, although it must be owned sometimes with applause, to the different parts of the service, including a *Te Deum* by Sir George Martin.

The preparations for the Jubilee had required long and careful thought for some time previous to the event, and we found in our much loved and brilliant companion, Canon Scott Holland, wonderful capacities for business with which we had not credited him. This was also the first occasion, as has been already said, on which Copes were worn, which now add so greatly to the dignity of special services. The ceremony on the day itself has been so often described that it will not be necessary to repeat it here. A glimpse of any photograph of the scene, of which many have appeared, will show our present Bishop of London in a prominent position as an episcopal chaplain, in the same surroundings where he was soon to become so well-known a figure. All that was most honourable in Church and State was gathered on those steps, and in the long line of Princes and famous warriors who surrounded Her Majesty. The sun burst out as soon as the procession left Buckingham Palace, and the Queen's weather prevailed.

This was the first of many Royal visits to St. Paul's which the writer has witnessed during the period covered by these reminiscences, during which King Edward VII. and King George V. have come down to share with their people their sorrows and their joys, or to mark some episode in their own lives and fortunes. As an example, King George, then Prince of Wales,

drove in triumphal procession past St. Paul's on the occasion of his marriage in 1893. He came again with the Queen to return thanks for his safe return from India in 1912, and once more they came on the occasion of their silver wedding in 1918. Added to this King Edward came in state to open the new Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was present once more on Hospital Sunday, and again on the occasion of a Memorial Service for the King of Portugal. Again and again have the King and Queen taken part in Memorial Services, as, for instance, in the Commemoration before God of the Antarctic heroes in 1913, or at the time of the tragic death of Lord Kitchener, or in the many Memorial Services in connection with the Great War, the Armistice, the Peace, and other occasions still, in which they identified themselves with the Nation, and owned their allegiance to Almighty God.

Out of these experiences in which St. Paul's has associated herself with Royalty in some public act of worship, there stand out three especial events which merit a rather more explicit notice. They are the death of Queen Victoria, the incidents which gathered round the Coronation of Edward VII., and the Peace service in 1919.

All through the days which followed the death of Queen Victoria on January 22 in 1901 up to the day of her burial on February 2, large numbers of people used to assemble at the ordinary weekday Evensong, and the Dean and Chapter felt almost constrained to meet this evidently expressed feeling by a special

service following on Evensong, containing the *De Profundis* and other Psalms and prayers, with a special mention of the Queen. It is not a little remarkable to notice how in all these years so full of stirring and anxious incidents people have seemed almost instinctively to have flocked to St. Paul's as a place in which they might find an expression for the wants of their heart; and I hope we have not been slow to meet it. There were, of course, special services on the Sunday, and on the day of the Queen's funeral.

More remarkable still were the events which gathered round the Coronation of Edward VII. June 25, 1902, is a day not to be forgotten by those who were connected in any way with that solemnity. The Coronation ceremony had been fixed for June 26, and a solemn procession of the King and Queen through the City was arranged for June 27, for which tickets had been issued and most elaborate preparations made in the way of platforms, seats in windows, luncheon parties, and all the accessories of a great show.

The writer was sitting in his room discussing the coming Coronation on June 24 with a friend, and the preparations made in the City for the King's reception, when Sir George Martin, passing by the open window, announced that the King had been seized with a severe illness and that the Coronation was indefinitely postponed. Sir George Martin had accompanied the boys of St. Paul's Choir to Westminster Abbey for a rehearsal of the Coronation music with the united choirs, and during the rehearsal, as he told

us, news was brought of the King's dangerous condition, which involved the cancelling of all arrangements. Those who were gathered there had joined at once in saying the Litany as an act of intercession for the King's recovery, and then dispersed. The news fell like a thunderbolt on all of us in the City. Apart from our anxieties for the King and our loyal sentiments, invitations had been sent out far and wide for the Royal procession. One man who had invited about sixty friends to luncheon declared that they had to live on cold chicken for many a long day until he almost began to crow.

The day which should have witnessed the Coronation—namely, June 26—was signalised by a solemn act of intercession at St. Paul's, to which holders of tickets for the Coronation service were invited; and a strange congregation they were, including men, one might say, of all nations and languages, where the turban of the Hindoo came into competition with the episcopal and lay conventionalities, and the most ardent devotee of our comprehensive Establishment must have been satisfied. It was, however, a service characterised by real sincerity and depth of feeling. The Bishop of London was the principal officiant, and Dr. Cosmo Lang, then Bishop of Stepney, preached the sermon. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster were also present, the Abbey being practically closed by the necessary arrangements for the Coronation. It was, indeed, a very remarkable occasion in which St. Paul's seemed to rise to the duty required of her.

In time, as is well known, the King recovered sufficiently to be crowned on August 9, and the scene of action was transferred to Westminster Abbey, where the Cathedral Choir helped in the service, and the Dean and Chapter were invited, not however, if my memory serves me right, without some reminder to the State officials of our claims. However that might have been, we were provided with excellent places in the Abbey, and took part as spectators and worshippers in that great and moving scene, which is now a matter of history. An account written by our youngest choir boy for the School Magazine at the time may perhaps be taken as a genuine appreciation by an eye-witness, whose descriptive powers are quite equal to those of the author of "The Little Visitors." He says: "At the Coronation I had a fine seat (as I thought), and there were heaps of sweet ladies there. . . . I was on *Decani* and I saw the Queen being crowned, and I think I saw the King being crowned, at any rate I saw him with it on, and I saw his crown on the Altar just before the Coronation, and I saw both of them (being pushed into their thrones as I thought) which were supposed to be lifted into their thrones, and I forgot to say that nearly all the sweets had trains about half-a-mile long, and lots of them had ladies to hold their trains, and the ones that were holding had trains about half the size, but they did not have other ladies to hold the ones that were holding their trains, and I have heard that the King's crown was put on crooked, and I saw right up to the Altar (as far as you could see) with the

King's crown on it, at least I thought it was the King's crown, and I think the Orcresta was fine, and I think that West-minster Abbey is a fine place, and the King's Westminster scholars kept on shouting out Hurrah ! to everyone that passed, and so did everybody, and so did we, and I noticed that there were two tall things on the Altar like candlesticks, but I don't think they were candlesticks because there were two, but I think they were the things the King and Queen held because the King and Queen had a kind of staff in either hand and the Queen had the best diamond in the world in her crown, and the Archbishop of Canterbury carried the King's crown to his throne. . . . It was said that somebody fainted, and in the *Vivat Rex Edwardus* and the *Vivat Regina Alexandra*, the King's Westminster Scholars simply bawled it out, and they bawled it out too soon and before the King came in, so they had to do it twice. . . . and I think the fiddles were fine. We had some chocolate and biscuits, and I think the King looked rather white," etc., etc.

On October 25 the King and Queen came past St. Paul's in their Royal procession, and on October 26 they attended a special service of thanksgiving for the King's recovery.

King Edward came to the Cathedral on several occasions, private and public, during his reign, the most remarkable of which was the State opening of the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George on June 12, 1906. This was in every way a very grand ceremony when the Knights all appeared in their state robes.

The service commenced in the Chapel of the Order, and finished with a solemn procession and ceremony in the Choir. But the King's connection with the Cathedral was soon to end. On May 6, 1910, the great bell of St. Paul's proclaimed to the night the death of the Sovereign.

A romantic interest pertains to this bell; it comes originally from Westminster and belongs to the days of Edward I., and was known as "Edward of Westminster" or "Westminster Tom." It was given by William III. to St. Paul's in 1699, but has been twice recast, and is now called the Phelps bell. The clock strikes the hour upon it, and it is only tolled on special occasions, on the death of any member of the Royal Family, or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, or of the Lord Mayor of London if he dies in his term of office. In the case of the death of members of the Royal Family, the Home Secretary sends a message to the Lord Mayor directing him to communicate with the Dean as to the tolling of the bell. The present writer during his years of residence at St. Paul's has heard its knell on eleven occasions—namely, on the occasion of the deaths of Dean Church, the Duke of Clarence, Archbishop Benson, the Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Bishop Creighton, Queen Victoria, the Empress Frederick, Archbishop Temple, King Edward VII., and Dean Gregory. On the death of King Edward, which we are considering, it was tolled at intervals of a minute, between 3 and 5 in the morning. The great stillness of the hour added

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to its solemnity. A special service was held both on the morrow of his death and also on the day of the funeral; and while the body was lying in state in Westminster Hall four candelabra, originally used on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's lying in state at Chelsea, together with the processional Cross, were sent from St. Paul's to stand by the King's coffin.

The Coronation of the new King brought also Royal visits to St. Paul's, both in the way of a Royal Procession, and a Royal Thanksgiving for his anointing and crowning. It would be interesting to chronicle the evolution at St. Paul's of the best way of enthroning Majesty. We have passed through a throne in the Choir, a throne in the Sanctuary, and a Dais in the Dome, until we have reached a simple Royal chair on the level, and in the front of the privileged attendants on Royalty.

Here it will be well to finish any detailed account of the visits made by the King and other members of the Royal Family, and select some other special incidents out of the many which have taken place at St. Paul's during these eventful years. Notably the Nation has passed through two wars during this period, one of them the greatest known in all her history. It was inevitable that these should be associated in prayer, intercession, thanksgiving and memorial, with that which is looked upon as the National Church.

The first of these was the Boer War, which burst upon us in 1899 and created a great ferment in the

City, which was especially implicated by sending out her contingent to Africa, known as the C.I.V. The City Imperial Volunteers appealed very much to the spirit of City patriotism, and although some cynic interpreted C.I.V. to mean "Can I venture?" we were proud of their enterprise and prowess. On January 12, 1900, a body of serious and stalwart young men gathered in St. Paul's for a service of supplication to Almighty God for His blessing on their enterprise before starting on their campaign, and to say Amen to the petition of the service, "We commend to Thy Fatherly goodness the men who now go forth to serve this Nation, beseeching Thee to take into Thine own hands both them and the cause wherein their Queen and Country send them." England was then new to war, and perhaps was taking up in somewhat of a light-hearted spirit an expedition destined to cause her many anxious days and many sorrows and desolated homes. This service of departure was followed in the same month by a service of supplication, and well does this writer remember how our hearts were chilled by the news of three reverses in one week, and how the *Sortes Liturgicæ* in the lesson appointed for the day from Isaiah spoke of the careless Nation, and the Nation that forgot God, in an appeal to which we, too, often have turned a deaf ear. However, the months rolled on, and to us who have lately emerged from a war which lasted for years, it seems strange that October 29 should have seen the C.I.V.'s home again, and the war, although still lingering on in guerilla

conflicts, practically settled. The return of the C.I.V.'s was a great day at St. Paul's. Already there had been a solemn gathering to welcome them back, but owing to some shipping delay the men never arrived, and the congregation dispersed, but at length on October 29 they appeared after a harassing march through the streets, which were so thronged with friends and admirers, that the men had almost to fight their way. The volunteers who were to line the streets were quite inadequate for the task, and the poor men had to struggle on as best they could, sometimes in single file, until they reached, faint and weary, the top of Ludgate Hill, where the wooden gates erected by the police, as always on great occasions, served to keep back the mob, and the warriors emerged joyfully if scared into the open space in front of St. Paul's, where the Lord Mayor was waiting to receive them on the steps. A *Te Deum* was sung, and a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Stepney. Special seats were reserved for the soldiers under the Dome, kept in, of course, by a barrier, and I remember a strange incident happening of a young soldier finding himself placed by the force of circumstances next door to the lady of his affections, whom he had not as yet greeted on his return, although only separated by this jealous barrier.

Another and, of course, much more serious incident, or rather volume of incidents, are the events and happenings which took place at St. Paul's in connection with the great World-War of 1914 to 1919, ending up with the Armistice and the Declaration of

Peace. This, indeed, was a time when St. Paul's, like every other institution, was tried and shaken to its foundations. First of all some of the staff of Minor Canons were taken from us, who indeed volunteered for service. The assistant organists were called up, throwing a tremendous strain on Dr. Macpherson. Some of the chief singers in the Choir had to serve in the Army, many of the workmen were called away, and, for the first time in its history on certain days in the week, the services had to be sung by boys only, although it may be thankfully recorded that St. Paul's, under the greatest stress, never gave up its choral service or shut off for economic or other reasons the organ. On looking back it is not easy to disentangle the separate events which linked St. Paul's to the Great War during the long years of stress and anxiety. The Declaration of War on August 4, 1914, witnessed the advent of some soldiers to the Cathedral; my impression is that they were a party of recruits who were leaving for the front; but on the first anniversary of the Declaration in 1915 there was a solemn service of humble prayer on behalf of the Nation and Empire, when the King and Queen were present, and many leading statesmen. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached. About this time also the Bishop of London held a special service of intercession on the steps of St. Paul's in the presence of 3,000 to 4,000 troops. But perhaps the most solemn of these services was that to celebrate the entry of America into the war on Friday, April 20, 1917, when once more the King and Queen attended.

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Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, represented that great Nation, and a huge American banner, side by side with the Union Jack, hung from the pillars at each side of the entrance to the Choir. The American National Anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," rather exercised the solemn capacities of St. Paul's Choir, but the really fine war hymn, although set to the tune of "John Brown's Body," etc., taken in slow time, was very striking. And so through the year, albeit we sometimes seemed to sing *Te Deum* when we ought to have sung dirges, and dirges when we ought to have sung *Te Deum*, yet it was always the same whatever happened, St. Paul's was expected to give expression to popular emotions. And then came the long string of Memorial Services, to the Guards, to the Cavalry, to the Artillery, to the Navy, to Railway men and others. They all followed the same lines, some being more elaborate than others according to the wish of their promoters.

With reference to the charge of profiteering on the part of the Cathedral mentioned in a previous chapter, it would be well to remember that nothing but the barest expenses were ever charged by us. People forget that huge alterations of seats, both in placing and replacing, military bands, the employment of extra time by the singers, and the manifold little necessities of such services, cannot be had for nothing; and if some of the services were very costly, as, for instance, was that of the Guards, it was owing largely to a great expenditure in printing. The Gunners caused somewhat of a stir by obtaining permission

to bring in a field gun, which was planted in the Choir commanding the Dome and the Nave. They appear to attach a great symbolical reverence to the gun which is to them in the place of Colours. The pacifists, however, survived this outrage. And so we went on until the Armistice turned our sorrow into joy. November 11, 1918, is a day much to be remembered, when the news came to us in the middle of our weekday Matins that the Armistice had been signed. Canon Simpson announced the glad news from the pulpit, and when the service was over people began to throng in and demand a Service of Thanksgiving then and there. This was not possible, but the ringers were summoned to ring a peel, and a service arranged for 1.15, the usual time of the mid-day intercession, in which great crowds joined, and again at Evensong the Cathedral invited in the multitudes, who had learned at least sanity in rejoicing since the days of Mafeking; and then on July 6, 1919, the King and Queen came once more for a solemn thanksgiving for the signing of Peace. This combined a service on the steps, joined in by the multitudes in the Churchyard and on Ludgate Hill, with a solemn *Te Deum* at the Altar, composed by Dr. Macpherson for this occasion. So, as seen by this rough sketch, St. Paul's connected itself with the Great War and the memorable Peace, and those who never cease to proclaim that England has ceased to be Christian would do well not to forget these days when men sought the Lord—and not least the Armistice Day. The heart, “naturally Christian,” then asserted

itself. The butchers in Smithfield came out and sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God. The stockbrokers in the City offered also their praise to the Almighty. The Houses of Parliament adjourned and went to St. Margaret's to give thanks. After all, God was the natural refuge and hope of the overcharged heart, and St. Paul's may be thankful that it fell to her lot to be a national centre as it were, of National joy.

But we must not pass over the sombre side of these times as it affected the Cathedral. We are able now to look up at the moon shining in her strength with a full sense of her glory and beauty, but there was a time when a moonlight night was dreaded as giving an opportunity for perhaps one of the most dastardly crimes in a war full of mean atrocities—namely, bombing from the air the open City of London. History will record, to the everlasting shame of Germany, the innocent men, women, and children who were struck down, maimed, or wounded, to satisfy the insane hatred of a savage Nation. We are not likely to forget the nights when we used to retire to the recesses of the Crypt, there to wait for hours, sometimes, turned out of our beds into the night air to seek this strong shelter. It was a time full of awe and wonder to hear the boom of the big guns, and the encircling crackling fire of the barrage which eventually proved too much for the coward foe.

There was one startling experience at St. Paul's on July 7, 1917, on the occasion of one of the rare day raids, which the Germans did not find to be remunerative, when it was easier to hit back. Some bombing

was going on in the region of the Post Office, a near neighbour of St. Paul's. The Choir that morning, consisting of boys only, was singing Matins. The Anthem was a selection from the morning hymn which contains those well-known words—

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

The boys manfully stuck to it, although the organist has told me that the noise of the bombing was so great that he could hardly hear sufficiently to accompany them on the organ.

Let this suffice for the narrative of St. Paul's history during some of the most eventful years which have befallen it, those years of the Great War.

But this period has not been entirely devoted to Royal visits and Memorial Services. There have been many other events, some great, some small, which have left an impression on my mind. I say nothing now of the many great and imposing funerals or services in connection with the funerals of famous men, such as Lord Kitchener. St. Paul's has received the remains of many distinguished people in these years: Churchmen such as Bishop Creighton and Dean Gregory, Generals such as Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley, Artists such as Lord Leighton and Holman Hunt, Musicians such as Sullivan and Sir George Martin. And St. Paul's has taken part in the funerals of Miss Nightingale; the Antarctic heroes; those who perished in the *Titanic*; the Police who lost their lives in the East End of London on a memorable occasion;

Captain Fryatt, judicially murdered by the Germans; and others as well.

But there have been other incidents worth mentioning, such as the strange visit of Li-Hung-Chang to lay a wreath on the tomb of General Gordon. It fell to my lot as Canon-in-residence to receive him, and to answer his strange questions as to my age and as to how many priests I had under me. I think for the moment, for the honour of St. Paul's, I assumed dominion over the Prebendaries as well as my brethren, and answered "forty."

There have also been one or two big functions in connection with certain events. There was a large Masonic Service in commemoration of the Bicentenary of the Cathedral in December, 1897. This was a badly arranged festival, and has shown us the absolute need of a most careful system as to tickets and other particulars in matters which require very minute handling. Here, too, in 1908 a vast concourse of Bishops assembled at the conclusion of the Pan-Anglican Congress. They robed in the Crypt, and passed through Cannon Street on the outside of the Cathedral to the admiration of wondering crowds, and entered through the West door singing the Litany in procession. About 200 Bishops were present and other dignitaries, and the thankoffering laid on the Altar amounted to three hundred and thirty thousand pounds, of which rather more than a quarter of a million was raised in England and Wales. Bishops are notoriously difficult people to arrange in the order of an ecclesiastical function, so that it speaks well

for the *ceremoniarius*, whoever he was, that things went off so well and smoothly.¹ At St. Paul's, too, during the preparation of Westminster Abbey for King George's Coronation the Royal Maundy distribution was held by the Dean of Westminster, an unusual spectacle for the Cathedral. The celebration in 1904 of the thirteenth centenary of the Consecration of the first Bishop of London must not be forgotten, when the name of Mellitus became known, it may be shrewdly suspected for the first time, to many Londoners.

It has not always, however, been a time of peace at St. Paul's amidst all those varied scenes of public enthusiasm and respect. It fell to the writer's lot, for instance, to have to preach to a body of the unemployed, who, seeking for the mischief which Satan proverbially finds for idle hands to do, determined, it must be feared not from the highest motives, to attend the afternoon Sunday service at St. Paul's in the Advent of 1905. It may be said at once that the demonstration was a mere trifle compared with the Socialist invasion of the Cathedral in earlier days, when Archdeacon Gifford had to address a seething mob reaching to the doors and extending into the Churchyard and Ludgate Hill. On the Advent Sunday to which reference has been made the numbers who came marching up Ludgate Hill to the strains of the Marseillaise were not excessive, significant more by noise than by mischief. They were con-

¹ A similar ceremony took place on the termination of the Lambeth Episcopal Conference, on Sunday, August 8, 1920.

ducted to seats provided for them in a good place, and left to themselves. The Anthem, however, proved too much for them, and they were all trooping out when one of the stewards of the Cathedral rather unwisely said that they had better come back again as a gentleman was going to preach to them, whereupon they said: "Let us hear what the bloke has got to say," and all streamed back again. The sermon was short and received with applause, which perhaps reflects adversely on the faithfulness of the preacher.

Mr. Kensit also appeared in these times, once as interrupting Bishop Barry who was holding an Ordination for the Bishop of London, and once as interrupting Father Dolling when preaching a Lent sermon, who did not, however, seem to be conscious of the interruption. The Ordination candidate objected to, was apparently guilty of something he was going to do, not of something which he had done. There have been the usual interruptions of sermons by lunatics or people for one reason or another not in full possession of their faculties. But by far the most disgraceful scene which I have witnessed was the brawling by the Suffragettes, during the service on a Whit Sunday morning: it made one feel ashamed of the sex and of the cause on such a day and at such a time and for such a reason. A good deal of excitement was caused also by the discovery, alluded to above, in May, 1913, of a bomb placed beneath the Bishop's throne, with which the Suffragettes were credited, and which they never repudiated. The bomb was the work of an amateur, and missed fire by some defect in

the switch. The Chief Inspector of Explosives furnished the writer with a report in which he takes a very serious view of the outrage, which he says as a probable result "would have charred and ruined the beautiful old oak carving on and around the throne, and the throne itself with the doors enclosing it would also have been wrecked." The wood referred to is the priceless Grinling-Gibbons carving, of which St. Paul's is full, some specimens of which are also kept in a room upstairs known as the Oak Room.

I have finished all that I had to say. The fortunes of St. Paul's are now entering on troublous times: it remains to be seen whether or not she will weather the storms which seem to be gathering. In a recent attack on Cathedrals I see that St. Paul's is excluded from the general condemnation of idle inefficiency, but this will only hold good so long as the fight is maintained against the spirit which may be summed up in the connotation of "The Canon-in-residence," which meant in the old bad days, and may mean again, that no one takes his part in the working of St. Paul's unless he is driven to it by being on duty.

The spirit of the age is sufficiently daunting, but once more

O passi graviora dabit Deus his quoque finem.¹

¹ Virgil, "Æneid," i. 203.

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